

# LIFE



PEASANT CLOTHES

JULY 17, 1944 **10** CENTS  
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50





Do you know what it takes to bomb the enemy "round-the-clock"? See if you can fill in the blanks on this **AVIATION QUIZ**



A single twenty-four-hour air attack requires **1** gallons of high-octane gasoline. For each man aboard a Flying Fortress . . .



**2** men are required on the ground to keep the plane in repair, schedule operations, etc.



To train each pilot on this raid required an average of **3** gallons of gasoline.



The single-seater fighter escort planes carry about **4** gallons of gasoline and **5** quarts of oil.



Practically all the gasoline used by our Army and Navy is improved with **6** fluid.

### Answers:

- 1** 3,360,000 gallons
- 2** 25 men
- 3** 12,500 gallons
- 4** 500 gallons
- 5** 88 quarts

**6** Ethyl fluid is used to improve the antiknock quality of practically all U. S. fighting gasoline.

Here's one more thing to consider. While this bombing was going on and millions of gallons of aviation gasoline were being consumed, hundreds of thousands of tanks, trucks and jeeps all over the fighting fronts were also using fantastic quantities of high quality gasoline. In order that no Allied fighting men will ever be "out of gas," government agencies have placed limits on the quality and quantity of civilian gasoline. Remember—"Gasoline Powers the Attack"—Don't Waste a Drop!"



### LOOSE TALK HELPS THE ENEMY!

The statements in this advertisement have been submitted to the Army and Navy, and they have no objection to their publication.

**ETHYL CORPORATION**  
Chrysler Building, New York City





No matter where you start to read, the answer is the same



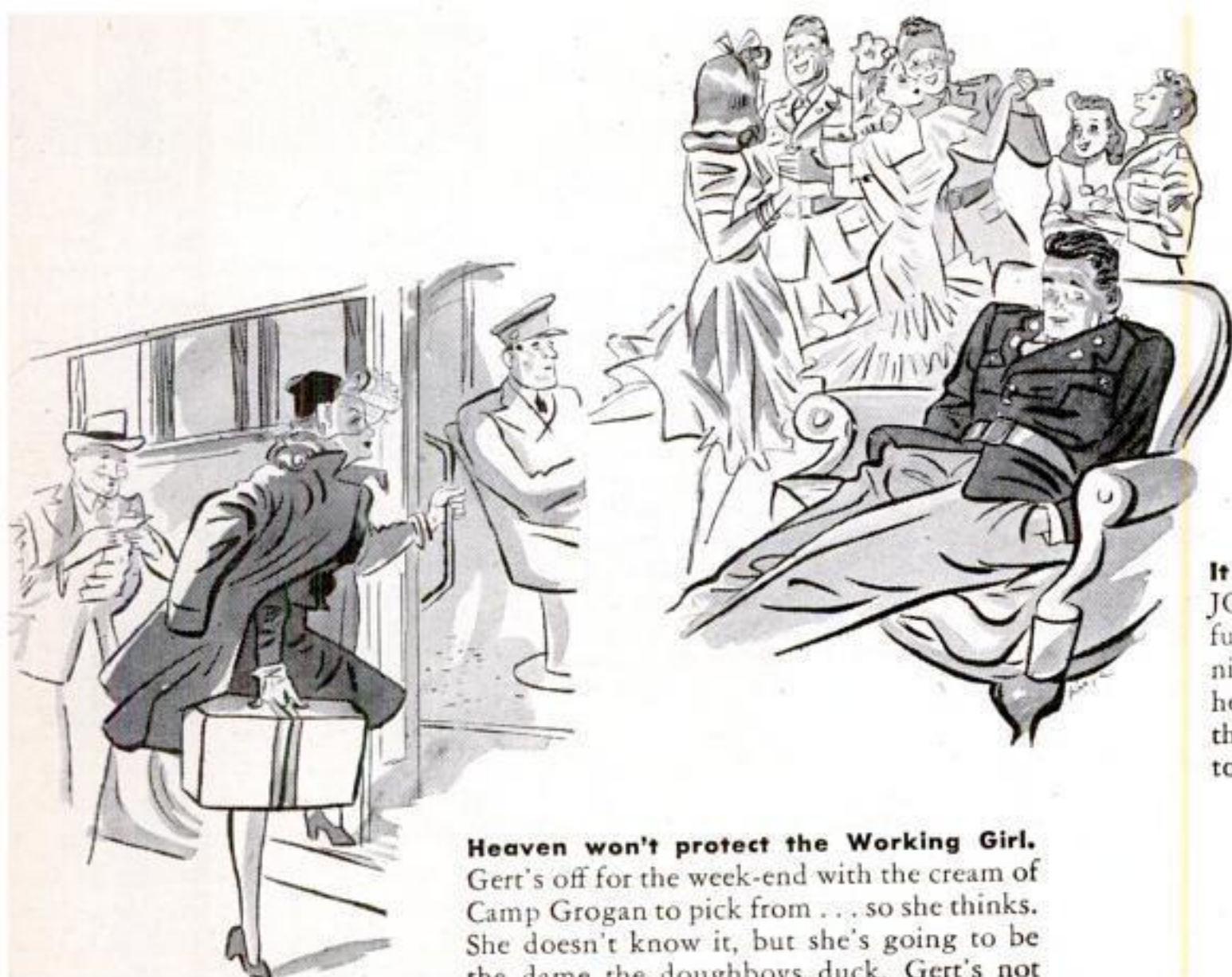
**All the facts of life but one.\*** Too bad Pat's Mother didn't tell her that one, too. It might have made her first party a wonder instead of a washout with all the boys giving her the "go by." We hope Pat is wise to herself by this time.



**She'd rather lose her right eye** than pass up those almost daily bridge parties with the gals. But that was just what was happening. Perhaps some of the gals should have told her; but, after all, the subject\* is too delicate even for a bridge player.



**"He certainly gave us the 'brush-off'."** After trying for weeks to get in to the big boss, their meeting was far from satisfactory. Every time they'd lean over to explain a point the big boss would back away. Every minute they talked they affronted him, but they didn't know why.\*



**Heaven won't protect the Working Girl.** Gert's off for the week-end with the cream of Camp Grogan to pick from . . . so she thinks. She doesn't know it, but she's going to be the dame the doughboys duck. Gert's not very bright about some things.\*

**It put the frost on his furlough.** HOLY JOE! How he'd counted on those wonderful ten days . . . those swell gals . . . those nifty places . . . the fun he would have. And here he was—the forgotten soldier getting the silent thumbs-down. All his own fault,\* too. Better smarten up, Soldier!



**They had to be nice to him in the office,** but outside, on his own, he got the "works." Baby has seen enough of him already—good for Baby!—and the big lug doesn't even suspect the reason.\*

**\*This was their trouble**

**T**HERE'S nothing like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to put you in wrong. Don't make the silly mistake of taking your breath for granted; everyone can offend some time or other *without realizing it*. Rather than gamble, so many clever people, popular people, use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It is a delightful, simple precaution that makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to

offend. Never, never omit it.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are of systemic origin, many noted medical authorities say the principal cause is the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation . . . quickly overcomes the odors it causes.

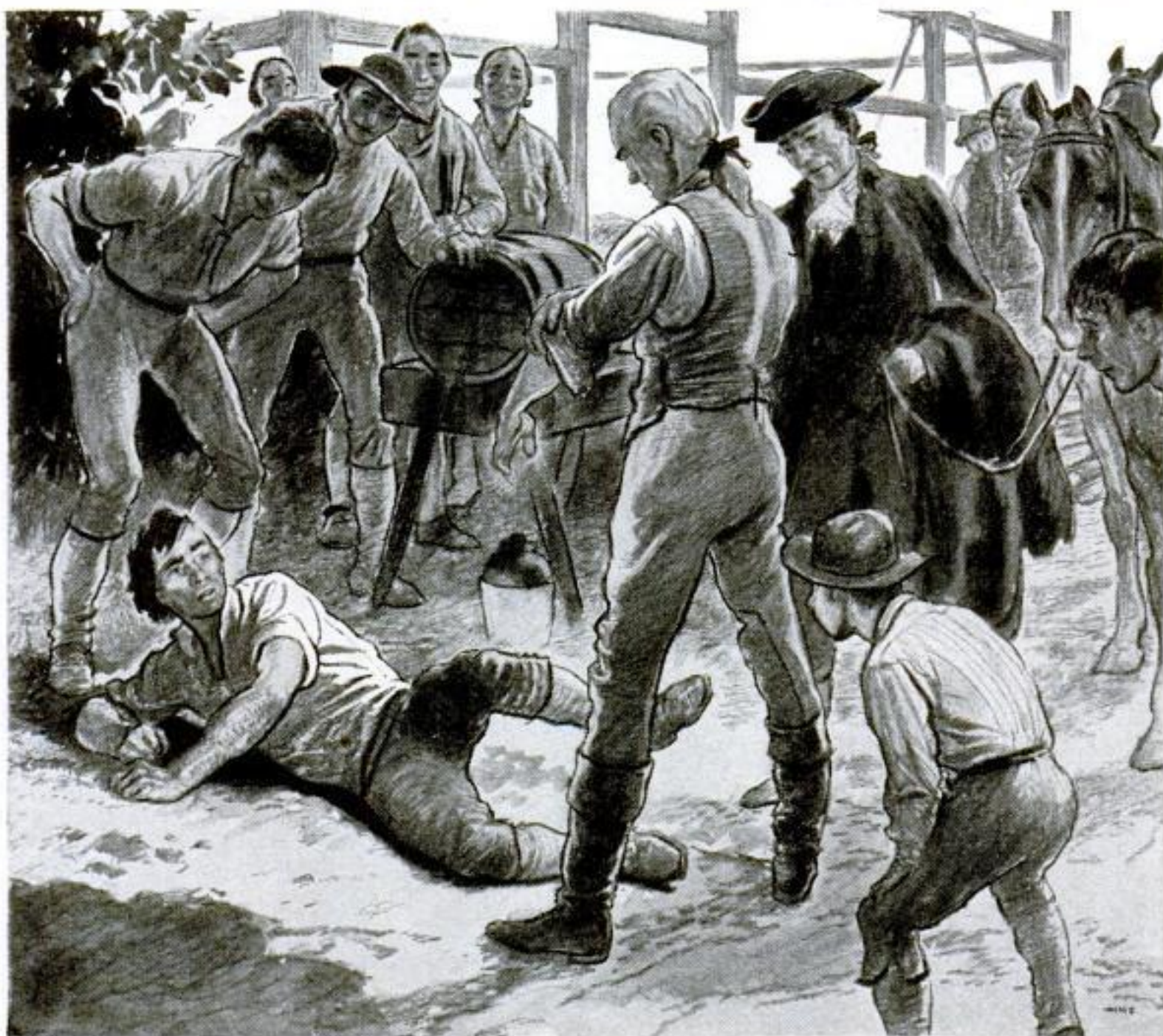
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**Let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC look after your breath**





## "PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



## A Governor Wins in 1789

In the early days of our country, the question, "Who is the best man?" was often settled between disputants by a wrestling match. A famous Vermont legend relates that Governor Moses Robinson was watching while the local bully of Bennington threw all comers, when the Governor, unrecognized, stepped forward and threw his heavier antagonist quickly and hard, much to the delight of the spectators.

### What is the best life insurance for you?

If you have wrestled with this question in your own mind, approach it in this sensible way. Talk it over with a National Life representative. We believe that you will find his advice helpful whether you decide to add to your life insurance or not.

One of the most popular forms of life insurance today is National Life's Family Income policy described in the box at the right. It is particularly

well suited to the man or woman with young dependent children. If your age happens to be 25 to 45, it will cost you only a few dollars a month more than ordinary life insurance. Why not look into it? Use the coupon below.

### An Example

of how National Life's Family Income Policy might work for you.

Suppose you should die suddenly, what would your wife and children receive? Illustration: Insured's age, 35. Sum insured \$10,000. Family Income, 20 year plan. Suppose death occurs five years after the policy takes effect. The National Life of Vermont will pay your wife:

1. \$100 a month for the remaining 15 years of the "20 year plan" ..... \$18,000
2. At the end of the Family Income period, the sum of 10,000 Total ..... \$28,000
3. If you outlive these maximum needs, the policy and dividend accumulations may be used to provide you with a retirement income.

## NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE—VERMONT  
MONTPELIER,

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite Hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Please tell me more about National Life's Family Income Policy.

Name ..... Date of Birth .....

Business or Home Address ..... Age of Children .....

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### FIGHTING PHOTOGRAPHS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your very excellent pictorial coverage of the current campaigns in which American soldiers are taking part (LIFE, June 26). It takes on-the-spot photographs of the actual fighting and its aftereffects to bring the war really home to us.

FRANK HEINEMANN

Cape Cottage, Me.

### STASSEN

Sirs:

Robert Coughlan's article on Mr. Stassen in your June 26 issue was indeed excellent and expressed the feeling of many of us who were hoping against hope that the Republicans would offer a candidate for whom we could vote wholeheartedly.

MARGERY B. SHEPHERD

New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

My man. Period.

MRS. HAROLD L. DONNER

Gasport, N. Y.

Sirs:

I am curious to know how Stassen got into the Navy with only one lung.

T. W. EHRLINGER

Janesville, Wis.

● Though he has the use of only one lung, Stassen is physically fit and able to carry out the duties of a naval officer. To satisfy the Navy's rigorous standards he obtained a waiver providing that any aggravation of his condition would not be a liability of the government.—ED.

### DE GAULLE

Sirs:

In your June 26 editorial you say De Gaulle is "difficult." Suppose you had an ally that had got into the fight for freedom a couple of years late; that both before and after that event insisted on doing business with the people who had sold out your country; that insisted on going out of its way to push your face in and kick you in the shins; that had the colossal hypocrisy to maintain that all this time it was acting on principle—how grateful would you be to that ally for the chance to wash its dishes and run its errands?

So De Gaulle thinks he is Joan of Arc! Who do we think we are—God?

ELLSWORTH BARNARD

Department of English  
Alfred University  
Alfred, N. Y.

Sirs:

You overlooked the most important reason why we do not recognize De Gaulle as the political leader of France. He showed the world at Dakar, and at the cost of many British Navy lives, that he was not the unanimous leader of military Free France. He showed more recently that he places petty personal recognition and authority above the best efforts of the Allies by refusing to allow specially trained French officers to accompany the invasion forces because he had not been informed of their preparation and training beforehand.

Many French in the reclaimed portion of Normandy have not even heard of De Gaulle. Those who know of him doubt his hold on the French public. Obviously, he is not at all in the mood to cooperate with General Ike. Appointing De Gaulle or recognizing him as the leader of liberated France might undo much of the good, bring back much of the suffering, enslave the populace of bleeding France again.

COLIN S. DOUGLAS

Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs:

While your article on De Gaulle appeared to be a fair and unbiased appraisal of the situation, I was unable to appreciate it as much as I should because of a spirit with a slightly sardonic smile who annoyed me by reading over my shoulder. This turned out to be the ghost of Billy Mitchell. He finished the account, turned to me and remarked, "My boy, I can remember only too well when the wrath of the demigods (I am not sure whether he said demigods or demagogs) was upon me. I, too, was stiff-necked and impossible to get along with. Now the heat's on Charlie. Poor Charlie, he had the same trouble in France before the war. I'm afraid he'll never learn." And so saying he disappeared, accompanied by a roar that sounded strangely like a bomber taking off for Tokyo.

R. M. Sisson

Marion, Ind.

### SOUTH PACIFIC PET

Sirs:

Here is an unusual addition to the animal pets whose popularity in the South Pacific was noted in Noel Busch's article (LIFE, June 26). It is a cuscus, pure-white tree-dwelling marsupial with a tail like a monkey and a pouch like a



POKEY THE CUSCUS

kangaroo. Its name is Pokey and it is the pet of a battalion somewhere in New Guinea. It wears a gold ring supplied by a friend.

J. E. SPOFFORD

Jacksonville, Fla.

### IVY POISONING

Sirs:

Your article on poison ivy (LIFE, June 26) should be of especial importance to vacationers. For ivy poisoning, a 5% solution of tannic acid offers the quickest and most lasting relief. The proportions are unimportant.

ROBERT S. SEESE

Roscommon, Mich.

● Dermatologists find tannic-acid solution as good as but no better than a hundred-odd other astringents, but the proportions are extremely important. The two LIFE named, calamine lotion and a 3% solution of boric acid, are the safest to use without a doctor's prescription.—ED.

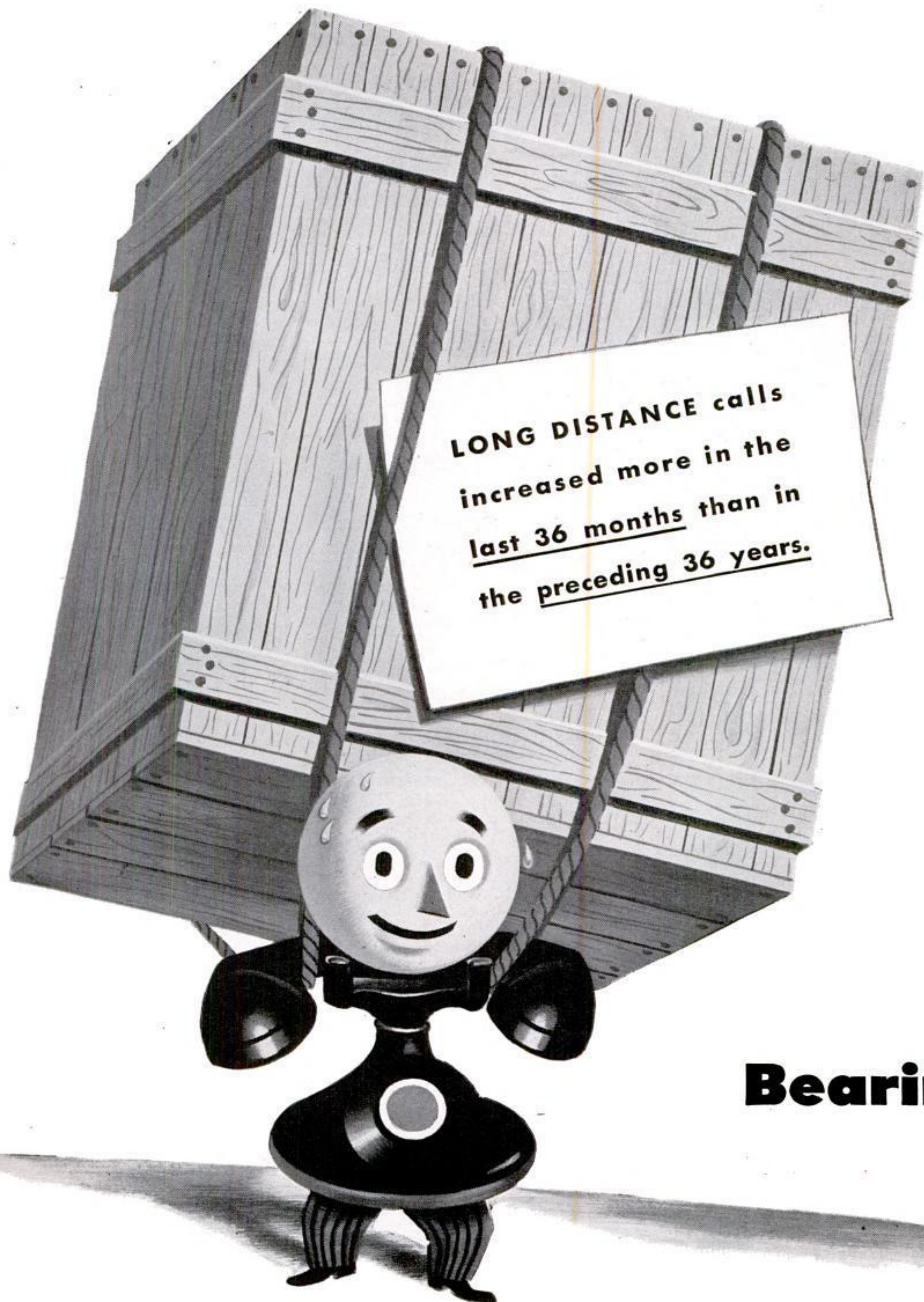
### BAYEUX TAPESTRY

Sirs:

Thank you for printing those remarkable pictures of the Bayeux Tapestry (LIFE, June 26). Some of them rank high among our agricultural relics. They are the oldest depictions we have, for instance, of the Percheron horse, still rather useful on the farm on rainy days and in plowing out the corners. The Percheron breed came to us from Normandy, of course, and is named after the old countship of Le Perche. The horses, which the Normans rode into the Battle of Hastings, were obviously black and gray—the dominating colors of this breed today. The Bayeux Tapestry shows typical Percheron heads and draft conformation. Plenty of the farm boys who go through Bayeux will ask about the tapestry because mention

(continued on p. 4)





## Bearing up well

He's carrying quite a load but he's doing all right. And he's mighty grateful for your help — especially when Long Distance circuits are crowded.

Then the Long Distance operator may say — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes." Saving telephone time is important in wartime.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

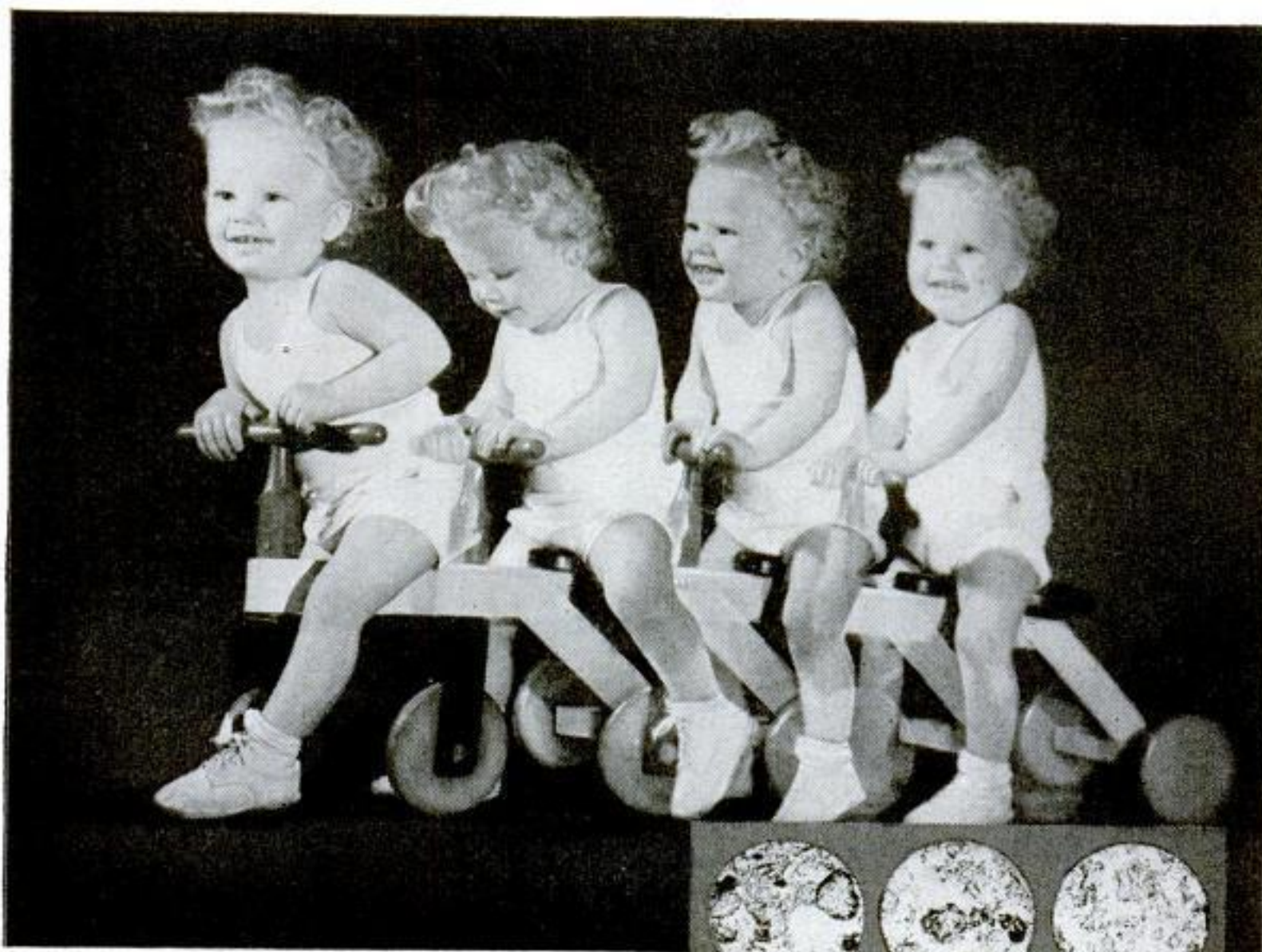






Even in a vacuum bottle, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive*; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

## New differences in baby powders!



Baby's arms and legs move constantly at play, shown by speed camera. And each motion rubs baby's skin. That's why it's important to use the *smoothest* baby powder—Mennen. Round photos above show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier*.

Want the best  
for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

of it was made in the books which they used in their vocational agriculture classes.

SAMUEL R. GUARD  
Editor

Breeder's Gazette  
Spencer, Ind.

### STAND-INS

Sirs:

Here is another picture to add to your files on movie stars and their stand-ins (LIFE, June 26). I am sure that you will recognize the glamorous lady on the right. On the left is my sister, Sally Wood, who won the Stand-In Club's 1942 "Elmer" for her outstanding work with Marlene Dietrich in *The Spoilers*.



WOOD AND DIETRICH

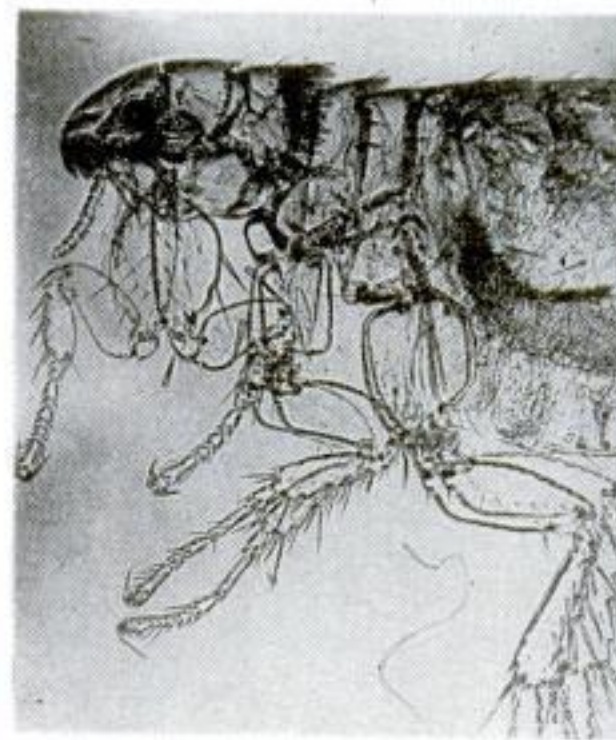
The following year, Deanna Durbin's stand-in won the prize and this year it was awarded again to my sister, who was Susanna Foster's stand-in for *This Is the Life*. The male winner this year was Jack Parker, who stood-in for Randy Scott during the making of *Gung Ho*.

PFC. DOUGLAS D. CARLSON  
Camp Butner, N. C.

### INVERTEBRATES

Sirs:

Your presentation of "The Invertebrates" (LIFE, June 26) was most enjoyable and interesting. I have been making photomicrographs in this field



DOG FLEA'S HEAD

for many years. Here is one from my collection, the head of a dog flea photographed on infrared film. I work with a self-designed camera and an excellent microscope.

MAXIMILIAN TOCH  
Staten Island, N. Y.

### FORMULA

Sirs:

"LIFE Goes Houseboating on the Ohio" in the issue of June 26, with its casual recital of how "Arky" rough-housed one of the young ladies aboard, led me to do some research. I sought out two delicacies on our office staff, aged 17 and 20 respectively. First I recounted

(continued on p. 6)



**Yank**  
**SHEDS**  
**24-LB.**  
**BODY**  
**ARMOR**

**IN A  
SPLIT  
SECOND**



The Army's new steel-and-canvas flak suit to protect fliers from shrapnel was not designed for swimming. It weighs 24 pounds. Shedding it instantly, if they are forced down over water, is essential.

Uncle Sam — with some help from us — has made this quick change easy. A rip strap releases the Dot fasteners on the shoulders and belt. One quick yank—and this modern armor falls apart in two pieces.

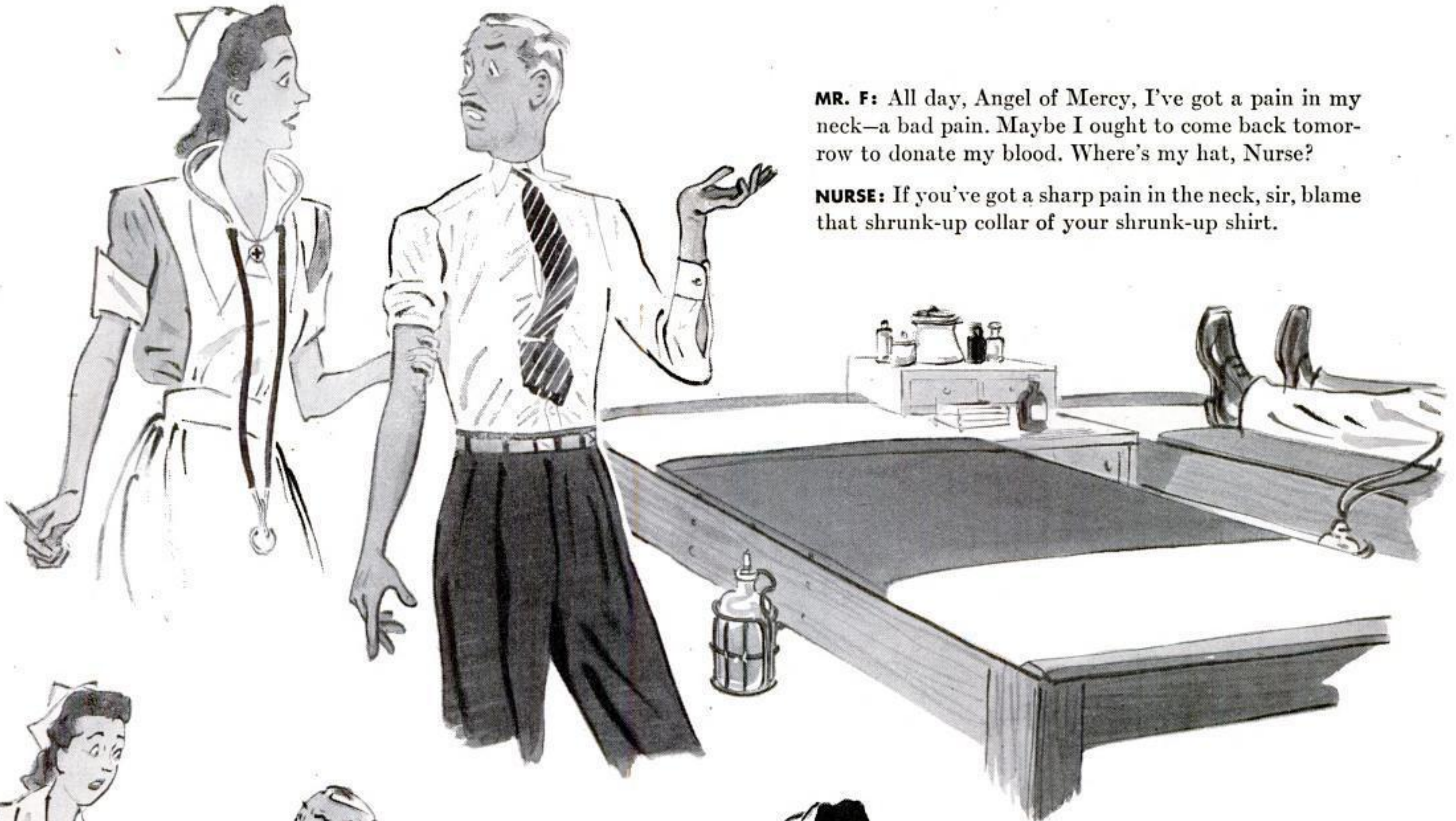
Here is a dramatic example of the many important little jobs that are done by Dot fasteners in war. It's a hint of the many other useful roles they will play in peace.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

**DOT**  
**FASTENERS**



# "Nurse! Wait! Maybe tomorrow, huh?"



**MR. F:** All day, Angel of Mercy, I've got a pain in my neck—a bad pain. Maybe I ought to come back tomorrow to donate my blood. Where's my hat, Nurse?

**NURSE:** If you've got a sharp pain in the neck, sir, blame that shrunk-up collar of your shrunk-up shirt.



**MR. F:** Blame *me*, I suppose! Can I help it if the shirts I buy shrink? Can I help it if I'm unlucky with shirts? Can I help it if...

**NURSE:** My dear man, do you mean to lie there and tell me you don't look for the "Sanforized" label when you buy your shirts? Aren't you aware that the fabric in everything "Sanforized"-labeled can't shrink even 1%—by the *Government's Approved Test*?



**MR. F:** Yipe! *On the level?* Lemme up! Lemme outa here. I'm gonna buy a dozen—no, two dozen shirts with "Sanforized" labels. *Right now!*

**NURSE:** This is wartime, and we shouldn't buy more than we *absolutely need*. So, I'd buy only *one* or *two* at a time. But make sure that they, and all other washables you buy—have "Sanforized" labels! **HEY, COME BACK HERE!**

**MR. F:** "Sanforized" labels! Got to get those shirts now. I'll give that blood tomorrow, Nurse.

**NURSE:** TOMORROW? You've just *given it*, Mister—and fine rich blood it is! Now be sure to get your Blood Donor button on the way out. Next, please?

**US:** Look for the "Sanforized" label on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink even 1% in men's and women's work clothes... men's shirts, shorts, pajamas... women's sportswear, house dresses, slips... washables for boys and girls... slip covers, drapes. Be patient if your store doesn't have them. But don't ever stop asking for the "Sanforized" label.

## •SANFORIZED•

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Approved Test

"SANFORIZED": Checked standard of the trade-mark owner. The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark.

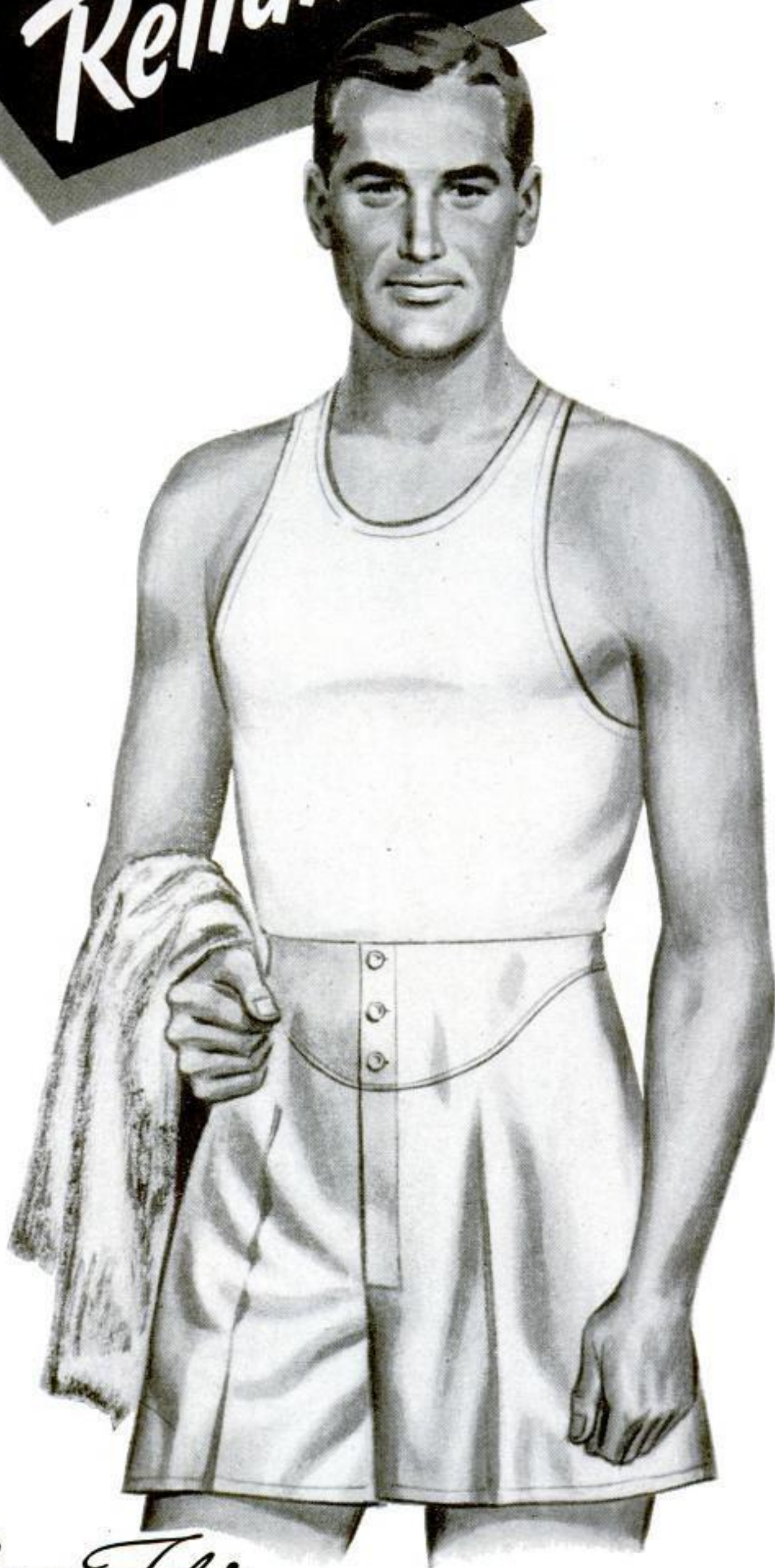
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

**VOLUNTEER** to give your blood—today! Blood donation is painless, has no aftereffects. Phone your nearest Blood Donor Center now. Help save the lives of American wounded!

**AVOID WASTE ... GET PERMANENT FIT ... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL**



Relay on  
**Reliance**



*Rayon Fabric*  
★ BY **VERNEY**

The name that's making news in rayon research and manufacture. Traditional New England skill combined with modern equipment and methods, mean finer rayon fabrics for you and yours!

#### RELiance MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St. • Chicago 6, Ill.

New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Ensenada Shirts and Slacks  
Kay Whitney Frocks • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts



### No-Tare Shorts in Verney Rayons!

Just step in a pair—and feel the difference! Here's new "soft-as-satin" smoothness—a new measure of comfort for you in these Reliance No-Tare Shorts of Verney Rayon Fabrics. And "you can't tear the fly"—that's a patented feature exclusive in No-Tare Shorts. In a variety of pleasing colors, at better stores everywhere.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

the adventures of Arky. Next I explained that in my day no fellow would even think of manhandling a girl. Before I could ask for a candid reaction, I got it from the teen-age miss: "The girls in your day must have been frightfully bored!" she volunteered. From the outpourings that followed, I have formulated this axiom: To arouse the tender love of woman, beat up your most promising rival; to retain her love, beat up the woman.

R. C. H. REID

Boston, Mass.

### SHROUDED DEAD

Sirs:

I have never seen a more heart-searing picture than the one in your June 26 issue of a row of shrouded American bodies awaiting burial in Normandy. It inspired me to write a poem which starts:

*They died, dear God, with their shoes on!  
In narrow graves they lie.  
To someone each was beloved,  
But alone each had to die.*

Pictures like this do more to wake us than bombs dropped on our cities.

JULIA McNEILL

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

That was a ghastly picture. Can't our government, so sadly overrun by political leeches, even buy caskets for heroic American soldiers? Many an American wife and mother whose child or husband was in that terrible D-day invasion probably gasped at the sight of our beloved dead, soon to be covered over with foreign sand, and then broke into violent tears.

MARY ELLIS STEPHENS

Los Angeles, Calif.

● With shipping space at a premium, only the essentials for living and fighting were sent to France with the invasion fleet. It is probable that, as after the last war, many American dead in foreign lands will eventually be returned to the U.S. for reburial.—ED.

### STATUE OF LIBERTY

Sirs:

Thank you so much for your wonderful cover picture of the Statue of Liberty (LIFE, June 26). To me, this statue means more than words can ever tell. I am one of the fortunate newcomers to America. The ship on which I crossed the Atlantic came up the bay of New York one November evening in 1938. Suddenly there were hundreds of lights like lanterns in the sky and in the midst of them all rose the mighty Statue of Liberty, her torch a beacon of friendly welcome and comforting reassurance. You could have heard a pin drop on deck as we passed her and there wasn't a person who didn't have tears in his eyes.

LOTTE STOBZKI

Paterson, N.J.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

## INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks



"I'm Keyes. Insurance adjuster. I can smell a cold murder a mile away . . . including the one those two lovebirds pulled and are trying to forget with hot kisses.

"The dame's poison . . . cold-blooded as a she-snake . . . especially when she's after that 50-grand

## Double Indemnity

her husband was insured for.

"And the guy? He's a murderer, too. Twice. Thought he could get away with the perfect crime . . . just because he knew the ropes as a result of knowing me. Too bad. He'll know the ropes all right—the one around his neck . . . if he lives. Yep, he's my best friend . . .

"Funny what happens to a right guy when he gets taken by the wrong woman. Funny, too, how murder will out—even with the perfect crime. This one was too perfect. That body on the tracks . . . that little speech the "grieving" widow made in our office . . . here's how I smelled them out . . .

Cold murder and hot kisses! It's the pulse-pounding sensation of the year . . . a Paramount thriller with three of the greatest top stars in the business. Fred MacMurray plays a completely different kind of role—for him or anybody.

Barbara Stanwyck is the most fiendish, most beautiful husband-killer ever dreamed up . . . and she rings true . . . true as a tolling death-bell—

Two lovers who murdered to be together, and then couldn't escape from each other!

Edward G. Robinson does the most convincing job of his entire career . . . as the incomparably shrewd insurance "blood"-hound created by James M. Cain ("The Postman Always Rings Twice." Remember?) who wrote this remarkably gripping murder-romance.

"Double Indemnity." The title fits the picture. It's doubly exciting, doubly deadly, doubly real. "Double Indemnity." You don't want to miss this: one of the most extraordinary of all.

Paramount Pictures



# "SHE'S BACK AMONG FRIENDS AGAIN"

THEY came smashing through the Jap lines and there it was — a 1941 Plymouth De Luxe Sedan in the heart of the New Guinea jungle!

On its side was painted the enemy's rising sun insignia. American bullets had drilled the machine so full of holes that the entire top had to be removed. But the motor, according to Staff Sgt. Kenneth B. Schooley, who described the incident, was "in excellent condition, despite having a few large-caliber bullets bounced off it."

After the usual rough jungle travel, he

writes, "it's like riding on air." At last report, the sedan was no longer "De Luxe" but it was doing a real job on New Guinea. The medical detachment requisitioned it, took out the back seat, put in a floor, and was using the Plymouth to transport wounded troops from the front.

\* \* \*

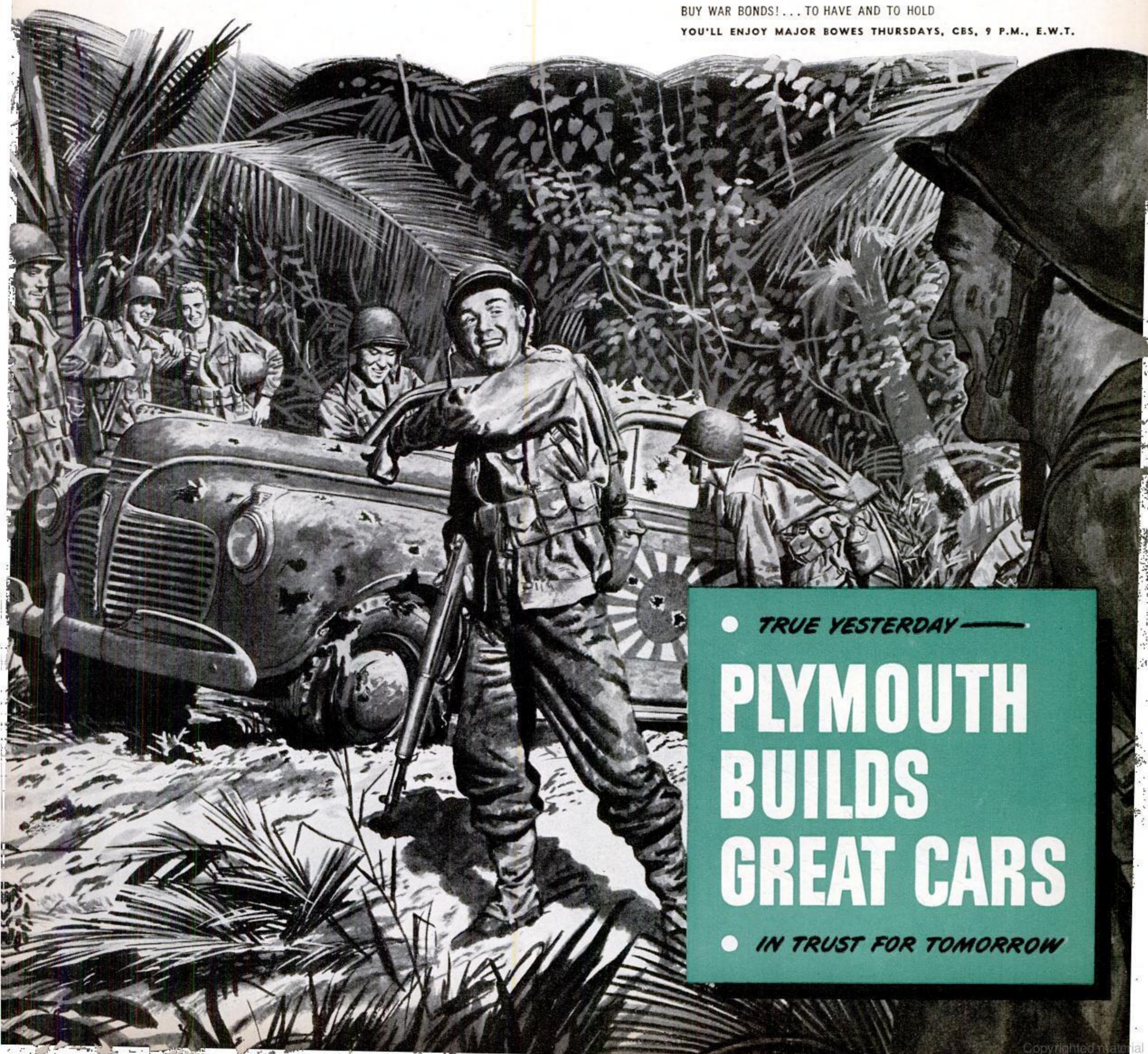
Plymouth records show that this historic car went from the factory to a dealer on Guam. Probably the Japs seized it there and took it with them to New Guinea. The full story won't be known until after the war — if then.

But there's no mystery about the reason why Plymouth is a great car on New Guinea or on Main Street. Plymouths were designed and manufactured to do their job under the worst conditions and the best. That quality is now going into Bofors anti-aircraft guns, assemblies for Helldivers, many other war needs. Meanwhile, three million Plymouths are proving their stamina on the roads. They may have to last a long time. They're built to do that when serviced by experienced Plymouth dealers.

PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation

BUY WAR BONDS!... TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



● TRUE YESTERDAY —

**PLYMOUTH  
BUILDS  
GREAT CARS**

● IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW





FLIGHT FEATHERS ARE FIRM, SHARP-EDGED. ABOVE: VULTURE, CONDOR, EAGLE, BUSTARD



CONTOUR FEATHERS GIVE SHAPE TO BODY OF BIRD. THIS ONE BELONGS TO BUSTARD

DOWN FEATHERS ARE SOFT AND FLUFFY. PROVIDE PROTECTIVE COATING NEXT TO SKIN



FILOPLUMES, WHICH RESEMBLE SMALL HAIRS, ARE HERE MAGNIFIED ABOUT 10 TIMES





# *SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .*

## *. . . THESE SHOW THE FOUR CLASSES OF BIRD FEATHERS*

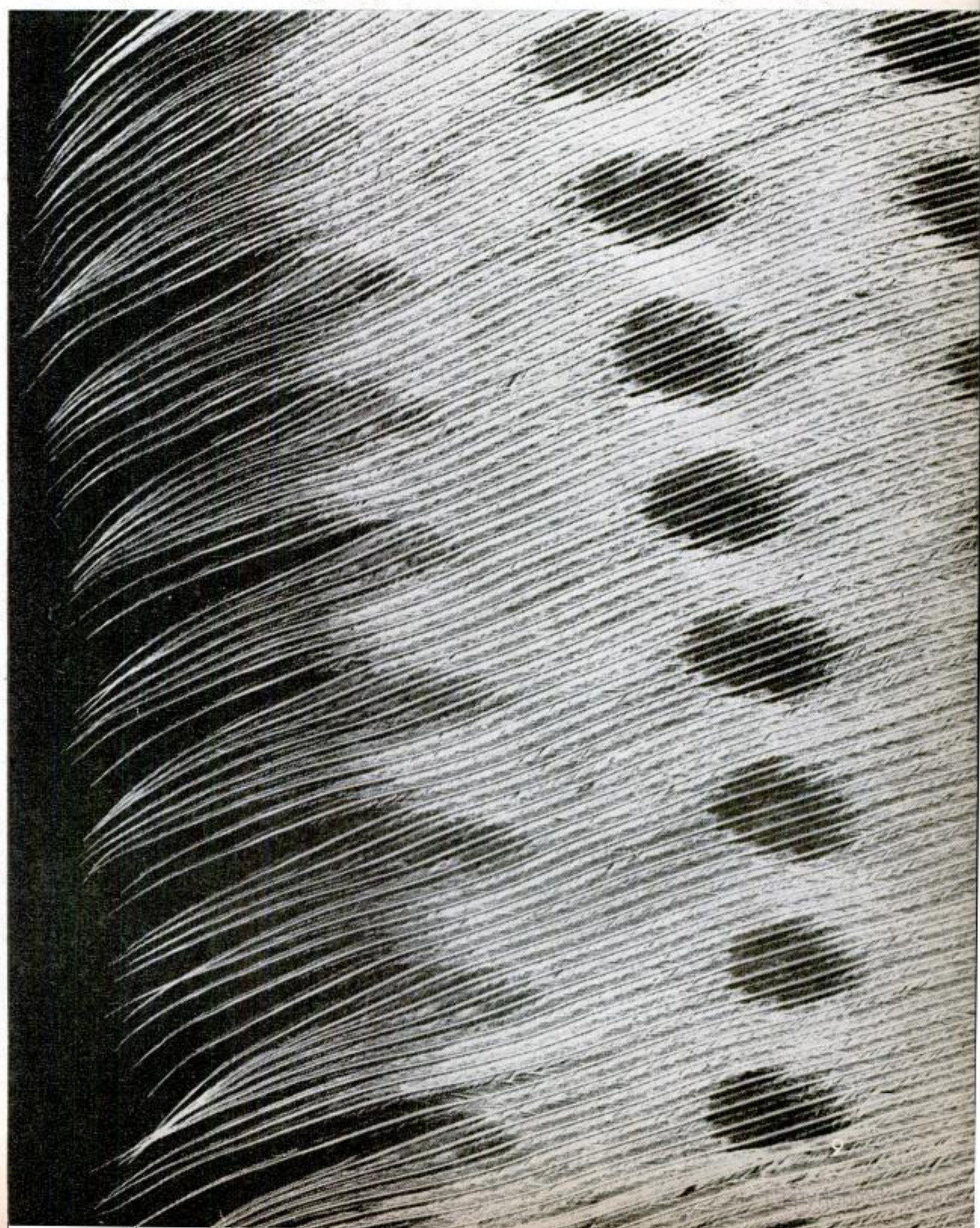
**B**irds have four different kinds of feathers and in these photographs the four types are shown. They are known as flight, contour, down and filoplume feathers (*see opposite page*). A flight feather has a closely knit structure with hard, smooth surfaces designed to cleave the air efficiently. On the opposite page is the flight feather of a bustard, a large European land bird which often weighs 30 pounds. A contour feather (*right*) is loose and pliant. It shapes the outline of a bird and adds decoration to its plumage. The down feathers provide a soft, cottony "underwear" beneath the exterior feather growth. The small, slender filoplumes are degenerate feathers which appear in small clusters around the base of the contour feathers. They have little use except as eyelashes on a few birds.

Some feathers have special properties adapted to needs of the birds that wear them. Waterfowl feathers repel moisture. Among many birds the males have bright-colored plumage which may attract females during mating season. The frilly edge on the flight feather of an owl (*below, right*) acts as a "silencer," muffling the sound of flight when the bird is out hunting its food. Larger birds, like the swan, have 25,000 feathers.



For decoration, the peacock has a feather formed by flexible branches of contour plumes. "Eye" shaped in the center of the feather is characteristic of the peacock's elaborate dress.

For quiet flight, the owl has a delicate fringe on the edge of its otherwise hard flight feather. This fringe cuts down the wing noise, makes it easier for an owl to sneak up on its prey.



Three distinct features are found in one crane feather. At top is soft contour pattern, compact center structure is characteristic of flight feather and at bottom is loose downy fringe.





*I've had no letter  
for three weeks now . . .*

"HE MUST BE ALL RIGHT . . . or I'd have heard something. They let you know . . . they always let you know. . . . But you get to thinking, especially at night. Your mind begins to race . . . and you've got to have relief! Then you turn on some music . . . some old familiar song . . . and for a while you're back again in a safe and better world!"

We like to think that music, heard through a Stromberg-Carlson, is helping people in these days of strain. Today our only job . . . and our great obligation . . . is to produce radios and communications equipment for war.

But, when Victory is won, we will bring you a new Stromberg-Carlson. Through it you will enjoy FM radio at its best, with noise-free, *natural* reproduction of music, voice and every type of program.



**OUR "E" FLAG** means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for victory to bring our boys home!



**IN RADIOS, TELEVISION, TELEPHONES, SOUND  
EQUIPMENT...THERE'S NOTHING FINER THAN A  
STROMBERG-CARLSON**

**A HALF-CENTURY OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP**

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# SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



**Fierce-eyed vulture** displays a scrawny neck wreathed with a coat of down feathers. Over down, diamond-shaped contour feathers overlap each other to shape breast.



**Photomicrograph of flight feather** reveals minute hooks or barbules which interlace to form firm surface. As many as a million barbules may be found in one feather.



HECK! I MUSTA DONE SOMETHING—OR YOU WOULDN'T BE HANGING ICICLES ALL OVER ME! SO C'MON! SPILL IT!



BUT JEFF! HOW CAN I MAKE WITH THE RIGHT WORDS TO TELL MY PERMANENT HEART-THROB ABOUT A THING LIKE — LIKE BAD BREATH?

ZOWIE! NO WONDER YOU'VE BEEN GLUM, CHUM! MISTER DENTIST, HERE I COME!



HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!



COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH



LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

IF IT'S KISSIN' YOU ARE MISSIN' AND YOU YEARN TO BILL AND COO BUY SOME COLGATE'S, IT'S THE TOOTHPASTE CLEANS BOTH TEETH AND BREATH FOR YOU!

BUT DEFINITELY!

CAN YOU TOP THAT?!



COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network





"With a platform like that, Stevens can't possibly lose!"



WHETHER you're a candidate for high office or just a better job—Mum can help you. For, Mum protects all day or evening against underarm odor, the straitjacket that hampers many a man's chances. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—Mum insures against underarm offense to come. It takes only 30 seconds to dab on Mum. It won't harm shirts or skin. At all druggists.

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- 6 Sliding stay, no buckling
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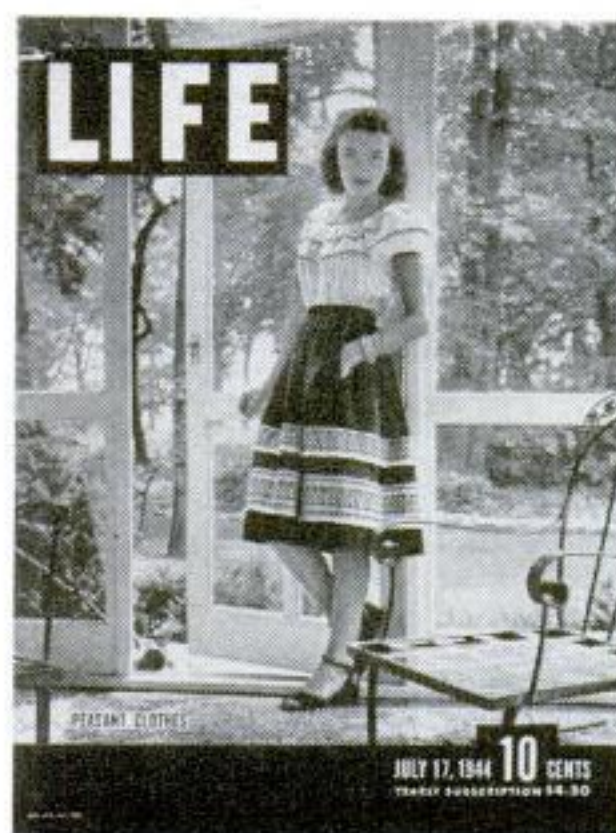


Real prewar quality at good stores everywhere . . . . .  
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**BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!**

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"DIRECTOR"  
BILLFOLD

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS COMPANY, WEST BEND, WISCONSIN



**LIFE'S COVER:** The pretty girl in peasant clothes on this week's cover is Anne Scott from Columbus, Ohio. Anne has been modeling ever since her graduation from Ohio State University nearly five years ago. Although she has posed for several cover sketches, this is her first photographic cover. For additional pictures of U.S. girls in peasant clothes turn to pages 88-89.

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The split second thrills... the action... won't wait. Eyes must be sharp, clear, comfortable, to catch them.

How can you make sure you're seeing as well as you should? Only by taking advantage of the services offered by the Ophthalmologist, the Optometrist, the Dispensing Optician in your community.

Professional care can say whether your eyes need help, can give your eyes the help they may need. But you're the one to say, "My eyes should be examined regularly!"

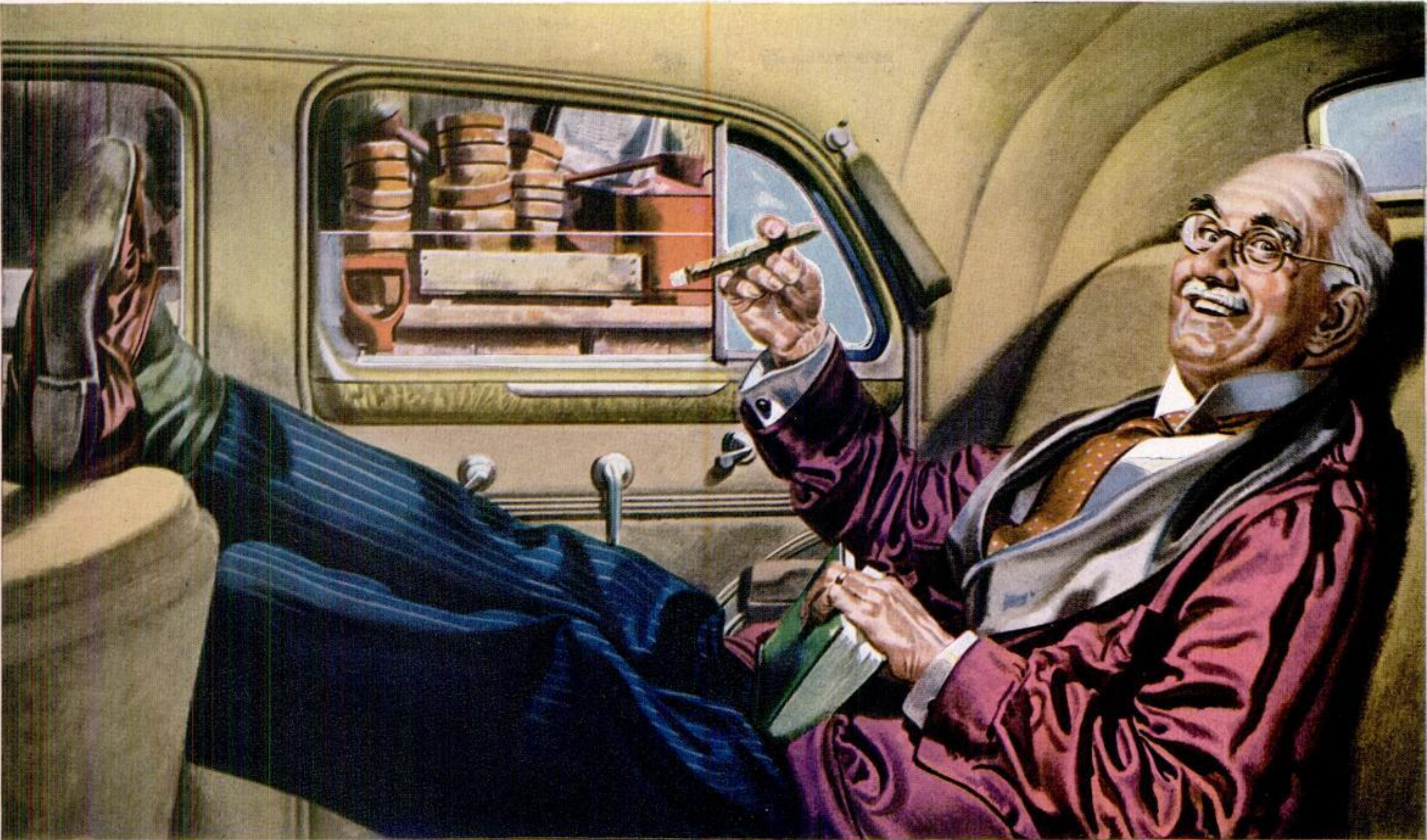
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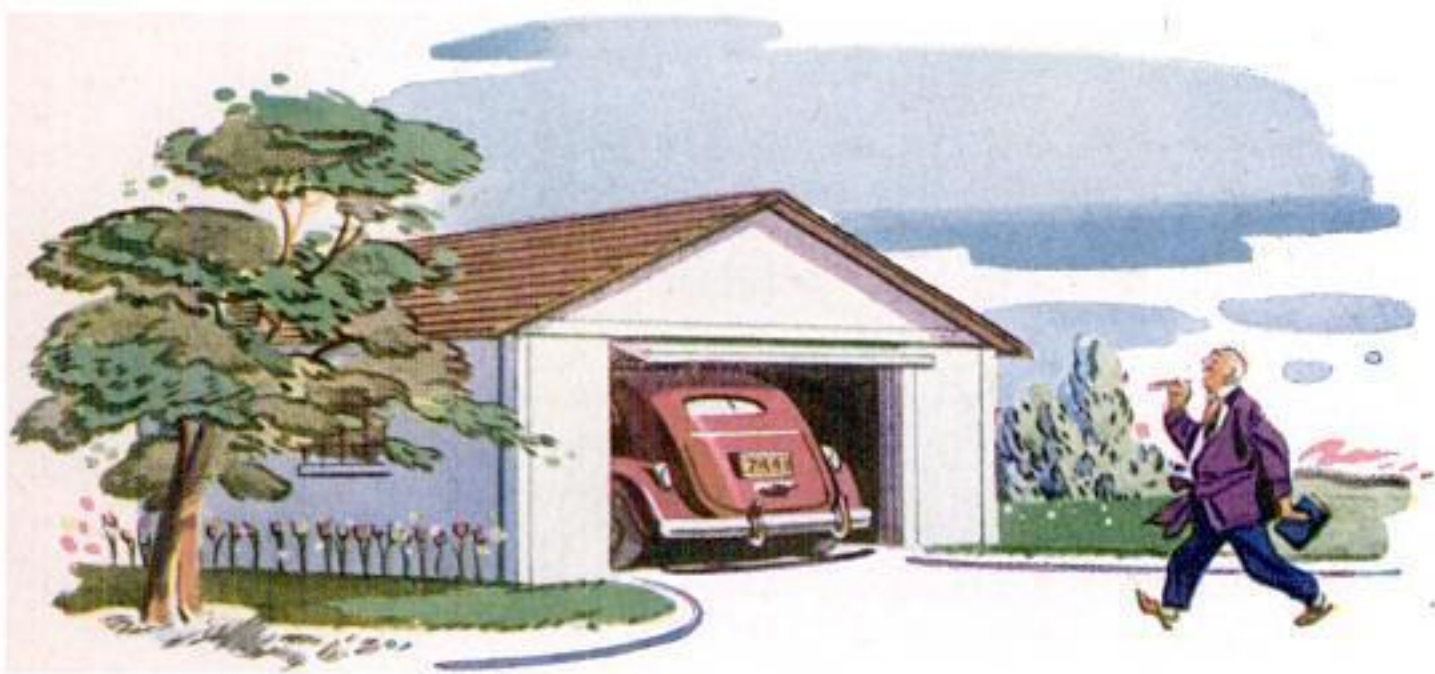


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*"WISH WE HAD THIS CAR IN THE PARLOR"*



**O**UR friend is not so dumb. In these stay-at-home days the softest, most comfortable seat in many a house is in the Airfoam-cushioned car down in the garage.

If you're lucky enough to own one of these cars, you know that's no exaggeration. Remember how you could ride all day without cramp or ache on those buoyant Airfoam seats — and feel fresh as a daisy at journey's end.

That's because Airfoam is entirely different from the cushioning used in most cars and furniture. It's "live" latex, soft as angel food cake, springy as a tennis ball — and it stays like that for life. It

doesn't pack down or flatten out in years of use.

It's too bad you can't buy a car or anything else cushioned with Airfoam now. Goodyear's entire production is needed for war uses. But you'll find it again in the finest post-victory cars, furniture and mattresses — and in the seats of buses, airplanes and trains. Yes, it's another product of Goodyear research.



*Airfoam "gives" to the slightest touch, providing restful, floating support that relaxes tired bodies.*

*Airfoam*  
THE NEW NAME FOR COMFORT  
**GOODYEAR**

Airfoam—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

BACK THE VTH WAR LOAN — FOR VICTORY



Elsie says:  
**"If your husband  
 was good today—  
 do this . . ."**

• • • "if he's bought an *extra* War Bond on the way home . . .

"Or if he's been working in your victory garden since supertime . . .

SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION, LADY!

"Give him some of that swell Borden's Cheese he has been hankering after!

"Treat him to a slice of Borden's Chateau with his victory-garden tomatoes; or give him a helping of Liederkranz cheese on crackers with some of his crisp, young radishes on the side!

"Now, don't be too lavish with the cheese! There's less of it for us civilians these days—so many tons are

going to our fighters and allies overseas!

"But there's a reasonable supply—and the government has wisely rationed that supply so that we all can get our fair share!

"And Borden's Fine Cheeses are well worth the points you *give* for them. They're *concentrated* nourishment—really wonderful '*buys*' for your *points and pennies*!"



**New way to tune up salads . . .**  
 Make a dressing to fit the salad! It's easy! Just whip together a little real mayonnaise and the right variety of BORDEN'S WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE . . . The right dressing for vegetable salad is WEJ-CUT with CHIVES! . . . WEJ-CUT with PIMENTO makes a fruit salad *heaven on earth*! . . . Dressing made of WEJ-CUT with RELISH does marvels for fish salad!

**Easy recipe:** Place 1 BORDEN'S WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE (Chive, Pimento, or Relish) in a bowl. Add 4 tablespoons real mayonnaise. "Work" with a fork, then beat with a rotary beater until smooth. Makes 1 cup glorious dressing!



**Sure! You can still get \*Liederkranz cheese!** It's not so plentiful as you'd like. But, *man!* don't pass it up when your grocer has it!



LIEDERKRANZ is the *one* cheese made by and for lovers of robust cheese! Its soft, creamy center is joy to the cheese lover's palate. And the tender, tawny-gold crust is part of the LIEDERKRANZ-eating joy!

\*T. M., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

WONDERFUL "BUYS" FOR YOUR POINTS AND PENNIES



**Yes! There's a fair supply of Borden's Chateau!** A great cheddar cheese food, made from an old Canadian formula! Perfect for zinging up soufflés or pepping up grilled sandwiches. And *boy-oh-boy!* what a cheese omelet you can make with CHATEAU!

*Oh-h-h-h!* When your lips close over melted CHATEAU nestling in a fluff of eggs! . . . and *ah-h-h-h!* what a warm, satisfying glow spreads over you as you get the sharp, cheddar flavor of glorious CHATEAU! Try it!



**If your food store is temporarily out** of your favorite Borden Cheese variety, please remember: there's a 4-oz. tin of cheese or cheese with bacon in each U.S. Army Field Ration K . . . many millions of these tins packed by Borden's Cheese plants.

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## LIFE'S PICTURES

When he was getting ready to photograph the battle of the Marianas, LIFE's J. R. Eyerman had a chat with Admiral Marc Mitscher (shown at left with Eyerman). Mitscher said that if Eyerman rode with him, he would see either the biggest air battle of all times or the Jap fleet. Taking his word, Eyerman went along on the flagship with LIFE Correspondent Noel Busch. Their joint reporting of Task Force 58's great Pacific cruise starts on page 17.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was  
gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture  
(left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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8, 9, 11—LILLO HESS

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24, 25—W. EUGENE SMITH

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94—NINA LEEN-PIX—BRITISH COMBINE

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; P. I., PICTURES INC.

Why my wife made me get a  
RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

SHE was sort of cute about it. She didn't say, "John, you ought to get a Retirement Income Plan." She knew I'd just argue with her.

Instead she said, "John, how much money do you expect to earn in the next 15 years?" I did a little figuring, tossed in a raise or two, and came out with a total that impressed even me. (Try it yourself—you'll be amazed.)

When I told her, she said, "How much of that do you suppose we'll have left at the end of 15 years?" I'm not very good at saving, so when I tried to be honest about that, the results hurt a little.

"We'll probably have a better house," I said. "The children will be educated, and we'll probably have a couple thousand in the bank." Then I added, "What's more, we'll have had 15 years of fun," and kissed her.

But she was serious.

"John, don't you think we ought to have more than that? In 15 years, you'll be 60. Good heavens, imagine you 60! (She giggled at that.) Anyway, you will be—and maybe you won't want to work so hard. Maybe times will be bad. Maybe—oh, you know—"

I did know. I have an Uncle Frank who earned a lot of money in his day, but now, at 62, he hasn't any more to show for it than a medal from his office.

"Yes, I know," I said.

"John, let's decide right now that we're going to do differently. Let's be sure of our future. Let's start using one of these Retirement Income Plans."

That's all we said about it, but the next day I started digging into the subject of Retirement Incomes. I learned that, using a Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan, I could get a retirement income for life beginning when I reached 60. And it wasn't just an



income for me alone. The Plan actually guaranteed an income for both my wife and myself as long as either of us lived!

So I qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan. Here's what my Plan guarantees:

1. When I reach 60, I will receive a check for \$150, and I will get another check for \$150 every month as long as both my wife and I live.

2. If, after 125 monthly checks have been paid, only one of us is living, a monthly income of \$100 will be paid for life to the one still living.

3. If I should die before reaching retirement age, my wife will receive an income for life, as well as \$3,000 in cash.

4. If, before age 55, total disability stops my earning power for six months or more, I will receive a monthly disability income.

This story is typical. Wouldn't you like to find out how you can get a guaranteed income for life?

## Send for Free Booklet

Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plans and how to fit them to your own needs. This booklet explains how to get the life income you want—from \$10 to \$200 a month or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or 70. Similar Plans are available to women.

Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

## PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

**GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE**

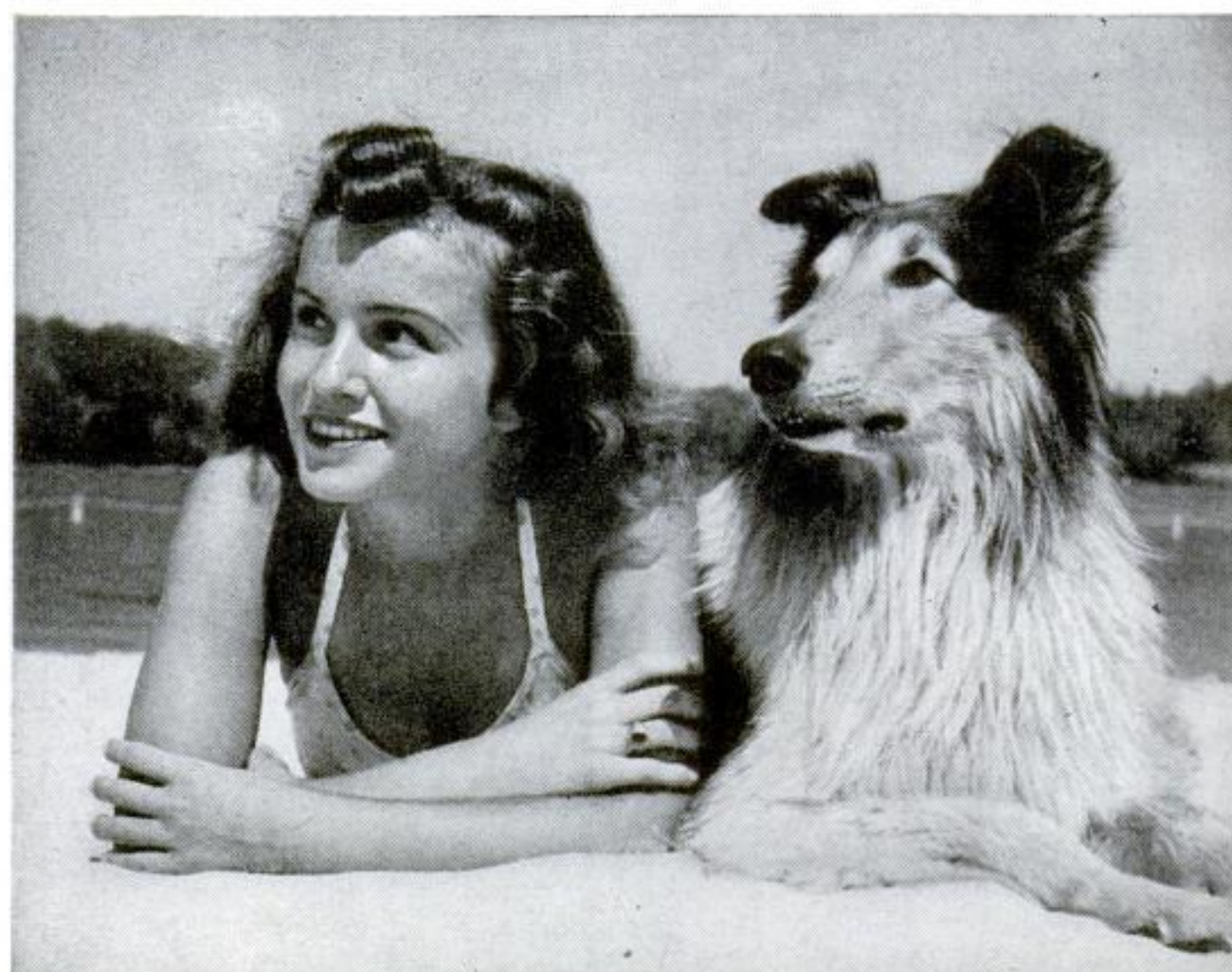
PLAN FOR WOMEN	PLAN FOR MEN
<p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 604 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, describing Retirement Income Plans for women.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>	<p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 604 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>

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This is a "heart-warmer." Get lots of 'em with Ansco film!



Two beauties on the beach—one Ansco beauty for your album.

## How's your score on Heart-Warmers?

SOME PEOPLE like to take "arty" pictures. I guess that's lots of fun.

But personally, I go in for *heart-warmers*. You know... The baby playing with the pooch. Tom having fun on furlough. The kid whitewashing the Victory Garden fence.

And if I say so myself, I really have some honeys. Not that I'm an expert. Far from it.

But somewhere along the line I learned about Ansco film. And that's when my batting average began to climb!

Strange as it sounds, Ansco film seems to re-

member I'm human. It covers up minor errors of exposure. I don't have to worry too much about lens openings or shutter speeds when my camera is loaded with Ansco.

### Plenty of confidence

Ansco film, you see, has extremely *wide latitude*. This quality provides a margin of safety which even expert photographers value.

And for an average shutter snapper like you or me—it's a *life-saver*!

With Ansco film, you'll be so confident of getting

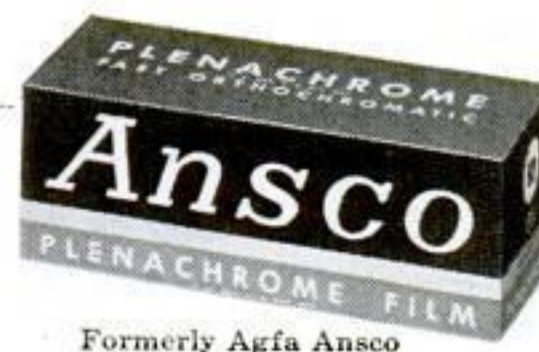
swell snapshots... that you'll usually *get* them. So try Ansco film today. It doesn't cost a cent extra.

And besides, it carries the guarantee... "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free."

*Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.*

### BUY MORE WAR BONDS

CAMERA NEWS! Coming—after the war—new and improved editions of our famous cameras like the PIONEER, the CLIPPER, the CADET. And that's not all—we're planning some very important camera surprises. Keep your eye on Ansco!



## Ansco film · cameras

THE FILM THAT REMEMBERS  
YOU'RE HUMAN



Furlough fun *lasts*... when you have an Ansco shot like this.



Exposure, uncertain. Result, swell. Film, *Ansco*!





FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE CARRIER FLAGSHIP OF TASK FORCE 58, VICE ADMIRAL MARC A. MITSCHER LOOKS OUT OVER THE U. S.-CONTROLLED WATERS OF THE PHILIPPINE SEA



MITSCHER AND BUSCH

## A NOTE ON THIS ARTICLE

In the article beginning at the right, LIFE's Noel Busch tells a new story of the naval campaign which supported the landings at Saipan. This campaign, which will probably be known to history as the Battle of the Marianas, has heretofore been reported only in spot-news accounts. Busch has written an informal running journal of the action from June 7 (Tokyo time) through June 22.

The cruise of Admiral Mitscher's Task Force 58—the greatest carrier task force in naval history—started from an advance Pacific base, bound for Saipan, a 52-square-mile island southeast of Tokyo. There, in conjunction with the main body of Admiral Raymond Spruance's Fifth Fleet, Mitscher's planes and ships supported the Marine and Army landings. A few days later one of three striking groups within Task Force 58, including Mitscher's flagship, on which Busch traveled, moved south to Guam. There it eventually became engaged in the great air battle of June 19. Next day Mitscher's planes found the Japanese carrier force and the Battle of the Eastern Philippines ensued. The travels of Task Force 58, although they end in Busch's journal on June 22, seem to be still in progress. Last week its carrier planes struck at Rota in the Marianas and Iwo in the Volcano group.

Newly published is a book by Noel Busch entitled *My Unconsidered Judgment*. This book is based on his previous trip to Africa, the Middle East and the British Isles.

## TASK FORCE 58

Life correspondent tells story of U. S. Navy's great cruise to break the Japanese power in the Marianas

by NOEL F. BUSCH

Photographs by J. R. Eyerman

**June 7.** From Admiral Marc Mitscher's flag secretary I got a preliminary briefing. Our objective is a place called Saipan, somewhere in the Marianas Islands. We have a fleet of several hundred assorted warships, all under the command of Admiral Raymond A. Spruance. This fleet is divided into two parts: the invasion force, composed of battleships, cruisers, destroyers and troop transports containing marines and soldiers, and the fast carrier task force, known as Task Force 58, under Mitscher. D-day minus 8—that is today—Task Force 58 starts westward.

Admiral Mitscher says we are likely to encounter much more resistance, air and otherwise, than in any previous operation in the Pacific. He thinks there is a good chance too, that the Japanese fleet, at present skulking somewhere behind the Philippines, may come out of hiding to take part in the excitement.

**June 8.** The legend which says that explorers in deserts or forests wander in circles is apparently true. Today I set out to explore this carrier. After climbing through several hatches and following passageways I invariably found myself at the watercooler, outside my cabin door, where I had started.





**Admiral Mitscher and staff** examine reports in "flag plot" during air strikes against Saipan. At the far end of couch is Mitscher's chief of staff, Captain Arleigh ("31-Knot") Burke. As commander of a destroyer squadron in the Solomons, Burke was famous for his habit of invariably re-

porting his speed as a fast 31 knots (about top cruising speed). Sitting between him and Admiral Mitscher is Captain Truman Hedding, Burke's deputy. Flag plot, naval abbreviation for flag officer's plotting room, is just off the flag bridge, where Mitscher is shown on preceding page.



## TASK FORCE 58 (continued)

**June 9.** Today I paid my respects to the captain of the ship who seemed extremely friendly and capable. After having a cup of excellent coffee with him, I stopped for a talk with Admiral Mitscher who spends the whole day perched on a special chair on the port or left side of his bridge, facing aft, his feet propped on the base of a compass, a green canvas cap with a huge visor pulled down over his eyes. He told me that he expected Japanese plane searches to spot us on either D-minus-5 or D-minus-4 and that thereafter we would have to fight our way in. The admiral seemed pleased rather than otherwise by this prospect.

As the top aircraft carrier admiral in an aircraft carrier war, Mitscher is fast becoming as much of a legend in the Pacific theater as Montgomery is in Europe, though in a totally different way. Where the general is peppery, exhibitionistic and loquacious, the admiral is noted for taciturnity, reticence and built-in gyroscopic resistance to the display of any emotions under any circumstances. Mitscher comments are delivered in an almost inaudible growl and often have a special pungence. Example: a day or two after the first sensationally successful raid on Truk six months ago, an aide came out on the bridge at sunset and found Mitscher sitting in his usual perch and smiling to himself with obvious satisfaction. The aide asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was just thinking," said Mitscher, "at home the trout season opens today."

Mitscher, like many of the greatest U. S. naval heroes, comes from far inland. He was born in Hillsboro, Wis., went to Annapolis in 1906 and got into naval aviation in 1916 at 29. He passed the first two years of World War II in Washington as assistant chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics under his old friend Jack Towers, now Nimitz' deputy. Just before Pearl Harbor, however, Mitscher was put in command of the *Hornet*, which he commanded with celebrated skill in the Tokyo raid and at the battle of Midway. After Midway, Mitscher, by this time a rear admiral, was put in command of all aircraft in the Solomon Islands. When U. S. air supremacy in the Solomons had been completely established, he was relieved and given his present job, that of running Task Force 58, which is currently the kingpin in Central Pacific strategy.

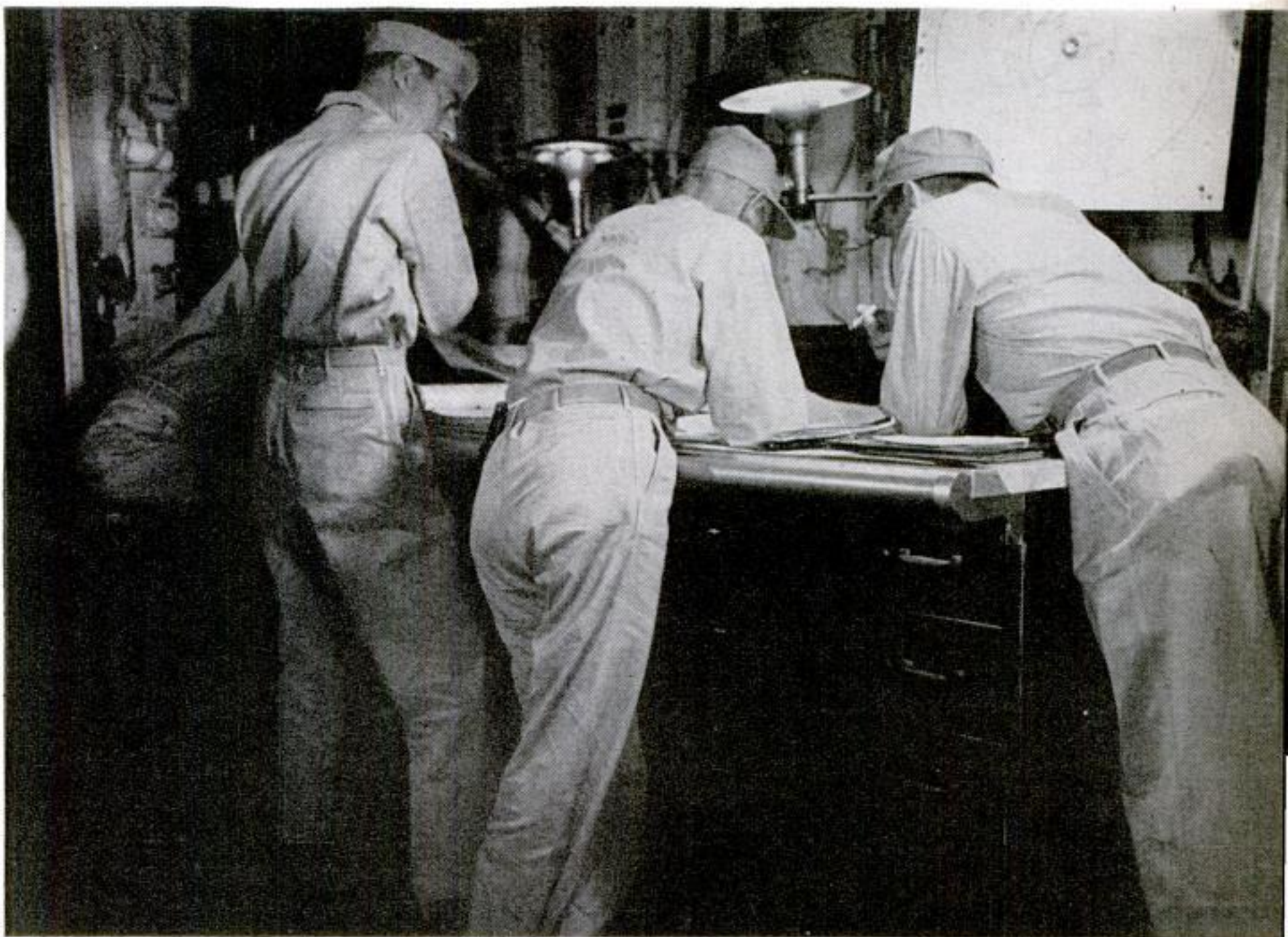
Propped up on a special chair, wearing his special cap, Mitscher's face looks out over the bridge of his flagship as fixedly as though he were its figurehead. Exactly why he chooses to face aft is a minor mystery. Some people say it is because most of the activity on the flight deck—landings, respotting of planes, etc.—goes on near the stern. Even more probable explanation is that a) the compass base he uses as a footrest is so situated it can only be used in this position, and b) the admiral's head is then better placed to overhear the talk inside the flag plot through the porthole. An aide once suggested he try facing forward. "No," said Mitscher. Then he added: "How much did you bet you could get me to do it?" Mitscher's feeling for the Japanese is wholehearted, one-track loathing. The other day he said with considerable relish, apparently referring to flame throwers: "You know what the Marines do with Japs? They sizzle 'em."

**June 10.** The strange sights and sounds on a carrier would tax the talents of a modern Melville. The former include: deck crews dressed in bright linen helmets and gloves, called "flash clothes" and intended to ward off burns from sudden explosions; carafes of excellent coffee, always hot, on the wardroom buffet; the hangar deck, a vast dim area full of planes with folded wings, bits of rope, dozing deck hands and the smell of oil; bombs being wheeled about in little one-handled barrows; drawings of a gun crew made by one of its members. The sounds, which suggest life inside a bass drum, include a buzz followed by a loud thump which, below decks, indicates that a plane is being launched by catapult; the deafening roar made by planes being launched by usual procedure; the hoarse yapping in flag plot of radio conversations with other ships; and the strange admonishments which issue from the ship's amplifier. Through this, at the most unlikely moments, the boatswain's pipe or whistle suddenly screeches and a stern voice says things like: "Turn to," or "Sweepers, man your brooms; clean sweep down, fore and aft!" or "The smoking lamp is out throughout the ship while the gasoline system is in operation." I was told that the term "smoking lamp" is an old Navy tradition. The Navy seems inordinately proud of traditions, even new ones.

**June 11.** The great event of today was something called variously "Plan Johnny" or "Plan Gus." The Navy's ebullient young ace dive-bomber pilot, Commander Gus Widhelm, is Mitscher's "operations officer"; he also has a deputy, Lieut. Commander Johnny Myers. Plans for operations and indeed everything else in the Navy have to have code names; ships, for example, have code names like



**Hellcats warm up** on the deck beneath Mitscher's bridge before first fighter sweep against Saipan on June 11. By attacking in the afternoon, a departure from the dawn attack which generally precedes amphibious landings, Mitscher's planes took Japanese by surprise and wiped out most of their land-based air-power.



**Over chart table** Mitscher and staff listen to radio reports of Saipan landings on June 15. Below, bomber squadron commander (left) visits Mitscher's bridge to report on Saipan air operations. Man with back to camera in foreground is Commander Gus Widhelm, Midway Ace who is now Mitscher's operations officer.







Carrier crewmen "flake out" on hard deck while planes are far away fighting great air battle. Big rubber-tired tractor tows crane for handling wrecked planes. Below, three-man crew of a torpedo bomber stands inside jagged hole made in tail elevator of their plane by accurate Japanese antiaircraft fire over Saipan.



## TASK FORCE 58 (continued)

*Furnace, Darby, Iroquois, Twenty Grand.* Consequently, when Myers and Widhelm worked out a plan they naturally christened it after themselves.

Briefly described, Plan Johnny, to which Plan Gus is an addendum, is as follows: instead of going over Saipan to strafe and bomb the airstrips tomorrow at dawn, our first strike will go in at dusk tonight. To an armchair strategist this might seem a trifling departure from schedule. In fact it is quite a major one. It involves, for one thing, a nice equation in speed and fuel consumption so as to reach the environs of Saipan far enough ahead of the timetable to put it into effect. For another it means that although the Japanese searches were almost sure to have sighted us today, we might still catch their planes on the ground since they may assume that we are too far out to launch an attack till tomorrow.

**June 12.** Last night it looked as though Plan Johnny had been a flop. Today it proves to have been spectacularly successful. This was due to an oddity apparently typical of carrier warfare. Last night pilots from this ship found few planes on the airfields which were their targets and no fighter opposition in the air. Since the fighter pilots wanted to boost their own and their squadron's score, they came back sore and disappointed. Through the evening, however, reports from other carriers indicated that this paucity of prey was a pure mischance. At other airfields, grounded planes were plentiful; a squadron from another carrier surprised a covey of planes in the air and destroyed them all. The total score now seems to be 124 Japanese planes destroyed, against a total loss for us of 11.

Today, however, there is also a new and even more sensational subject for "scuttlebutt" than our own battle; this is that the Japanese fleet is on the move. As yet no one is sure whether it is headed for us or for General MacArthur's newest landing at Biak. However, the former looks like the best bet.

**June 13.** Last night one of the other task groups caught a Japanese convoy and sank 10 ships in it. I was awakened from my post-breakfast nap this morning, as our group moved through the scene of the action, by a loud clatter as of milk cans, which I first took to be just one more mysterious ship noise. When I went up to the bridge I saw at once that it must have come from the banging of floating empty oil drums against the ship's plates which form the wall of the cabin. The sea is covered with such containers.

Strikes at Saipan continued all day; we lost three pilots to antiaircraft fire. Mitscher said today of Saipan, "The Japs don't know it, but we're going to stay here a long time. Yes, this place will look like home to us before we're ready to get out."

**June 14.** Our casualties have been remarkably light so far, but today we had one especially grave one: the skipper of Torpedo Squadron 16, Commander Robert H. Isely. This squadron, like our dive-bomber squadron led by Lieut. Commander Ralph Weymouth, and fighter squadron, headed by Commander Paul Buie, is, on its statistical record, one of the three or four best in the Navy.

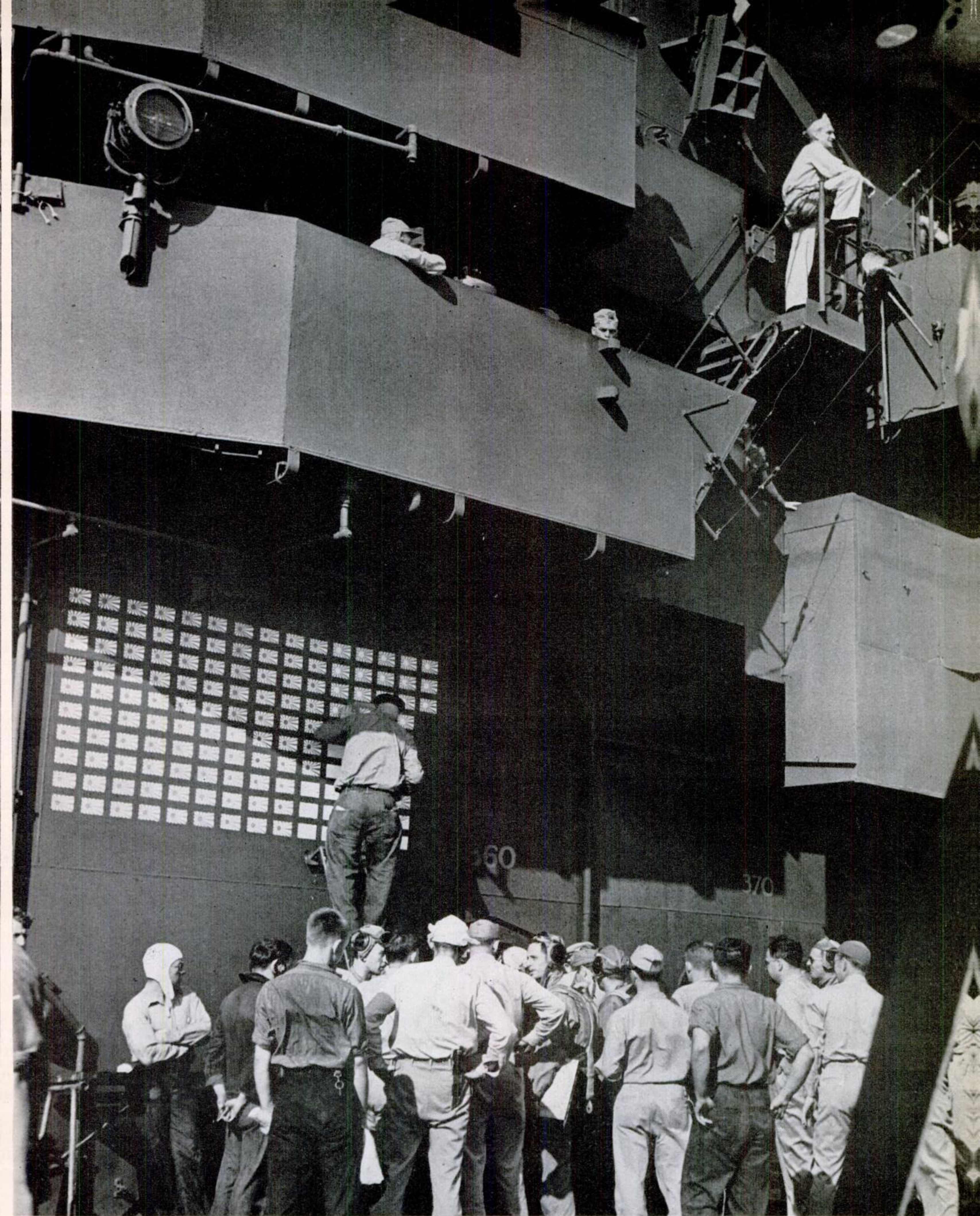
After the strikes of the last two days Charan-Kanoa was burning brightly on the horizon, like a little Tokyo.

**June 15 (D-day).** The landing went off in good order against strong shore resistance. Toward the middle of the morning I took my courage in both hands—by no means difficult, since two fingers would suffice—and got permission to accompany a dive-bomber strike against gun positions in support of the Marine landings. The lieutenant who piloted the plane treated me with deeply courteous consideration as though Saipan's neat brown fields, green slopes and empty coral roadways had been perhaps sights of his home town and he had no other concern on his mind than to point them out to me. When a close burst of antiaircraft fire beneath us caused the plane to buck, he hurried to ask whether I was okay and, when I said I was, explained that he planned to make his dive in a moment. The sensation of diving was, I found, much like that of a roller-coaster, only more so. When we leveled out, the plane began bucking ominously again. The pilot called to say somewhat apologetically that he didn't know why the Japanese antiaircraft gunner seemed to be picking especially on us and that he thought he had better climb into a cloud to put a stop to it. I offered no objections.

For a person with a limited appetite for excitement and one who hates roller-coasters, this would have been ample diversion for one day, but it turned out to be only the hors-d'oeuvres. Before supper was over this evening, several "bogeys"—as unidentified planes are called under such circumstances—were seen approaching from different directions, low on the water. I barely had time to step out on the starboard or outboard side of the bridge before several ships on our starboard quarter opened fire. Pointed out by the long red

**NOEL BUSCH'S ARTICLE CONTINUES ON PAGE 78**





**Tally of Jap planes** shot down by the carrier's planes in great battle of June 19 is stenciled in Jap flags beneath Mitscher's bridge. Air group on Mitscher's carrier is possibly the most successful of all carrier groups in the Pacific. On June 19 they shot down 45 Japanese planes, bringing their

score to 148. Among their other notable actions were the great carrier raid on Palau in March and General MacArthur's Hollandia landings in April. Group on deck in foreground discusses impending blow against Japanese fleet. Above, Admiral Mitscher hooks elbow over edge of bridge.





JAPANESE BATTLESHIP OF KONGO CLASS (CENTER) LEAVES CURVING WAKE MARKED AT INTERVALS WITH PUFFS OF BOMB EXPLOSIONS. AT RIGHT, BIG CARRIER TURNS IN CIRCLE

## JAPANESE FLEET

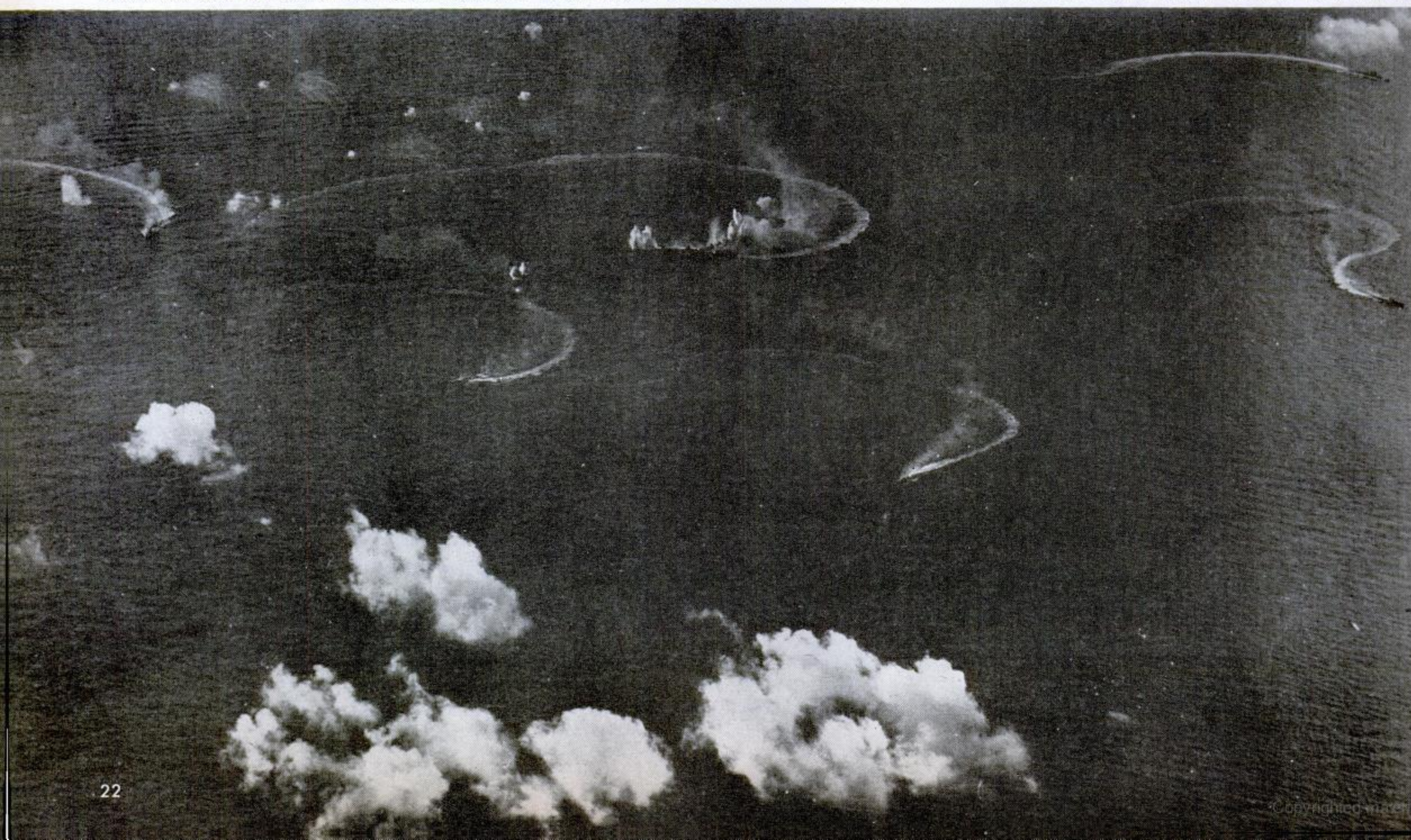
Mitscher's planes catch enemy force

From Admiral Mitscher's carrier, LIFE's Noel Busch (see previous pages) saw Task Force 58's planes take off to find the threatening Japanese task force. Hundreds of miles away, they caught up with the enemy and from a plane high over the watery battleground, an official Navy photographer took these four remarkable pictures. They show the frantic maneuverings of Japanese ships trying to evade U. S. dive bombers and

torpedo planes during the brief but violent battle of June 20.

In a few minutes before dusk on the Philippine Sea, the planes sank one medium-sized carrier, one destroyer and two fleet oilers. They also scored crippling hits on two big carriers, two light carriers, one battleship, three cruisers, two destroyers and three oilers. In riven ships, sunk or afloat, it was the worst Japa-

BURNING CARRIER OF SHOKAKU CLASS (17,000 TONS) SAILS THROUGH CLUSTER OF NEAR MISSES. ESCORTING DESTROYERS, CRUISERS SEEM TO BE RUNNING AWAY FROM CARRIER







**HEAVY CRUISER (RIGHT) COMPLETES FRANTIC CIRCLE TO ESCAPE PLANES. FLASHES ABOVE CRUISER ARE BOMB HITS ON CARRIER AND BATTLESHIP NARROWLY AVERTING COLLISION**

nese naval defeat since the Battle of Midway in 1942.

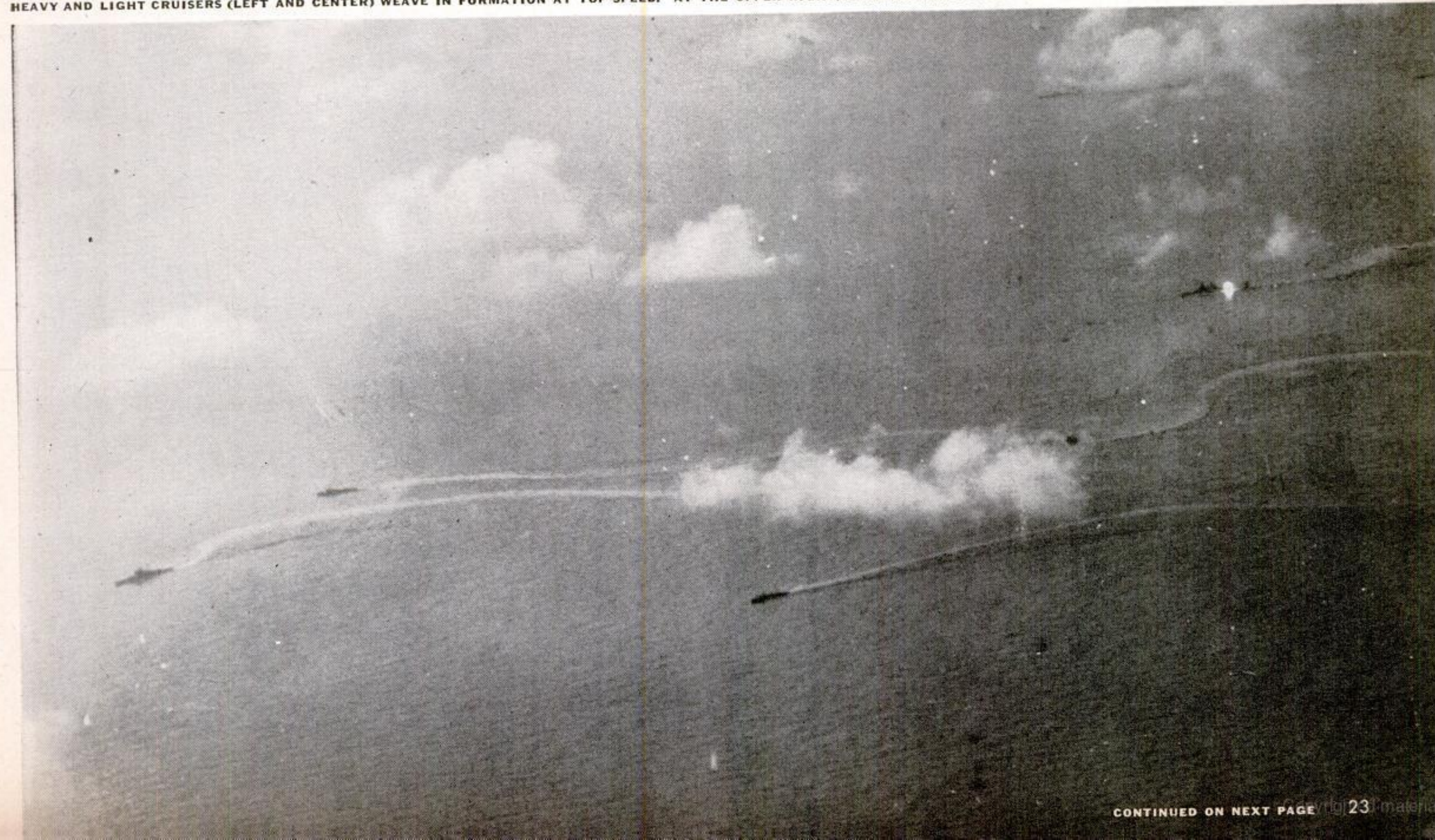
Short as it was, the Battle of the Eastern Philippines was the climax of a week of maneuver for both Japanese and American fleets. On June 11 most of ships in Admiral Mitscher's task force struck at Saipan. Five days later one of three groups within Task Force 58, under personal command of Mitscher, moved south to the waters west of Guam. There they battered Jap-

anese airfields. By this time, Mitscher knew that there was a sizeable Japanese task force somewhere between the Marianas and the Philippines. On June 19 this force, composed of estimated nine carriers and screening vessels, began to send in waves of planes. Most of these were shot down by U. S. fighters before they came within sight of Mitscher's ships. The few that leaked through were efficiently handled by antiaircraft

fire. The total Japanese loss in action was 402 planes.

During the air battle, Mitscher's forces had been racing back to Saipan in case the Japs should try to attack there. But now that the Japanese had lost the greater part of their carrier-borne planes, Mitscher's fleet went after the enemy under forced draft and overtook him. Though grievously hurt, Japanese fleet escaped a knockout blow by fleeing westward in night.

**HEAVY AND LIGHT CRUISERS (LEFT AND CENTER) WEAVE IN FORMATION AT TOP SPEED. AT THE UPPER RIGHT, A KONGO-CLASS BATTLESHIP TAKES HEAVY BOMB HIT ON THE STERN**







Main street of Garapan, capital and largest city (pop. 10,000) of Marianas, is lined with shells of thin-walled Japanese houses. When picture was made, Japanese still held part of the town.

## LAND FIGHTING ON SAIPAN

U. S. shells and bombs make smoking ruin of island

The main objective of all of Task Force 58's operations was to assist the Army and Marine troops battling for Saipan. By hammering airfields on nearby islands, the fleet beat down Japanese airpower which might have interfered. And by forcing the Japanese carriers to flee to the west, Admiral Mitscher's force prevented any Japanese attempt to reinforce or evacuate their beleaguered garrison.

At the end of last week, troops of the 2nd and 4th Marine Divisions and the 27th Army Division appeared to be approaching the end of their fight for Saipan. Some of them had penetrated to within two miles of the northern end of the island and the quality of Japanese resistance was deteriorating fast. The Japanese, however, had one vicious, convulsive lunge left in them. On July 6 they started a desperate counteroffensive which gained 2,000 yards along the northwest coast before it was halted. But this attack did little to delay the inevitable Japanese defeat. Even as the Japanese advanced on the west coast, the Americans closed in on them from the east.

While LIFE's Noel Busch traveled with the fleet, LIFE and Time Correspondent Robert Sherrod followed the troops on Saipan. Concerning the fiber of the men who were winning this battle for the U. S., Sherrod wrote: "This morning I saw a battalion of the 2nd Marine Division marching to the rear. The older men were now heavily bearded, and the kids' faces were covered with long, downy fuzz. They were dirty and grimy but they marched briskly, even proudly. Platoon by depleted platoon, they filed past, going south into Garapan, and one got the feeling that no men on earth could have stopped these Marines who did so much on Saipan."



Naval shellfire supporting troops leaves trail of smoke across Jap-held ground on Saipan. Pictures shown here were made by LIFE Photographer W. Eugene Smith from spotting plane.



SEAPLANE BASE AT TANAPAG HARBOR, NORTH OF GARAPAN, IS SHELLLED AND LAID WASTE BY U. S. LAND ARTILLERY.







# THOSE RUSSIANS

## OUR JOINT DRIVES OPEN A NEW ERA OF GOOD FEELING AND MAKE THE BIG THREE A REALITY

"Look at those Russians!" Every headline reader involuntarily said or thought it last week. Rushing past Minsk, Kowel, Baranowicz and into the Vilna gateway to Warsaw, the Red Army is within 500 miles of Berlin itself. Some Russian units advanced at a speed of 20 miles a day, faster than the Germans had advanced through Poland, France or the Balkans in the swiftest days of the blitzkrieg. In a little over two weeks the Russians claimed to have killed or captured over 275,000 Germans, including 18 generals. If any army could sustain such a pace, the Russians would be in Berlin by September.

The new drive opened the fourth year of Russia's "patriotic war," a war that has cost it an acknowledged 5,000,000 lives. For 18 months they went through a dogged, grisly retreat; then, after Stalingrad, another 18 months of dogged, grisly, accelerating advance. In this drive they are fighting with more confidence and with a greater superiority of arms than ever before. It is a wholly new phase of the war. The Russian offensive is something new because the major U. S. and British offensives are coordinated with it.

A war has many turning points, but this one is too big, too culminating to go unmarked. Our invasion of Normandy set the Russians wild with joy; they mobbed and kissed Americans in the Moscow streets; it was "the Second Front." But Englishmen and Americans remained tense with hope and anxiety. Now we can all feel great. The Big Three are marching together.

### Era of Mistrust

It is extraordinary how many dark fears and seemingly insoluble problems have evaporated in this simple military concurrence. Less than a year ago "the Second Front" was a bitter jest in Moscow. Whenever he opened a can of Spam the Russian would mutter, "Ha! A can of the Second Front." Americans and English, on the other hand, could and did suspect that when we did take the plunge the Russians might somehow manage a vacation in the East until our manpower losses had equaled theirs. All kinds of dark fears were possible. At Teheran, we were assured, the obvious deal was made. But in June and July, 1944, that deal was kept. That is why these months are landmarks. They demonstrate that Britain, Russia and the U. S. can wage war in tandem. Can they wage peace the same way?

In this new Era of Good Feeling it is instructive to retrace some of the old suspicions; for they may rise again.

One ground for our suspicion was Russia's extreme secretiveness, especially on her own military affairs. Long after we had set up the Combined Chiefs of Staff with the British and were working as closely with them as two nations can, the Russians were stingy with the most elementary military facts. Beginning last winter, our diplomatic relations got

seemingly worse and worse. Our offer to mediate between Russia and the Polish government in exile was refused. *Izvestia* attacked the Vatican, outraging U. S. Catholics. *Pravda* printed an outrageous "rumor from Cairo" that Britain was plotting a separate peace. Contrary to their agreement at the Moscow conference, the Russians for a while took a unilateral line toward Badoglio. Their announcement that Russia would break up into 16 federated republics was examined in our press for ulterior motives in the unfriendliest fashion. And so on.

Suddenly, on June 2, four days before the invasion, it was announced that American bombers had launched a series of shuttle raids between England, Italy, Africa and secret fields in Russia, bringing new targets in Eastern Europe within range. Our bombers were served by Russian ground personnel and protected by Russian Yak fighters. Never before had the Soviets let their soil be used for foreign bases or countenanced such a mingling of personnel. The set-up was a complex one, involving months of preparatory work. This work had been done behind all the diplomatic clouds by General Deane, Chief Air Marshal Novikov and others. It had been done by practical men who assumed that the diplomatic clouds (except perhaps as a screen against the enemy) were of no importance whatever.

### 150 Years Without a Fight

Russia is just about the only major power against which Americans, even in colonial times, have never fought. Though not allied, we sympathized with Russia in the Crimean War, and Russia was pro-Union in our Civil War. The simplest explanation of this long peace is geopolitical. We are both great continental powers on opposite sides of the globe. Geopolitically, our enemies have always lain between us; we form a natural pincers against anybody who disturbs the world's peace.

Our diplomatic and sentimental relations with Russia, however, have been something else again. Imperial Russia was the last great power to recognize the republican U. S.; we were the last to recognize the Soviet Union. Our most forthright contributions to international diplomacy—the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door doctrine—were both directed against Russia, the first because the Czar was the declared foe of Latin American independence, the second because he wanted to gobble up Manchuria. At times, to be sure, we have felt quite chummy with Russia. Jefferson for a while considered Alexander I our best friend, and in Lincoln's time we greatly admired Alexander II, who had freed the serfs. But in 150 years of common history, there have been only about seven months during which Americans either approved of or wholly trusted the Russian government.

Those seven months were from March to

October, 1917, when the Prince Lvov and Kerensky regimes ran Russia before Lenin came to power. We hailed these moderate democrats with the greatest enthusiasm and sent Elihu Root himself to help them. It is now clear that these were seven months of almost complete self-deception on our part. Our enthusiasm for Russia's democratic revolution blinded us to the facts. We were fooled because we had created a Russia and a Russian government in our own image.

Americans are still all too prone to this kind of self-deception about Russia. She appears to us either as god, devil, or another America. In Irkutsk, Vice President Wallace told his audience that no two countries are more alike. There are similarities certainly, and a marked and hopeful parallelism in our foreign policies and national interests. But to translate this parallelism into a blindly sentimental identity of aims and character is to repeat our mistake of 1917.

There is another kind of American self-deception about Russia. Sir Bernard Pares, the great English historian, says in his new book (*Russia and the Peace*) that most American ideas about Russia "are consistently twenty years out of date." Twenty years ago Russia was actively promoting a world revolution, but Stalin's defeat of Trotsky brought that to an end. Pares says he can find more Trotsky sympathizers in America than in Russia. The disillusioned factionalists who once hoped that Russia would communize Europe and China are now the first to fear it. But Pares, like most objective analysts, gives full faith and credence to what Stalin told Joe Davies: to achieve his communistic aims for continental Russia alone is "a man-sized job" which will keep him and his party busy "without trying to run the whole world." It will probably take them a generation.

### "Pacta Sunt Servanda"

A Communist dictatorship can no more win U. S. approval than a Czarist dictatorship; but if it is not militantly imperialist we can collaborate with the one as we did with the other. The only basic question that Stalin's Communism poses for our foreign policy is whether his word is good and we two nations can trust each other, or whether the noble ends of Communism still justify deceit. That is why these two months of June and July, 1944, are so important. The military commitments made at Teheran have been kept on both sides. Both sides have observed the first and great commandment of international relations: "*pacta sunt servanda*" (keep your word). Under that commandment, and without self-deceiving hopes or fears, we can wage invincible war together against our common enemy. Under it we can also wage peace because our interests in peace are parallel. This new Era of Good Feeling is a foretaste of how the postwar peace can be kept. In a new sense, the Big Three is a reality.

## PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On July 6 General de Gaulle arrived in the U. S. for the first time and was greeted with highest military and diplomatic honors. He got a 17-gun

salute, an interview with the President, and a dinner given by Secretary Hull. It was made clear, however, that this fanfare was purely in the interest

of French-U. S. good-will. It did not mean the U. S. was ready to recognize De Gaulle's Committee of National Liberation as the government of France.





Secretary Forrester and Secretary Hull  
greet General de Gaulle in Washington





**President** of the Bretton Woods conference is U. S. Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau Jr. (*left*). But the leading spirit is Britain's John Maynard Keynes (*right*), one of the real in-

tellectual giants of our time, who has led the greatest revolution in capitalist economic thought since Adam Smith. He is also an expert on good wines, good food, modern art and the theater.



# WORLD MONEY-MEN CONFER

At cool Bretton Woods they work toward international agreement

On July 1 delegates from 44 United and Associated Nations and an observer from the 45th (Denmark) gathered at the Mount Washington Hotel in Bretton Woods, N. H. to talk for 20 days about postwar money. The mountain air was so cool that Henry Morgenthau wished he had brought some woolen socks. Lady Keynes, wife of the head of the British delegation, strolled about in a sleeveless sport dress (see right). But for the delegates it was no vacation. They wore stodgy business suits and plugged long hours at their two vast and highly complicated tasks: 1) to formulate a definite proposal for an international stabilization fund for the United and Associated Nations which could be extended to other countries later; 2) to draw up a plan for an international bank for postwar reconstruction.

Problem No. 1 was the Stabilization Fund. The plan advanced jointly by experts of 30-odd nations calls for an 8-billion-dollar fund to which all the nations will contribute quotas, both in gold and currency, thus putting world exchange on a modified gold standard. (The U. S. quota would be the largest, between 2 and 2¾ billions.) Then, whenever any nation had an "unfavorable" trade balance, it could buy currency of other nations from the Fund at an established rate of exchange, without causing depreciation of its own currency. A major aim of

the Fund is to avert monetary chaos, depressions and unemployment which start in one country and spread to others.

The International Bank would guarantee private loans to foreign countries, and make direct loans for reconstruction work, operating much as the RFC now does in the U. S. Eventually, in the glowing language of Lord Keynes, it would "develop the resources and productive capacity of the world, with special attention to the less developed countries." It would be capitalized at 10 billion dollars, with the U. S. putting up two.

Both of these plans will sometime have to be okayed by 45 different governments, and especially by the U. S. Congress. Last week most of the disagreement, at Bretton Woods and elsewhere, seemed to come from 1) some U. S. financial interests who fear the U. S. will lose what money it puts up; and 2) Russian delegates who wanted their country to have at least as big a share in the Fund as Great Britain, but without putting up as much of their secret gold hoard, which Russia insists it needs for postwar purchasing power. Even Lord Keynes, foremost exponent of the Fund, agreed last week that proposed scheme was far from perfect. But it was so much better than all possible alternatives, he said, that the world would do well to accept it.



Lady Keynes is the former Lydia Lopokova, a bouncing Russian ballerina who likes to sing, dance and have a very gay time at parties.



Russians sit stolidly on porch, reading the New York Times. Other delegates wondered if they would tell how much gold Russia has.



China sent a big delegation, headed by Finance Minister H. H. ("Daddy") Kung (left). China expects to get large share of postwar loans.



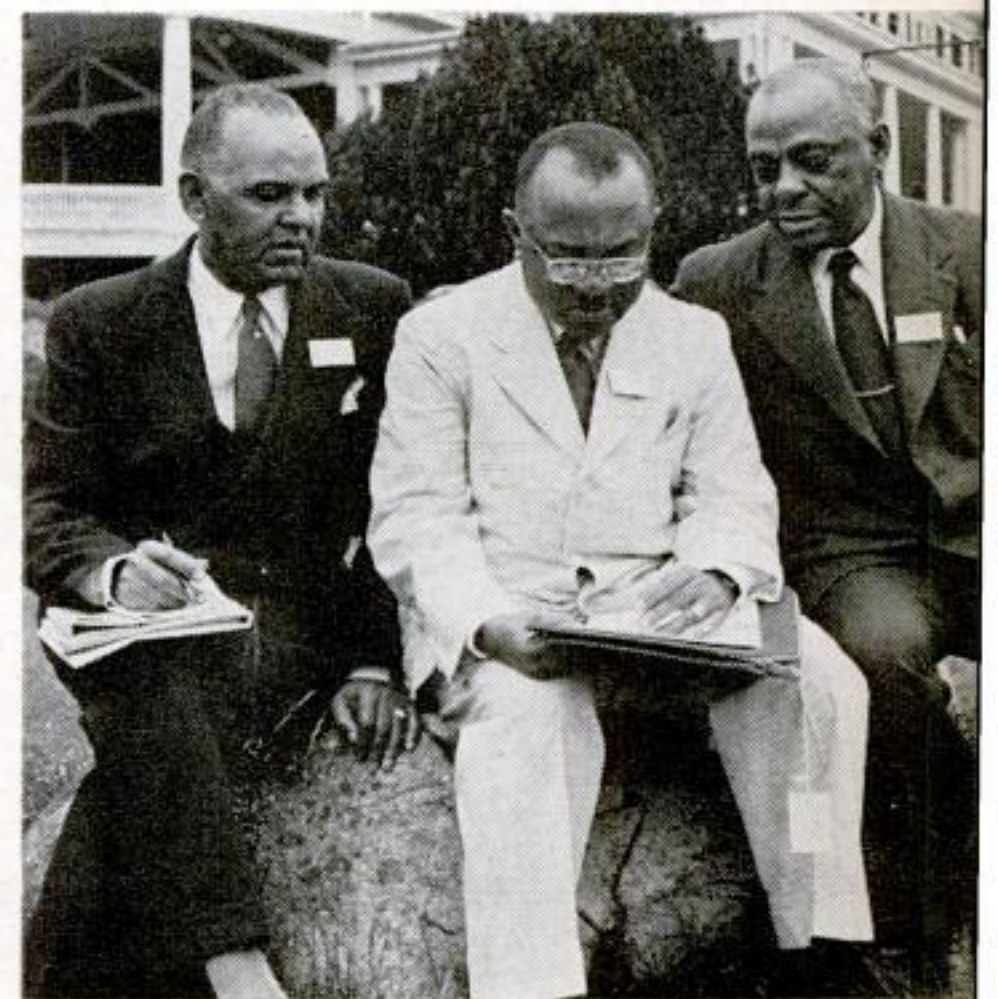
Super-expert of U. S. delegation is Treasury's spectacled, plain-spoken Harry D. White (left).



Norway's sharp-beaked Wilhelm Keilhau (left) and South Africa's S. Frank N. Gie rest on a circular seat in hotel's Hemicyle Room.



U. S. experts toil until midnight on a statistical report. The conference must finish by July 20 so the hotel can open to regular summer guests.



Liberian delegates study figures. William E. Dennis (center) is Liberian Treasury Secretary.





EMMET KELLY, FAMOUS SAD-FACED CLOWN WHO HAD BEEN BUSY MAKING KIDS LAUGH BEFORE THE FIRE, LUGS WATER FOR BUCKET BRIGADE PAST BURNING TENT EMBERS

# FIRE DESTROYS THE BIG TOP

More than 150 are burned to death  
in the circus' greatest disaster

The lions and tigers had just finished their act. High up in the big top the Flying Wallendas were caught in the glare of spotlights. Suddenly in the eaves a rim of smoldering fire broke out, hardly bigger at first than a cigaret burn. But the fire spread fast. In one roaring column it raced up the tops of the tent, burning poles and ropes as it flew. Patches of flaming canvas fell to the ground. The crowd of 6,789, mostly children, let out a terrified roar and scrambled for the entrances. The Wallendas spun down their wires. The band played the "Disaster March" until the last center pole started to sway. Within 10 minutes the great tent had fallen to the ground, burning and smothering everybody caught beneath it.

In this way last week in Hartford, Conn. the greatest disaster ever to come to a circus came to Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey. By week's end more than 150 dead, 80 of them children, had already been counted. Some 200 more remained in the hospitals. Flags flew at half-mast up and down the Connecticut River Valley.

Most stunned of all were circus people. Next day reporters found Merle Evans, bandmaster with the circus for 26 years, slumped on a bench in the sun. "I have been through storms and blowdowns and circus wrecks, but never anything like this," he said. A midget's eyes filled with tears. "We can't talk. We're brokenhearted. We feel sorry for all those people."



# Did you marry a Kitchen Snooper?

IF YOUR HUSBAND has a way of wandering into the kitchen to see what's cooking, then you might as well make the best of it: please the man!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is indeed the Kitchen Snooper's delight . . . tantalizing, hunger-fetching, and sure to bring high praise to the Kitchen's Chief Cook.

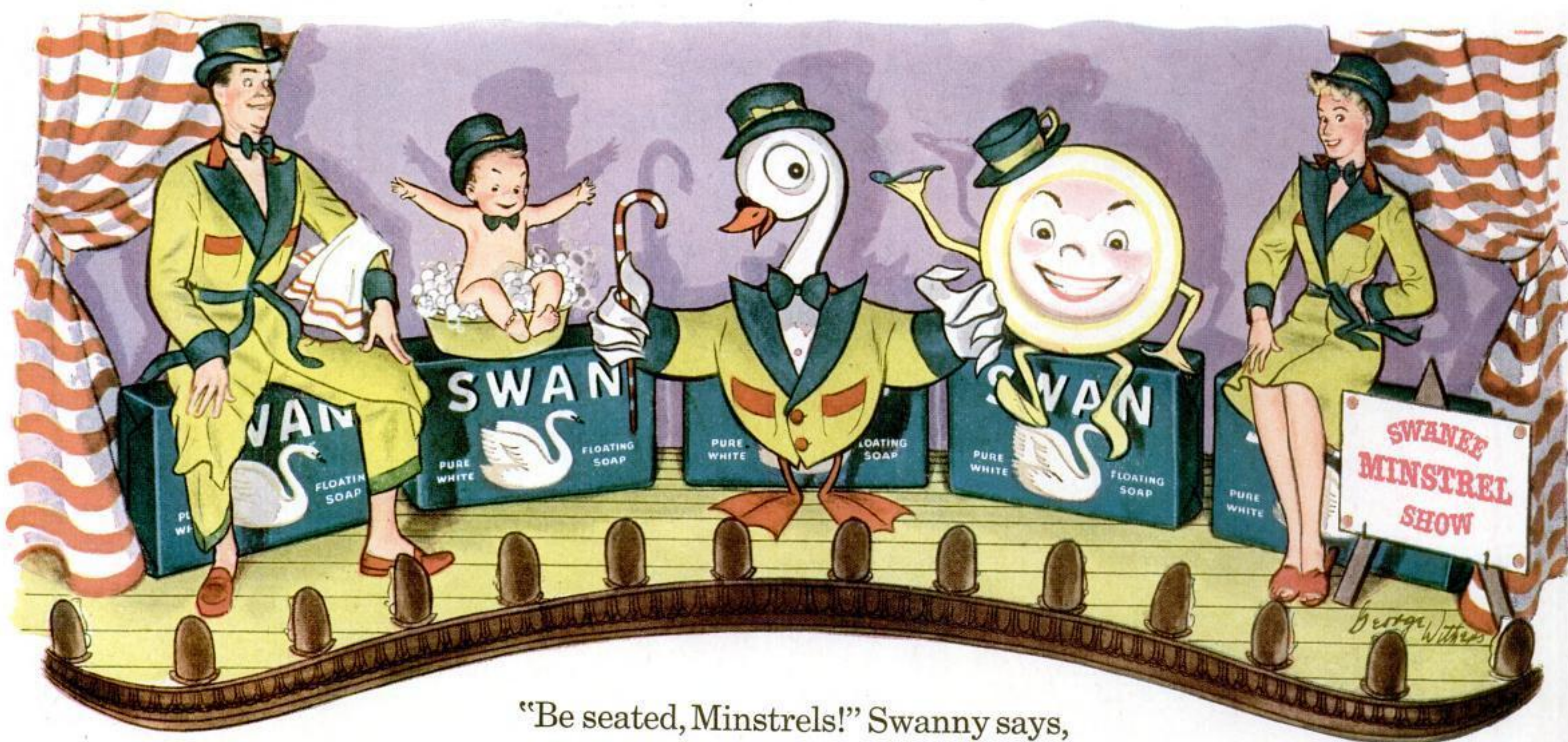
And there is a very good reason, too, for never did so many good things go into one kettle as in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Luscious garden vegetables—15 kinds of them, each surrenders its own goodness to this delicious soup. Good, rich beef stock—the flavorful kind—is slowly simmered from fine, lean beef. Cooked all together, they make a main-dish soup welcome to any appetite. That's why in so many homes the saying goes, "Campbell's Vegetable Soup is almost a meal in itself". Serve it to your family often.

## *Campbell's* VEGETABLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE  
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL







"Be seated, Minstrels!" Swanny says,  
 "And let's begin the fun  
 Of telling folks in pleasant ways—  
 SWAN'S 4 swell soaps in one!"



"SWAN feels so smoo-ooth!" sings Baby June,  
 "So gentle, mild, and pure—  
 SWAN feels so-o good (say, how'm I doin?)  
 It's tops in baths, I'm sure!"

"Thanks, Baby dear!" says Swanny. "Now,  
 We'll have a word from Dad;  
 Tell us, good sir, precisely how  
 SWAN makes you feel so glad!"



"Well, Swan's a *he-man* soap" says he,  
 "And wow! . . . how SWAN can lather  
 In heapin' handfuls sudsily—  
 That's why it pleases Fath-er!"



Sings Mommy next: "My SWAN's a gem  
 For all my lovely duds—  
 As fine for bathing me as them  
 In scads of gentle suds!"

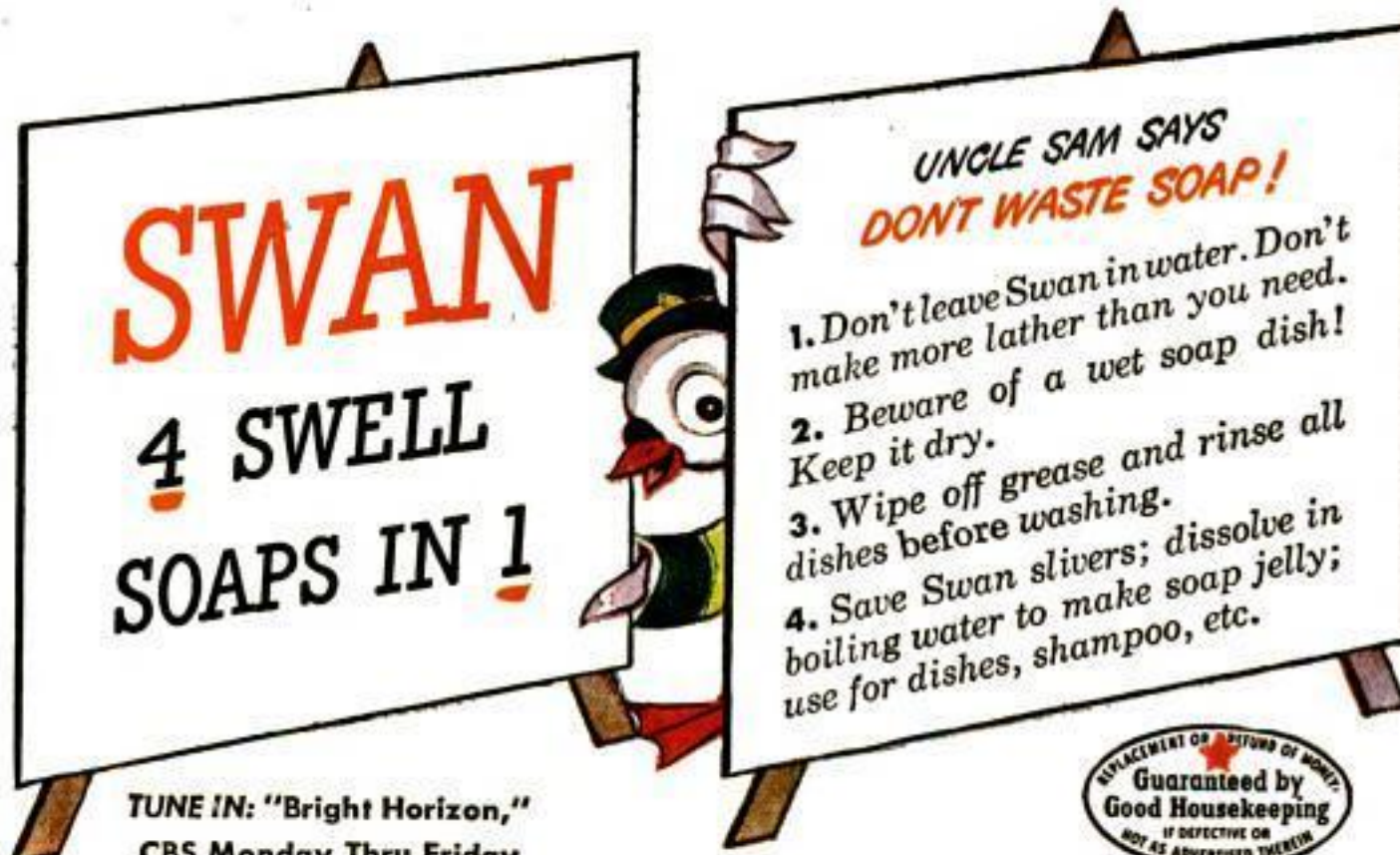


"Pray don't forget," says Mr. Dish,  
 "That SWAN's my favorite, too;  
 SWAN's magic serves you *any* time  
 You've washing jobs to do!"



#### CHORUS

Yes, many a scene the SWAN Show steals—  
 For SWAN's as pure as fine castiles!



TUNE IN: "Bright Horizon,"  
 CBS Monday Thru Friday







CORSICAN GOVERNMENT WORKER WHO HAD LIVED WITH A GERMAN OFFICER DURING OCCUPATION HAS HAIR SHEARED OFF BY CORSICAN PATRIOTS AFTER CROSSROADS TRIAL

## CORSICANS PUNISH TRAITOROUS WOMEN

After trial at village crossroads  
three women are shorn and stripped

In all countries it is the same. Some women make the best of life with the conquerors. And when the conquerors leave, the local men act on a contempt that is physical as well as patriotic. They disenfranchise the woman not only as a citizen but also as a woman. Here, in the Corsican village of Pisciatello, a patriot group puts on trial three local women. For whatever reasons, the women had consorted with Germans. One was a peasant girl, another a government office worker who had quit her job to live with a German officer and the third, a woman accused of prostituting herself to the Germans. The office worker (*above*) was calm and resigned at first, but toward the end began to show signs of guilt and grief.

All three of the Corsican girls were found guilty. All three had their hair cropped close to the skull and all were stripped of their clothes. Two of the girls were sent down the road stark naked except for shoes. The straightforward peasant girl was given her coat to wear.

Much the same thing has happened in Norway, Denmark, Yugoslavia and, lately, in Normandy.

Held up by censorship, these pictures were taken last October, just after French and American troops liberated Corsica. The patriots, wearing death's-head arm bands, did useful fighting and, while they dealt swiftly with traitors like these girls, helped to re-establish courts and free municipal elections.





## "QUIT YANKING AT ME!"

**War Conscience:** Kiddo, yanking's one of my milder tricks! So you were gonna toss those papers and magazines into the incinerator! So they were cluttering up the house! Didn't think your War Conscience would let you get away with stuff like that, did you?



**Woman:** But those few . . .

**War Conscience:** Yeah, those few! Haven't I told you before that every little bit helps? Haven't I told you that Uncle Sam



needs every scrap of waste paper to pack food and ammunition, to make parachutes

for dropping supplies, and to replace more critical materials? Listen, Sister, we're trying to win a war!

**Woman:** Hm-mm! Guess I was a little confused . . . but I didn't sleep worth a hoot last night and can't seem to make the wheels turn. One cup of coffee with dinner and I'm up half the night with the mice in the pantry!



**War Conscience:** Oh-ho! Let's make a little deal. If you'll get on the beam about your paper-salvage job, I'll let you in on the secret of sleeping success . . . the coffee that lets you sleep like sixty!

**Woman:** What? Real coffee that lets me sleep?

**War Conscience:** Just what I said, Lady. If it's the caffeine in coffee that keeps you awake . . . gorgeous, luscious, scrumptious 97% caffeine-free Sanka Coffee is your dish! It does everything but kiss you good night! And as for flavor . . . Baby, Sanka Coffee is the nuts-de la nuts! Try a cup tonight! Just try it!

## SANKA COFFEE

For delicious iced coffee—make Sanka Coffee double strength (2 heaping tablespoons to one cup water). A product of General Foods.



The trial of the three accused Corsican women was held at the crossroads. The judge was the chief of the local patriot group. In the center are the defendants who are, from left, a peasant, a government office worker and a girl accused of prostitution.



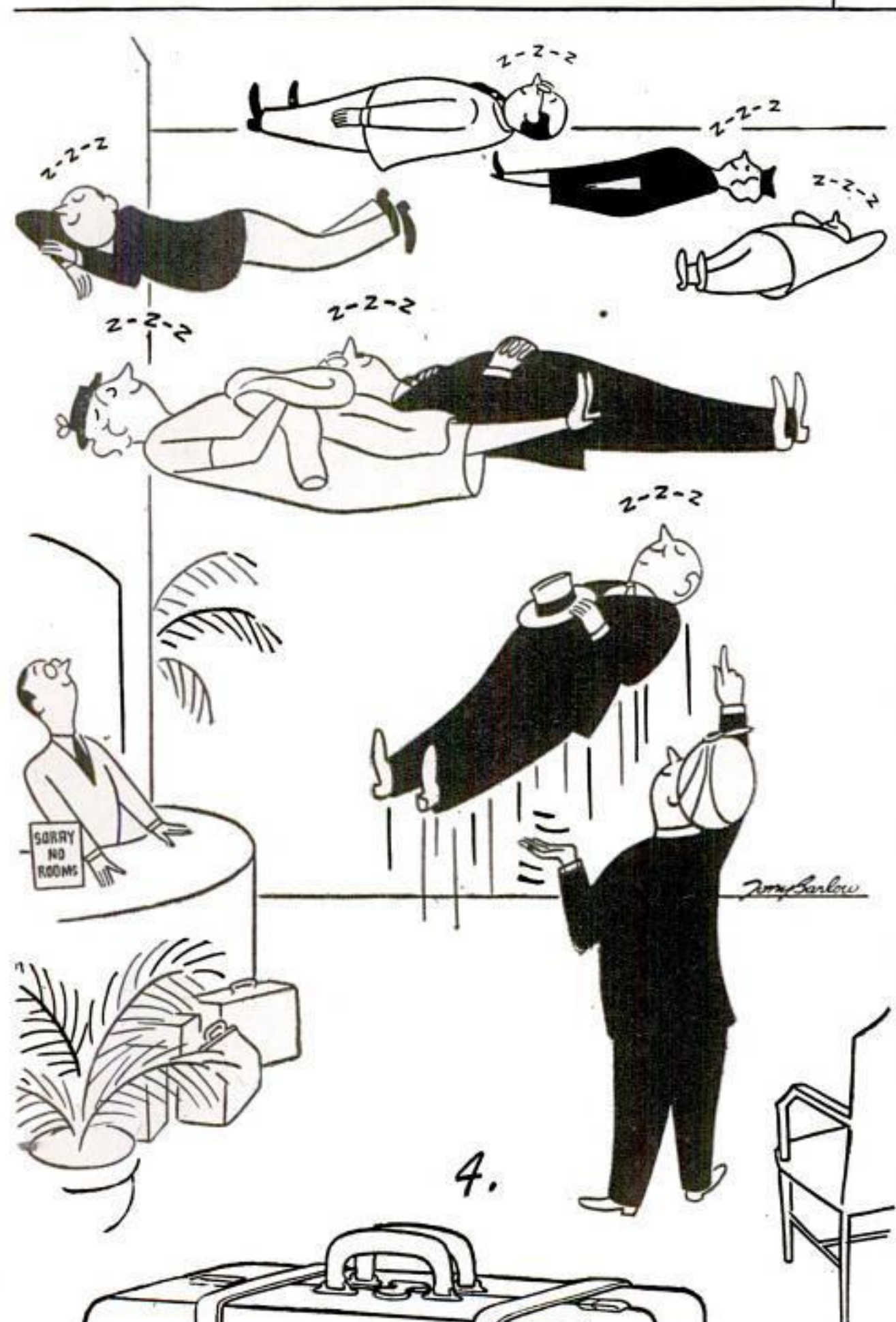
The peasant girl is first to have her hair cropped by the men. She was the first of the three to admit her guilt and she accepted the strange punishment philosophically. The youth with the shears apparently dislikes the job and gets it over with quickly.



After taking off her clothes, the peasant girl is permitted to put her coat back on. Then the prosecutors sternly tell her to get going in the opposite direction from the town. Probably she will soon find clothes and shelter with other peasants in the hills.



# It hasn't come to this yet, but...



**No,** it hasn't quite come to this at the Statler Hotels.

But a nation at war is a nation on the move. And frequently, more travelers want to move into a Statler Hotel than the hotel can accommodate at one time!

**That's flattering. And embarrassing.**

We don't like to deny *anybody* one of our famously comfortable Statler beds. But with just so many rooms, and so many more patrons, it's only fair to give preference to travelers who have made advance reservations.

Chances are that we can take care of you if you'll remember and observe these "3 Golden Rules for Travelers":



**Make reservations well in advance, specifying hour of arrival and date of departure.**

**Cancel unwanted rooms promptly.**

**Release your room as early as possible on day of departure.**

And what of Statler food and service during wartime? Well, even though we're rationed like any housewife, we get as many compliments as ever on our delicious meals. All our other employees are working like beavers, too . . . and a mighty fine job they're doing, in spite of wartime handicaps.

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DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$3.00 WASHINGTON \$4.50

STATLER-OPERATED  
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85 HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85  
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Extra Vitamins and Minerals needed now  
just as in winter—U. S. Gov't surveys showed

**Here's why**—A U. S. Government study—other surveys too—showed that average hot-weather meals were lacking in essential vitamins and minerals, as much as or *even more than winter diets*. Not only do you eat less vitamin-rich foods, but many foods you do eat, more easily lose their natural vitamins in summer weather.

"Hot weather nerves" and "Summer slump" are often due to lack of sufficient vitamins and minerals in the diet. Don't run this risk just when summer fun calls on you for *more* vitality and energy! Get all the vitamins your family may need—from Vimms.

**All the vitamins Government Experts and Doctors agree are essential**

Unlike so many vitamin preparations, Vimms give you not just Vitamin A or D, not just important B complex

vitamins—but all the vitamins known to be essential in the diet, including costly Vitamin C.

### Vital minerals for summer...

And more than that, Vimms give you vital Iron (especially scarce in summer diets), Calcium, Phosphorus—minerals necessary for good red blood, strong body tissues.

**No product which offers you only one tablet or capsule** per day can give you the benefits of all these vitamins and minerals. That is why Vimms come in three tablets a day.

No other product at any price matches all of Vimms' advantages! Vimms are pleasant to take . . . no fishy or yeasty taste. Cost only a few cents a day. Take 3 Vimms at breakfast. Get them from your druggist.



Lever Brothers Co.,  
Pharmaceutical Div.,  
Cambridge, Mass.

**GET THAT VIMMS**



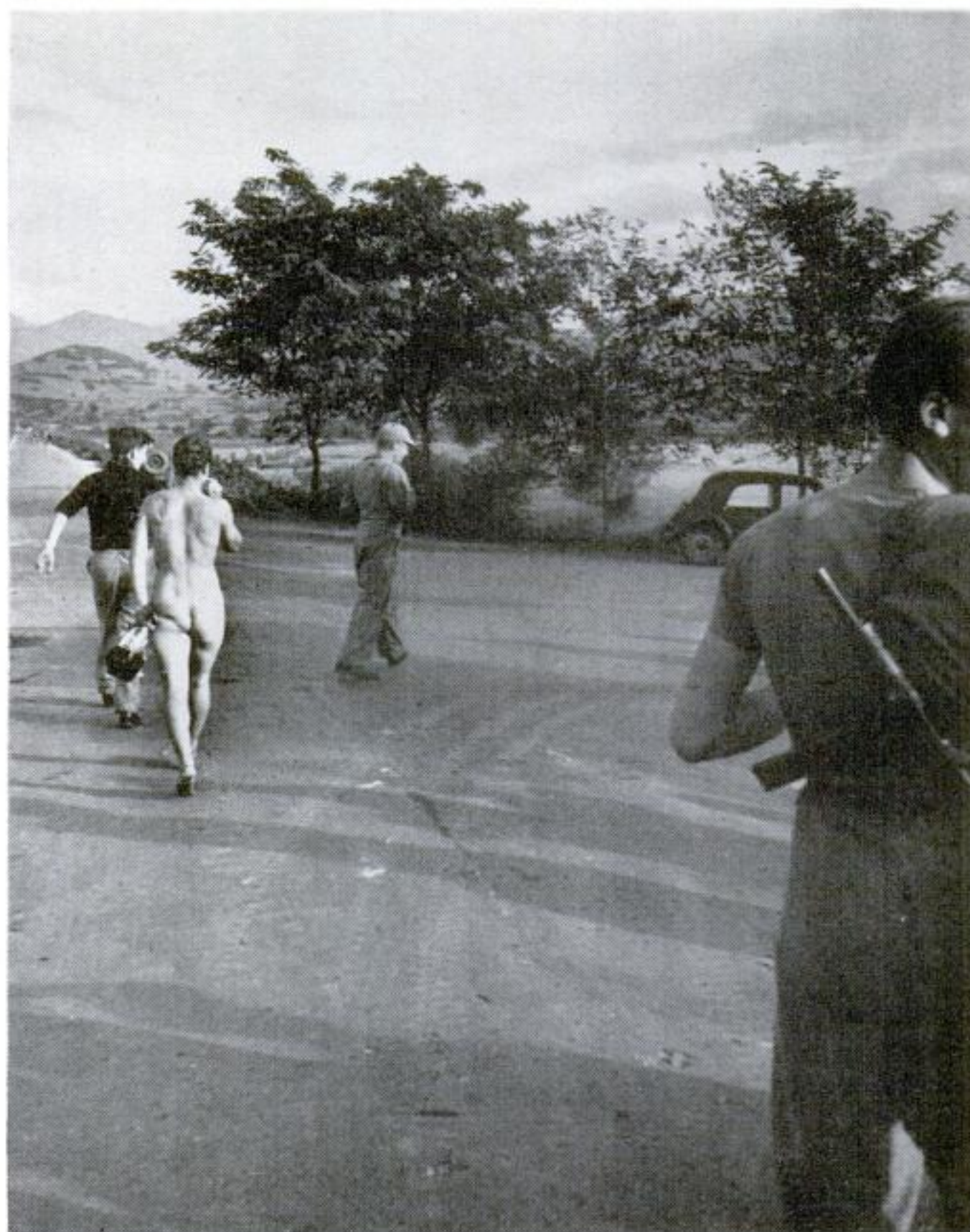
## Corsicans Punish Women (continued)



**Third girl tried** was the one accused of entering a house of prostitution catering to the Germans in order to get higher pay. She was the only one of the three to argue in her defense and scream at the prosecutors. She was nevertheless judged guilty.



**Face contorted** with shame and fear for her future, the undressed girl still clings to her purse. She was also left her ornate shoes. Her last plea to the leader of the patriot group was for money for the boat passage to island of Sardinia. **He refused.**



**Down the road** away from Pisciatello—as if she were acting out a bad dream—strides one of the young women. She still has her purse, so that presumably she will be able to buy herself a new outfit. No one laughed or spoke to her. The men turned away.





## The third wave at Bougainville

The stabbing clatter from the guns of the second wave of Marines still filtered back through the jungle...

Then a third wave left the ships. A wave of oil drums.

For our tanks, slugging through the dim green hell ashore, would shortly need gas. Our planes, soon to land on the captured airfield, must have their fuel renewed. Bulldozers, trucks, jeeps, generators—every bit of mechanized equipment our fighters had must gulp their fill of oil.

This is the story of *every* fighting front. Oil is as

much a part of fighting equipment as guns. Consider this:

Practically all industrial America has been producing war equipment. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, giant plants and lesser plants work day and night, turning out staggering quantities of a thousand-and-one fighting needs.

Yet . . . out of this vast army of industries, *one industry alone has produced 50 out of every 100 pounds of all supplies shipped to our fighting forces.* Half of all matériel tonnage is—petroleum products.

Tide Water Associated has worked in unity with

America's other petroleum companies to provide these enormous quantities of oil. Together, we've filled the basic requirements of a tremendously expanded home front as well. Together, we'll fill—somehow—the increasing demands for oil, for explosives and butadiene from oil, that come from our advancing battle lines.

It's oil for the torch of Liberty that we're supplying. Count on us to keep its flame bright.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY  
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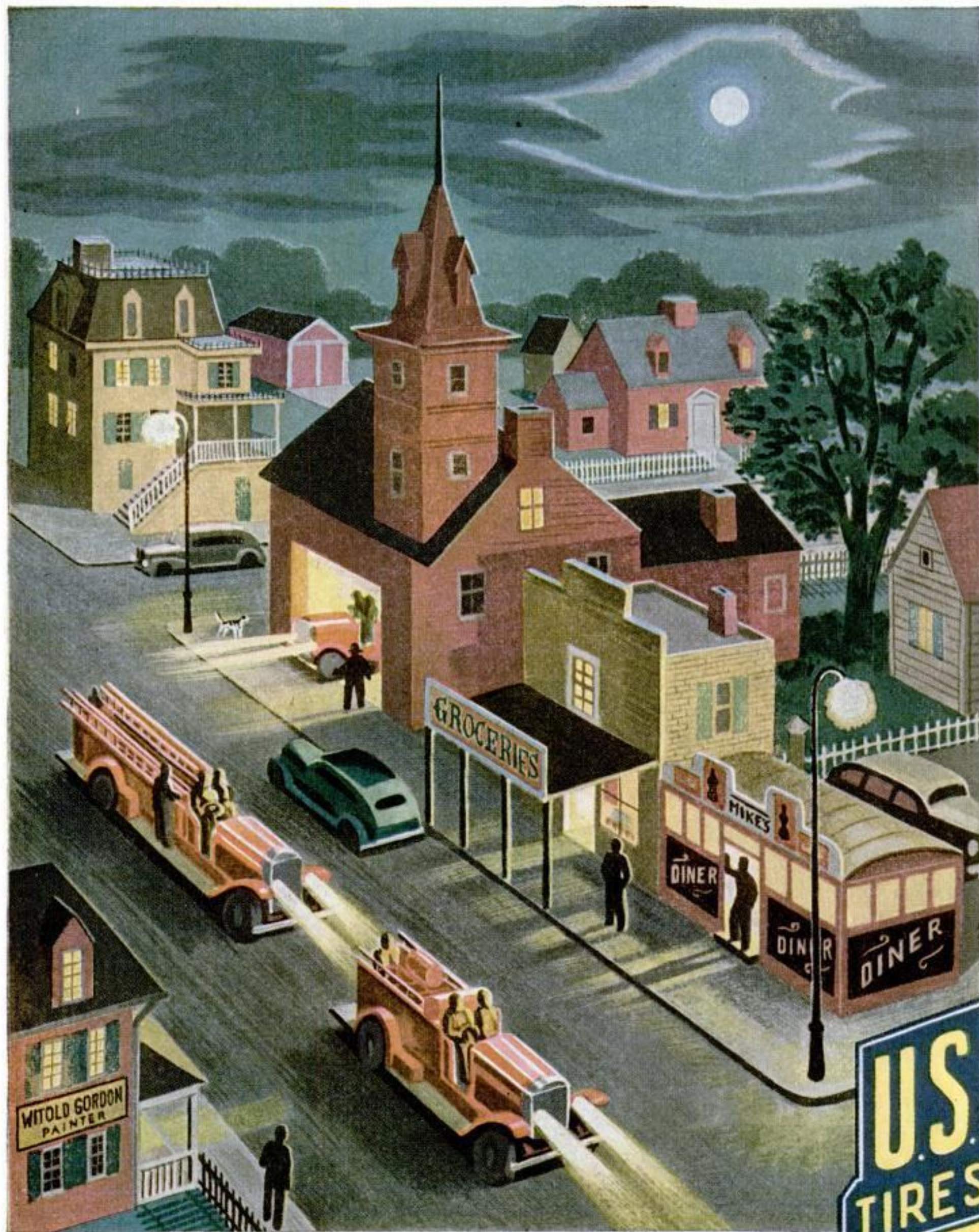
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GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK — DON'T WASTE A DROP







# Put Out That Fire!

It's only once in a while that the fire truck and the hook and ladder come shrieking out of the firehouse...but when they do, they've got to do their job in a hurry.

It's only once in a while that the big tires on these trucks have to do their important job... but it's that "once in a while" that counts.

One reason why they don't often fall down on the job...even today when they're not as new and strong as they used to be and when new tires are hard to get...is that they're under the watchful eye of the neighborhood tire dealer.

He checks them, inspects them...and with the skilled touch of experience he makes strong, clean repairs and builds on new, tough treads when they're needed.

It's hard to imagine the town without its fire trucks, without the trucks that haul farm products to market and the rubber tired tractors that help the farmer grow those products. Buses, rolling on rubber tires, take the town's men and women to their war jobs. Thousands of rubber tired wheels on the town's essential vehicles keep the community alive.

And it's hard to imagine the town without the community tire dealer whose business it is to keep those cars, trucks, buses and tractors rolling. He has a stake in the community. He guards the tires that make it run.

★ ★ ★

When you see this sign, you will find that kind of tire dealer. It is the sign of a local, independent business built on experience, skilled service and products of quality.

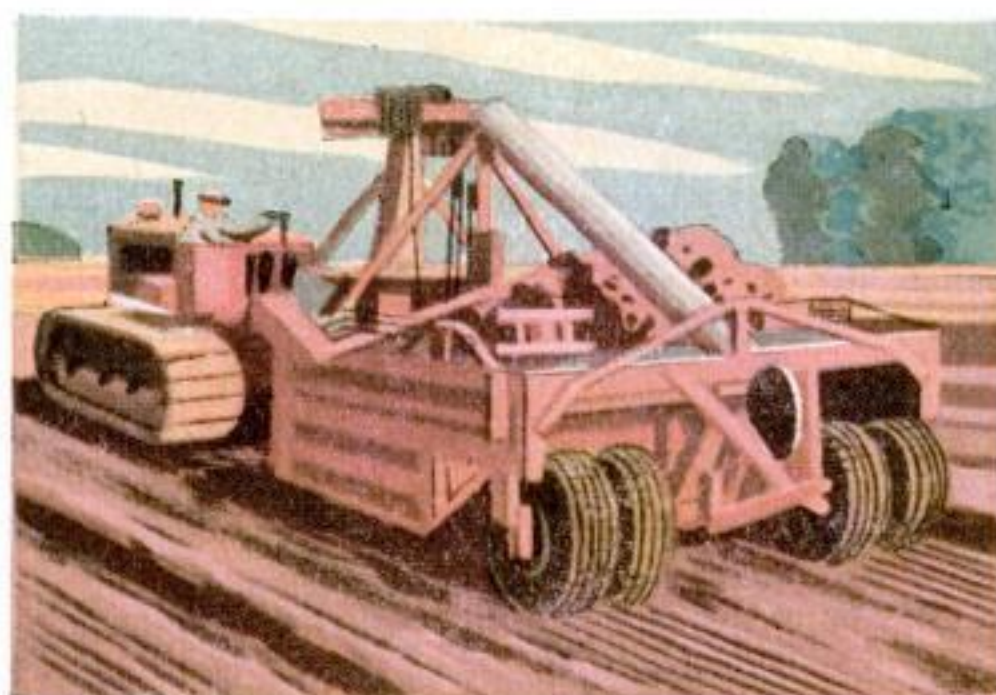
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**TIRES THAT MOVE MOUNTAINS**—Great tires like these U. S. Earth Movers are working night and day on carryall scrapers and other earth-moving equipment to move mountains out of the way, to build landing fields on hard-fought beachheads. In these giant sizes "U.S." scientists combine natural and synthetic rubber to conserve America's rubber stockpile.



**TOMORROW'S TIRE**—U.S. Royal synthetic tires are serving today on jeeps and tank destroyers, on bombers and fighters and on essential cars and trucks at home. The many improvements in tire engineering built into these tires today will make the U.S. Royal Master the premium quality favorite of tomorrow.

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HUNGRY JAPANESE BEETLE (10 TIMES LIFE SIZE) SETTLES DOWN ON DAISY BUD TO ENJOY MEAL. HIS LEGS AND HEAD ARE GREEN, WINGS BROWN. WHITE SPOTS ARE ORNAMENTAL

# JAPANESE BEETLE

VORACIOUS, LIBIDINOUS, PROLIFIC, HE IS EATING HIS WAY ACROSS THE U.S., DESTROYING \$7,000,000 WORTH OF PLANT LIFE EVERY YEAR

by ANTHONY STANDEN

There is a curious disadvantage in wearing a yellow dress in Philadelphia, Baltimore or neighboring cities in July; you are likely to be mistaken for a ripening peach by Japanese beetles, many of which will bump into you, cling lightly to your clothing and then fall off clumsily. In the early summer, suburban dwellers in these parts get out into their gardens and hang curious contraptions, resembling the tail fins of a bomb stuck into a small perforated pail, and painted the same attractive yellow color. In a bad year—a bad year for us, a good year for the beetles—each pail in every garden will be full before sundown, while farmers may be removing dead bod-

ies of beetles not merely by the bushel but by the ton.

This shows that Japanese beetles, unlike the Japanese, are without guile. There are, however, many parallels between the two. Both are small but very numerous and prolific, as well as voracious, greedy and devouring. Both have single-track minds. Both are inscrutable, the beetles particularly, for no one can say why they should be attracted by yellow when most of their food is green, nor why they rush avidly to geraniums—the smell of geraniums is used to bait the traps—when geraniums are poisonous to them. The beetles, however, are firmly set-

tled on our middle Atlantic coast where they chew up apples, peaches, grapes, roses, pasture grass and other useful or agreeable vegetable matter to the tune of \$7,000,000 every year, and threaten to become rampant over the greater part of the entire country, with correspondingly greater damage. Long ago we declared war on them, and though we have little chance of total victory—which would mean exterminating every single beetle on our shores—we may hope to achieve a more limited success, with the insects so harassed and persecuted that their numbers would be kept within decency's limit, although their character would never be changed.



**THIS IS KNOWN**  
**BY**  
*Medical Authorities*  
*about* **PHILIP MORRIS**

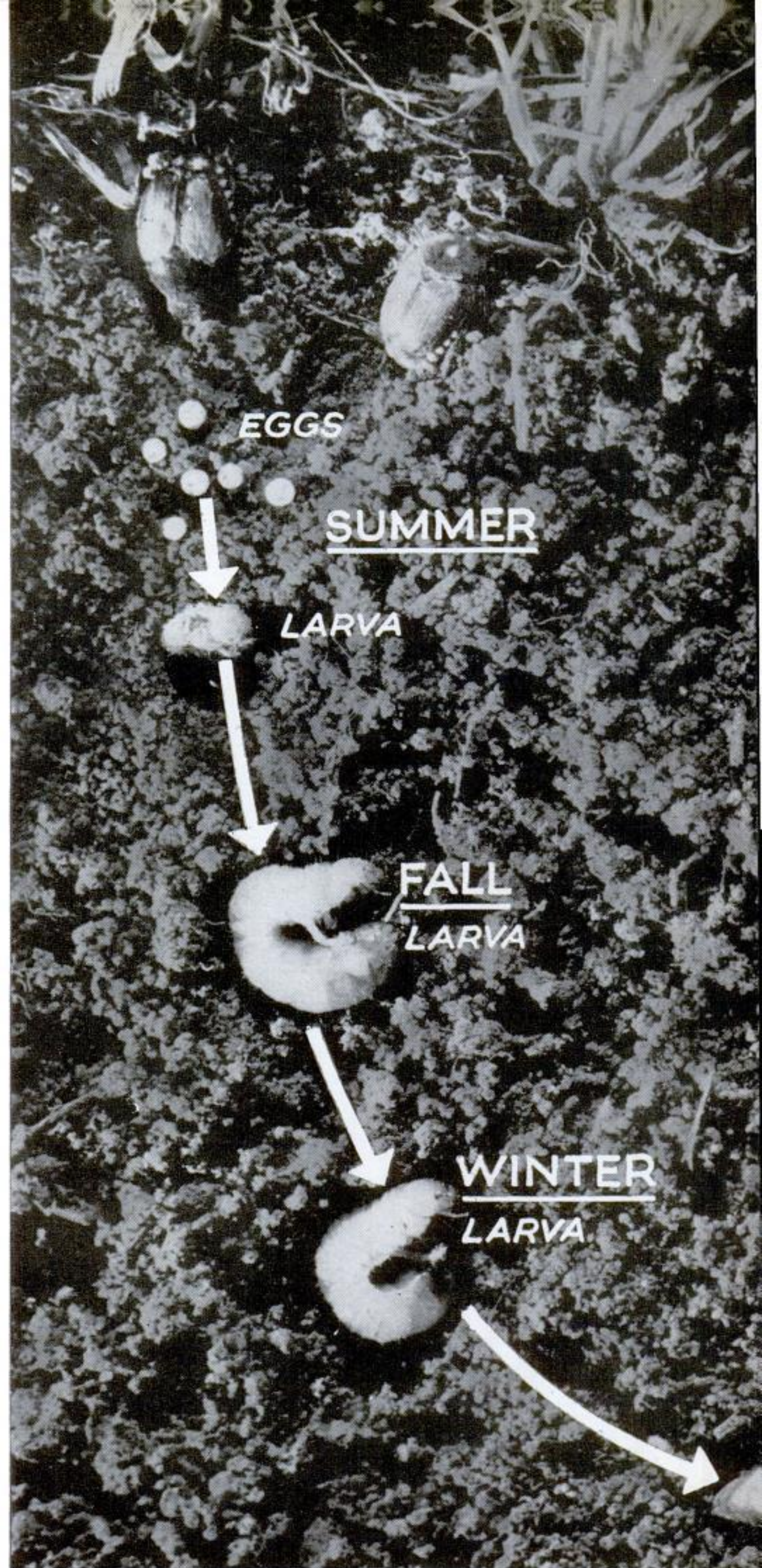


**WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!**

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less irritant...  
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FINEST  
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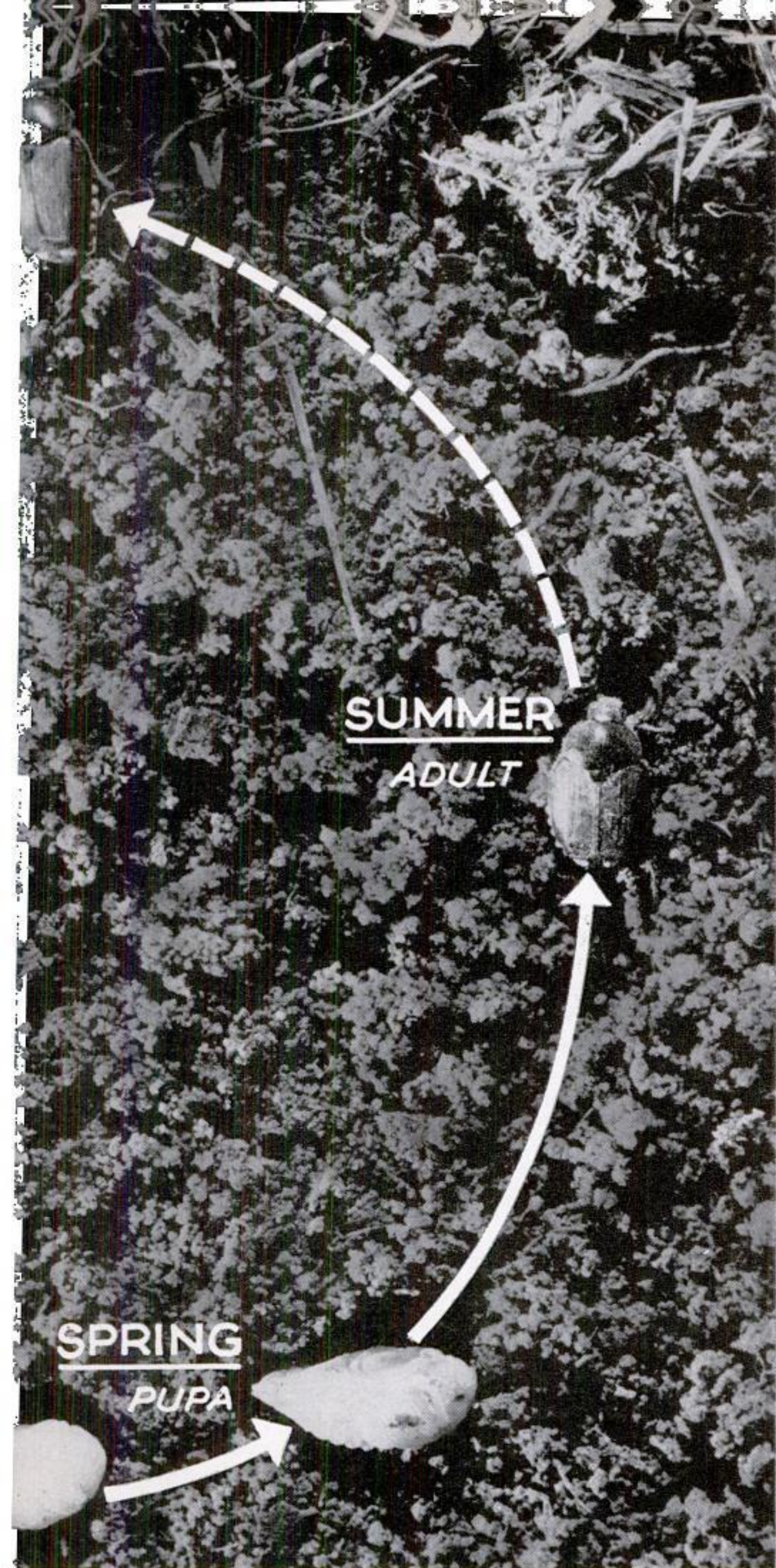


Life cycle of Japanese beetle is shown above. During summer months the mother beetles lay eggs, which hatch in two weeks. Larvae then burrow underground, remain

**JAPANESE BEETLE** (continued)

The Japanese-beetle invasion antedated Pearl Harbor by about 25 years. We were quite unprepared for it, but we have some excuse, because it was impossible to know that there was anything to be prepared against. In its native Japan the beetle is not a pest because it is kept in check by its own insect enemies which feed on it. It slipped into this country without bringing any of its insect enemies with it, so that it was soon able to multiply to monstrous proportions. The exact date and the port of arrival of its illegal entry are unknown; all that is known is that, in the summer of 1916, around Riverton, N. J., a few little beetles were found, which the entomologists called *Popillia japonica*. Only a few years later the inhabitants of Riverton and the neighboring townships suffered from swarms of green-and-copper-colored beetles, and from then on there was no stopping them. In 1925 they spawned over 2,200 square miles, in 1930, 5,700 square miles and since then the afflicted area has about doubled every five years. At the end of 1943 the *Popillian* empire comprised 29,000 square miles in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and it is now increasing at a rate of more than two acres in every minute of the year. These figures represent only the territory firmly held by the enemy; in addition he has outposts at scattered points over a much larger





there in fall and winter, come up near the surface in March or April. In May larvae enter upon pupae or quiescent phase. From the pupae, adult beetles emerge in mid-June.

area than this. In no less than 16 other states entomologists have discovered advance-guard beetles, sometimes only a few, sometimes flourishing little colonies, which could easily multiply just as they did at Riverton. In our fight against *Popillia*, the enemy retains the initiative.

Sometimes the beetles spread by a frontal assault. In 1933 they held the southern part of New Jersey but had not yet obtained a firm foothold in Delaware; in that summer large quantities of them in flight were carried by the wind over Delaware Bay, and after falling into the water they drifted about until many of them were washed up on the other side. Eighty per cent of them were dead by then, but the 20% still alive were quite enough to carry the beachhead. They also conquered Staten Island and Long Island in the same ruthless way. Yachtsmen on Long Island Sound have sometimes been inconvenienced by huge quantities of Japanese beetles, out on such an expedition, blowing into their sails and falling all over their decks. These beetle advances are truly Japanese, with a total disregard for expendables. As long as some get through, it does not matter how many perish.

A few beetles landing anywhere are enough to start a new infestation, or even one beetle might do provided it were a female and had previously mated. Worst of all, the beetle does not even need to fly to the new place, for it may drop into somebody's car and ride there,

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# TAN Gaby

WITH

## BIGGEST SELLING SUNTAN LOTION

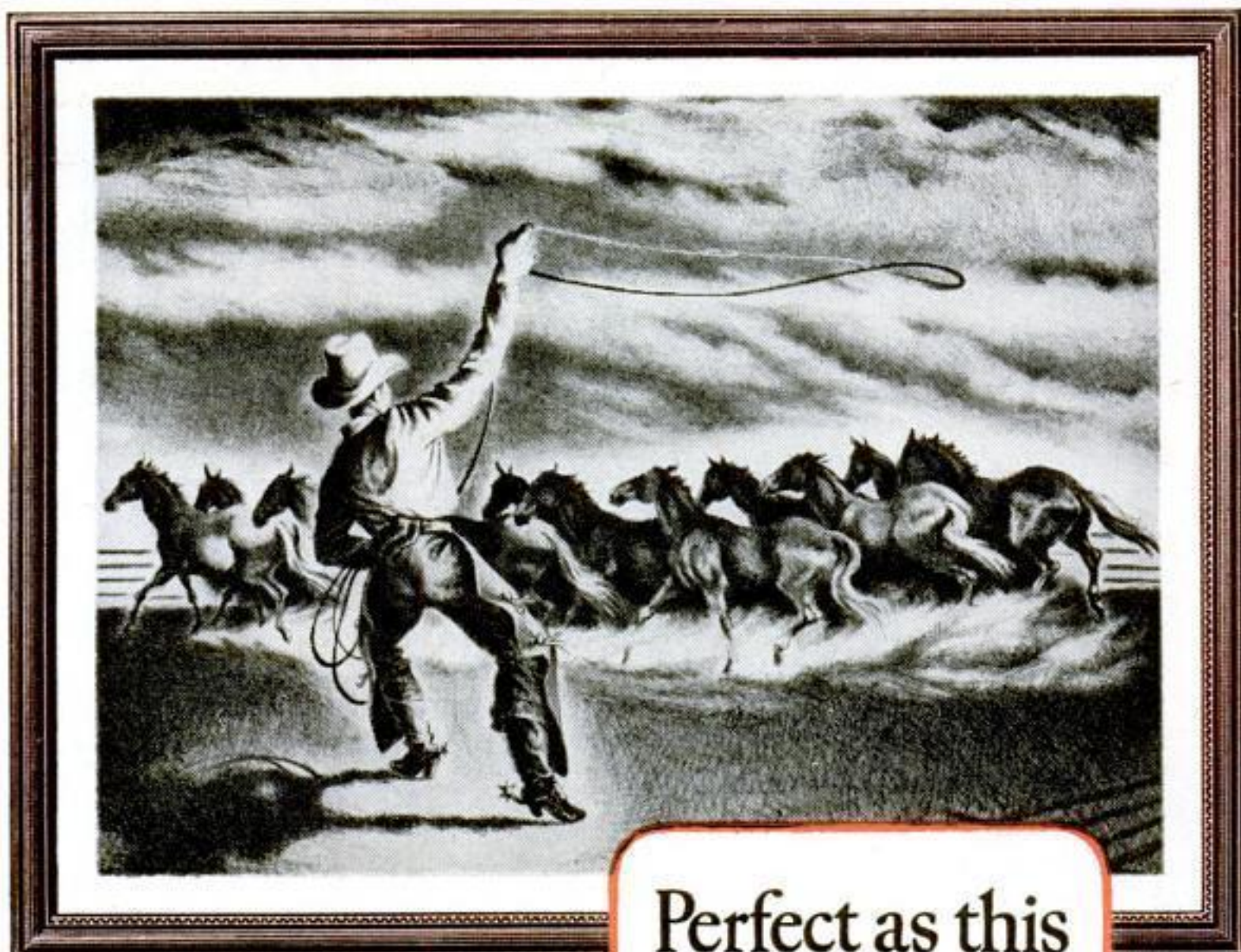
—with readers of Modern Magazines, as shown by latest survey. Proving again, what millions of satisfied users already know—"Gaby is the best under the sun."

**WITH OUR ARMED FORCES** under blazing tropical skies... at bathing beaches... in Victory Gardens—Gaby is performing miracles! Pleasant, and easy to use, a sure preventative against painful sunburn—Gaby promotes a beautiful tan!

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**FINE ARTS  
WHISKEY**

BUY UNITED STATES  
WAR BONDS AND  
STAMPS



## JAPANESE BEETLE (continued)

or it may happen into a train, in a carload of peaches, perhaps, and be carried for long distances, perhaps all the way across the continent.

An individual Japanese beetle is a pretty thing. Not so beautiful, perhaps, as a Japanese cherry tree or a Japanese fan, but bright enough, with legs, head and "shoulders" of a fine green, shot with a dash of coppery brown, and the rest of the body, the hard wing covers, of a delicate brown with fine longitudinal lines. If you care to pick him up and examine him closely, he has other attractive features: two white spots at the tail end and five smaller ones along each side and "feelers" terminating in clubheads made up of three plates, which he will sometimes open and close at you while you are watching. If you care to count the little joints on the lower part of his legs, you will find that they are 30 in number, five on each of his six legs. You may consider that the ancient Egyptians deemed that these joints in the sacred scarab beetle—a related insect—symbolized the days of the month, but there is little comfort in this reflection.

The Japanese beetle does not rise with the lark. He seldom does much before 9 a. m. The reason for this is that it is not warm enough, for the beetle likes the sun. As soon as he is comfortably warm he starts his breakfast, which may be the silks of corn, or an apple, a peach, leaves of grapevines, or if these are not available, then rhubarb, alfalfa, blackberry, or else merely the leaves of a tree, maple, birch, horsechestnut, poplar or linden. And these are only some of his favorite foods; the resourceful bug can also thrive on at least 248 other plants. He eats of them, in an almost continual eating orgy, until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, or until it becomes definitely cooler, when he calls it a day and takes it easy on the lower part of some convenient plant.

Between meals he flies about frequently and rapidly from place to place. He seeks others of the same kind, for these beetles are very sociable; where one beetle is, another will come and then another and then many more. It is quite easy to find 50 or 100 of them on one apple, which they will eat down to the core, while an apple a few inches away is untouched. In part, this habit is due to their active love life, which they indulge in while they are eating. At the beginning of the season the male beetles appear first and the first few females to arrive become so extremely popular that underneath a large bunch of males you will find one female. But at all times it is not uncommon to find a dozen males, all piled on top of one another, for no reason except just plain gregariousness.

When the evening cools, the heat-loving beetles grow sluggish, and when night comes they probably sleep, for it is believed that insects sleep, though obviously it is difficult to find out for certain. All the male beetles, at any rate, do something which looks very much like sleeping: they remain motionless and do not move much when you tickle them. The females do less sleeping. About every third night the female beetle will burrow into the ground a few inches, lay some three or four tiny white eggs and then return to the surface for another gorgeous day of eating and of love. Each female lays about 50 eggs, but she dies before seeing her family. All the beetles die in the fall and by October the Japanese-beetle season is over.

### The Trojan-horse technique

Alas, the relief is transient. The 50 eggs very soon hatch, not into beetles, but into little tiny white grubs which feed on the roots of plants, principally grass. In this stage they are a menace, a veritable time bomb. For if a harmless horticulturist in New Jersey sends a potted plant to a friend in, say, Chicago, what is to prevent the soil around the plant from containing a few of these little grubs which, developing into beetles, may become a scourge to the whole of Illinois? This Trojan-horse technique is probably the way in which the Japanese beetle came to us in the first place, for even so energetic an insect certainly did not fly the 7,000 miles from Japan to our east coast. A few of the grubs must have sneaked in on root stock which somebody had imported from the Far East in all innocence.

The little grubs thrive on grass roots and grow quickly. During the winter they hibernate, but when spring comes they wake up, feed again and grow even more. As they grow they turn into curious bent-shaped white grubs, with a dark blob at the tail end. About May or June they turn into pupae, funny bunched-up-looking things, with the wings and legs visible but stuck to the sides of the body. For a few weeks the insect is motionless in this state, then the skin cracks along the back and out comes a Japanese beetle, complete with brown wings, green body, white spots, ravenous appetite and all. By the end of June the beetles are swarming in everybody's gardens and the visible destruction begins all over again.

But meantime there has been sabotage underground. For *Popillia*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



"I CALL HER 'FAITH'... ON ACCOUNT OF SHE CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS! This power shovel of mine just eats up the jungle... She can chew roads out of cowpaths... She can level an airfield in nothing flat. Bring on your Japs... Faith'll fix 'em!"



BUY WAR BONDS

"Faith" gets her muscle from a mighty Chrysler Industrial engine. Like the engine in Chrysler cars, it's Superfinished... which means it has the smoothest moving parts in the world...which means greater durability, fewer repairs for the power shovel...which means speeding the road to Tokio, the road to victory!

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# Dad's Pin-up Girls *are doing fine*



**D**ON'T look now, but we think another Pequot customer has just been born. Soon she'll know the delightfully smooth feel of Pequot Sheets close to a tender skin. Later she'll learn the thrift points—sturdy close-woven texture; almost crumple-proof crispness through countless launderings; double-tape selvages for extra strength and straightness. And of Pequot projecting size tabs for quick picking from the shelf.

Right now, like her Dad, we're serving Uncle Sam's requirements. But when that job is done, there'll again be plenty of Pequots for civilians. Meanwhile, there are some, for those of you who really need them.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

**BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

**PEQUOT**  **SHEETS**

## JAPANESE BEETLE (continued)

*japonica* does not confine itself to working openly, in the sight of all; its young are greedy enough to do severe damage by eating roots. In a very heavy infestation there may be 100 or more grubs for every square foot of soil, so they can easily make what was once a lawn look like a bald head. In the Japanese-beetle country anyone who likes grass in his garden may have to keep the soil poisoned with arsenate of lead to kill the grubs, and as this costs upward of \$100 per acre, it comes very expensive for large estates, cemeteries, golf clubs, public parks and the like. In wartime these young insects give aid and comfort to our enemies, for they would ruin the turf on airfields in the infested area, causing dusty landing strips, to the detriment of the airplane engines, were it not for some energetic work on the part of the Department of Agriculture's beetle experts.

The first defensive step in dealing with a vicious and determined onslaught is to contain the enemy attacks. This has been attended to very thoroughly and efficiently since 1919 by means of a quarantine. Earth, soil, compost, manure, as well as flowers, fruit and vegetables are all quarantined, and a person who wishes to move such things across the map faces a fine of \$500, or a year in jail, or both, if he does not comply with the regulations. These regulations are admittedly complicated, but they are not just bureaucracy gone wild, they are carefully designed to permit as much movement as possible without risk of giving the beetle a helping hand.

The quarantine has by no means put a stop to the beetle's advance. It has, however, held it for 28 years to a relatively small portion of the entire country. Some of the west-central states the beetle would find too dry for its liking, but it would thrive in California, and the quarantine has been successful, up till now, in preventing it from jumping clear out there. And although the insect's rate of conquest sounds alarming in terms of area, it represents an annual advance on the whole front of only about five miles, and nothing can stop the beetles from flying that far. People who have the luck to live outside the Japanese-beetle country can reckon approximately how long their present immunity will last, for the insect is approaching them at the rate of about two feet in every hour of every day of the year.

## How to harry a beetle

Once the beetle has overrun any particular locality it can be attacked with spray guns and poisons, and every gardener in the infested area has been doing so for many years, with bitterness in his heart. This protects the particular plants which the gardener wants to protect, but it is a palliative only. The beetles eat so many different kinds of plants—even down to poison ivy—that they can always find plenty of food, and so their numbers are not greatly reduced and the spraying has to go on year after year. Spray materials include pyrethrum (almost unobtainable now: the armed forces are using it to kill mosquitoes), rotenone (scarce: it formerly came from the Dutch East Indies), lead arsenate (abundant) and a sort of paint made of lime and aluminum sulfate, which is not poisonous but distasteful to the beetles. Also popular are the traps, although cynics maintain that they attract more beetles to your garden than they catch, so that the best trap is one in your neighbor's garden. Energetic persons arise early in the morning and collect the beetles by hand or shake them from bushes or trees onto a sheet. But good counsel, too, is a counsel of defeat: grow only plants that the Japanese beetle does not like. There is a respectable list of vegetables to choose from: eggplant, lettuce, onion, potato, carrot, squash, spinach, turnip and some others; and among ornamental flowers there are chrysanthemum, iris, carnation, gladiolus, nasturtium, petunia, phlox, violet and quite a number more. Fruits are more difficult to choose wisely, indeed very few fruits would be left to us by the Japanese beetles if they had their way. It is slight comfort that gooseberries are almost immune from them, as also are dewberries, while pears are seldom eaten, except Japanese varieties.

While the individual does what he can with a spray gun, the Department of Agriculture thinks up more subtle and deadly weapons. Headquarters of this counteroffensive is Moorestown, N. J., where, in half a dozen buildings resembling a farm, entomologists have for years made a study of every conceivable thing that can possibly distress and discourage Japanese beetles. Most of the states concerned also carry on such work; the total of state and federal appropriations for this purpose is on the order of one million dollars, and it has yielded results out of all proportion to the money spent.

The first method that presented itself was the use of allies. Why is it, after all, that the Japanese beetle is not a pest in its native Japan? It is because it is kept under control there by a number of carnivorous insects which eat it or its young. Beginning in 1920, entomologists

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46





## LOST: *One ham on rye*

WANTED: A roll of good old "Scotch" Tape to seal lunch packages

Today, the little strip of "Scotch" Tape that would have saved Blondie's lunch is busy saving food packages for Uncle Sam.

In fact, wherever American soldiers fight, wherever American production lines roll, you'll find "Scotch" Brand Tapes at work



Emergency food rations are packed in cartons sealed with waterproof "Scotch" Tape

— sealing, holding, identifying, masking, or insulating.

When Victory comes, transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape will be back again in your home and office, mending torn book pages, sealing packages neatly, and doing a hundred and one other jobs quickly, easily, with just a touch of the finger.



Look for the "Scotch" brand—it identifies the maker and assures you of quality.

# SCOTCH *Cellulose* TAPE

BRAND

One of the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. under the trademark "SCOTCH," by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., SAINT PAUL 6, MINNESOTA

INVEST IN VICTORY • BUY WAR BONDS

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## ... COUNT ON DEPENDABLE CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Full throttle, the jarring, explosive push of the giant catapult, and a Navy scout plane is airborne to search the seas ahead for lurking submarine, or other enemy craft. In the few seconds after launching, the plane actually drops slightly, then the full power of the engine takes hold. This is no place for spark plug failure. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs, true to their more than thirty-year-old heritage, are designed to meet extreme, as well as normal service. The records of our armed forces in the air, on the land and on the sea provide dramatic daily evidence that where performance really counts, you can count on dependable Champion Spark Plugs.



**BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS  
BUY MORE THAN BEFORE**



**TO SAVE  
GASOLINE  
—KEEP SPARK  
PLUGS CLEAN**

**CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY • TOLEDO 1, OHIO**

## JAPANESE BEETLE (continued)

were sent out to the Far East to study these friendly insects, to see if they could be used in this country. Two of our entomologists were caught in Japan at the outbreak of war; they returned on the *Grips-holm* with Ambassador Grew. They had found, and sent back here, no less than 26 species of useful insects, but all except five of them disliked our climate and failed to survive, and of these, two have been disappointing and one only moderately useful. The two best are little wasps, called the Japanese *Tiphia* and the Korean *Tiphia*, which burrow into the soil and lay eggs attached to Japanese-beetle grubs. The wasp larva hatching from the egg sucks the beetle grub dry and leaves it dead. These wasps thrive on our Japanese beetles and do good work in keeping them down, but since they do not spread well they are deliberately colonized in all appropriate places from Maryland to Connecticut.

A more effective way of harassing the beetles is to spread disease epidemics among them. There are several good diseases: the state of New Jersey uses one caused by a minute parasitic worm, while the federal Department of Agriculture works with what they call "milky diseases." These come in several types, of which "Type A milky disease" is considered a very fine beetle nostrum. It is caused by a native American bacillus—no import from Japan or Korea. The Department of Agriculture prepares spores of this disease, which are not for sale but are spread systematically in the beetle-infested districts. But the germs of the disease cannot be grown on anything else but Japanese-beetle grubs themselves, so the Moorestown men, with help from some of the states, collect every year more than half a million of the grubs for this purpose. The grubs are treated, one by one, by impaling them on a hypodermic needle, to give them a shot of the disease. They are anesthetized before this is done; not for humanitarian reasons but to make them easier to handle and to prevent them from biting one another. They are then left for an incubation period, at the end of which their bodies, by now a mass of the minute spores of the bacillus, are ground, dried and diluted with talc to a concentration of 45 billion spores per pound. When this brew of dried beetle juice and disease germs is applied in places where the Japanese grubs abound, an epidemic starts among them and they will turn sick and die. The work with Type A milky disease was begun in a big way in 1939, aiming to plant at least one focus of disease in every square mile of the Japanese-beetle country. However, this big undertaking has to be somewhat delayed for the urgent task of protecting the airfields, as described above. We still have to wait for several years before we see the full results of this counterattack.

What are the prospects with regard to the Japanese beetle? The immediate prospects for 1944 are fewer beetles than last year, at least in some places, but that is only because in 1943 there was a dry summer and the beetles like plenty of rain. If it rains much in July and August of this year, in 1945 there may be bigger swarms of them than ever before. There is no prospect of stopping the insect's steady advance; and its rate of advance is even increasing. Middle Westerners and Pacific Coasters had better prepare themselves for its arrival. Eventually, when bacilli, parasitic worms, *Tiphia* wasps and all are doing their best, we can at least hope that it will be only moderately pestiferous, and no worse than many American insects—a rather negative conclusion, when we think what our own six-legged vermin can do. The moral, at any rate, is quite clear: as regards insects, isolation pays every time.



**Beetle grub is infected** with "milky disease" by impaling it on hypodermic needle. The sick grubs are then ground up, dried and applied to soil to infect other grubs.





# COLUMBIA WELCOMES THE GREAT *Philadelphia Orchestra* CONDUCTED BY *Eugene Ormandy*

• That is today's musical headline! Another great new name on Columbia's long, star-studded list! Another world-famous symphonic orchestra has chosen to record *exclusively* on Columbia Masterworks Records!

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, there will be more news, still more great names. Columbia—first in the field of recorded music—is looking ahead . . . keeping pace with America's soaring interest in fine music.


The great Philadelphia Orchestra, brilliantly conducted by Ormandy, has brought symphonic music into millions of hearts and homes! No other has toured so far, so often, so triumphantly! Records of their performances have been more widely sold than those of any other orchestra. . . . On the air, they have given wings to some of the finest music of our time. . . . Their in-

numerable "First Performances" have opened America's eyes—America's ears!

They have played so vital a part in the nation's culture that their famous young conductor, Eugene Ormandy, has been chosen America's musical ambassador . . . has flown the Pacific to conduct concerts for our neighbors "Down Under." Theirs, indeed, is music that rings around the world!

Columbia welcomes this outstanding musical organization with considerable pride and pleasure, for Columbia is known by its artists! The greatest music-makers in the world are heard on Columbia Records, the *only* records with the Sensitone-Surface. This surface makes possible far richer tone . . . greater durability . . . amazing new freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records, *Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours!*

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**Risë Stevens** (Mezzo-Soprano): *Habenera* from "Carmen" by Georges Bizet, and *Connais-tu le Pays?* from "Mignon" by Ambroise Thomas. 71192-D . . \$1.00  
Meyerbeer's *Ah! Mon Fils*; Gluck's *Divinités du Styx*. 71486-D . . . . . \$1.00



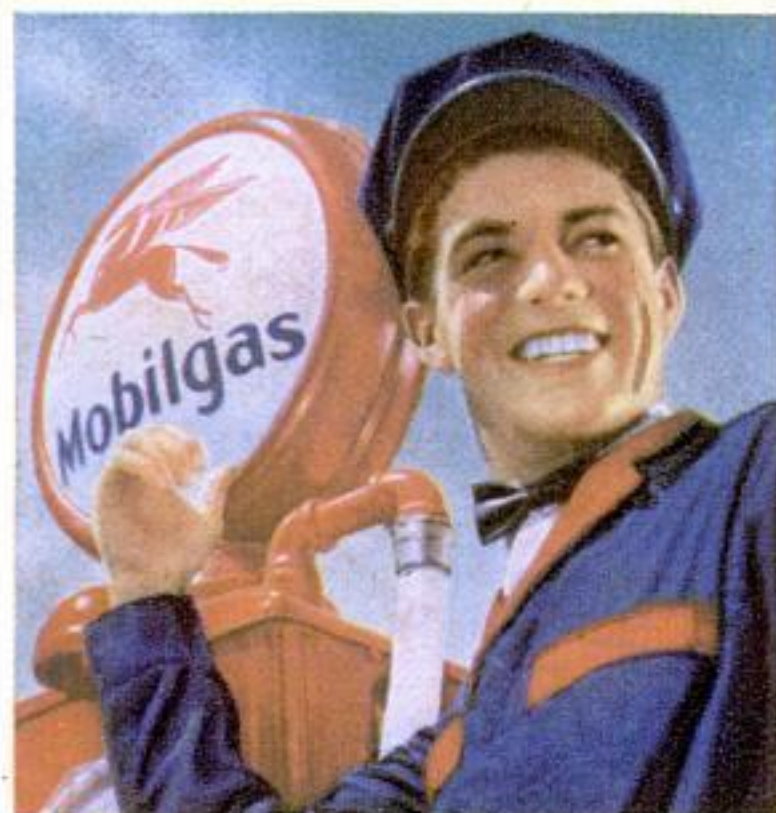
**Emanuel Feuermann** (Cello): Haydn's *Concerto in D Major*, Op. 101, with orch. cond. by Sargent. Majestically performed. Set M-MM-262 . . . . . \$4.50  
Schubert's *Sonata in A Minor* ("Arpeggione"). Set M-MM-346 . . . . . \$3.25



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 **“FLYING  
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- Every lesson learned from War by the world's Largest Producer of Catalytically Cracked Gasoline will go into Mobilgas after Victory!
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EVERY DROP of "Flying Horsepower" is going into America's war fuels now.

It is enabling torpedo-carrying Avengers—high-flying Fortresses, Mustangs, Liberators—all types of U. S. warplanes—to take off and climb faster, to carry far heavier loads!

But after Victory—the same "Flying Horsepower" ingredients which have made possible tremendously increased power output from our airplane engines will be made available

to motorists in Mobilgas... will yield, at all speeds, quick response and power-pull that will give a new thrill to your driving.

"Flying Horsepower" is the result of 11 years of Socony-Vacuum pioneering and development work... of a \$90,000,000 investment in new refining equipment and facilities... of the greatest Catalytic Cracking Program in the World!

Today, Socony-Vacuum has by far the largest capacity in the industry

for producing catalytically cracked gasoline. 19 Socony-Vacuum refining units are producing "Flying Horsepower" for war and will be ready to bring you "Flying Horsepower" for your car.

After Victory, expect a sensational new gasoline at the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. You'll get a new Mobilgas with "Flying Horsepower."

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TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING  
Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast  
10 P.M. E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

Official U. S. Navy photo

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**AFTER VICTORY!.. FLYING  
HORSEPOWER  
AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE**



# Picked at the fleeting moment of Perfect Flavor....



The Green Giant always knows in advance  
when the corn is perfect for picking.

Our corn pickers aren't started with a gun, but every field is timed right down to the hour. From the day the special breed of seed (D-138) goes into the ground, every unit of heat the sun pours down is counted, every shower of rain is measured.

When picking time nears, our laboratory folks check the tenderness and sweetness of the kernels and give us the signal to start picking—at this "fleeting moment of perfect flavor." Then, and only then, the juicy kernels are cut clean from the cob and sealed in vacuum, ready to heat and serve.

*Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minn., and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of Green Giant Brand peas.*

## Niblets *whole kernel* Corn

BRAND



"NIBLETS" BRAND  
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RECUPERATING FLIERS ENJOY AFTERNOON'S RELAXATION IN SUNLIGHT ON GROUNDS OF AIR FORCES CONVALESCENT CENTER, PAWLING, N. Y. BROOK IS STOCKED WITH TROUT

## AIRMEN CONVALESCCE

Bucolic life in new air force hospital helps speed recovery

To speed the recovery of its casualties, the U.S. Army Air Forces have enlisted the therapeutic power of life in the open country. At Pawling, N.Y. (Thomas Dewey's home town), the AAF has taken over 700 acres of rolling Dutchess County land, including the grounds and buildings of a private prep school. Here it has set up a center for convalescent airmen who no longer require formal hospital treatment. Coming from the indoor doldrums of hospitals,

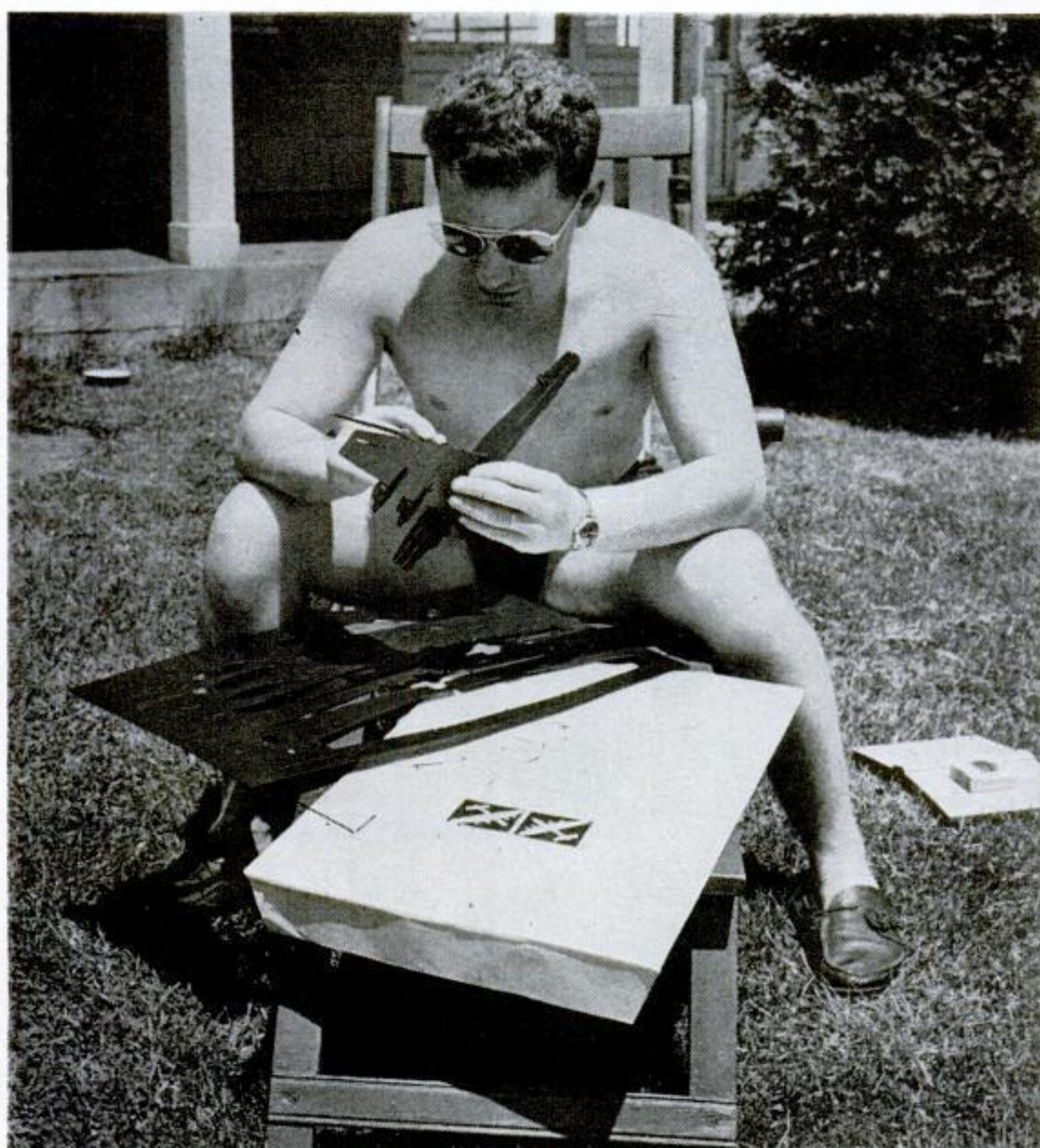
the patients get a tremendous boost toward recovery simply by being given the run of a place equipped with tennis courts, bridle paths, trout streams and a full bucolic roster of cows, chickens, pigs, barns, farmland and gardens. More than 90% of Pawling's patients return to active duty, physically and psychologically restored. Set up as experiment, the center has made such a good record that it may become the model for a whole group of similar institutions across the U.S.



## Airmen Convalesce (continued)



GROUNDS OF PAWLING CONVALESCENT CENTER INCLUDE FULLY EQUIPPED AND OPERATING DAIRY FARM. ON CENTER'S 700 ACRES THE PATIENTS ENJOY LONG STROLLS AND PICNICS



**Making heavy-bomber model** for use in recognition classes occupies Lieut. Joel Martin, himself a bomber navigator. The Pawling center is equipped with Link trainer to help convalescing fliers retain skill. Training curriculum at center ranges from navigation to foreign languages.



**Drawing class** provides spare-time occupation for interested patients. Single rule at Pawling convalescent center is that men must keep busy. With doctors, each man works out a daily six-hour schedule of athletics, farmwork, therapy or study, according to his need and ability.





S/SGT. ALFRED SMITH OF DETROIT FEEDS PIGS DESTINED FOR CENTER MESS HALL. ROSTER OF PATIENTS PROVIDES FARM WITH HANDS FOR MILKING AND OTHER SKILLED CHORES



**Rhubarb harvesting** is done by Pawling convalescents who cultivate a 40-acre truck garden. All such work, whether in scheduled or free hours of day, is volunteered by patients. Atmosphere of freedom is encouraged by relaxation of military protocol, especially in rank and dress.



**In physiotherapy room**, T/Sgt. George Clausen of Girard, Kan. gives his injured leg a whirlpool-bath treatment. Average stay at Pawling convalescent center is seven weeks. Most of the doctors on staff have been in action overseas and thus know what patients have been through.



# How do you compare with Allen... Annabella... Jory?

**ARE YOU LIKE ALLEN?** Fred, star of the Texaco Star Theatre and an ardent bookworm, is the practical type. "That Regent crushproof box is tops!" he says. "Just like a custom-made cigarette case." Never crumples cigarettes, keeps them always firm and fresh.



**OR ANNABELLA?** France's golden-haired gift to Hollywood and Broadway is the discriminating type. "Regents are delightfully mild," she exclaims. "Better tasting, too." That's because Regents—and Regents alone—get the extra benefit of Multiple Blending.

**OR JORY?** Suave Victor, who is currently playing the male lead in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," has an eye for value. "Regent's King Size," says he, "gives you a smoke that's 20% longer." And that added length means extra coolness!



**ALL THREE AGREE** that Regents are a milder, better-tasting smoke. Multiple Blending, an exclusive Regent process, is the reason. It makes Regents really mild, ever so gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

*Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended*  
make **REGENT**  
*The milder, better tasting cigarette!*

## Airmen Convalesce (continued)



At wading-pool waterfall, Flight Officer Frank J. Holub of Amityville, N. Y. and his wife wet their feet. Center welcomes visitors for psychological benefit to patients.



On the lake, convalescents smoke after-dinner cigarettes. First Air Force set up the Pawling center as adjunct of its regional hospital at Mitchel Field, Long Island.



# TELEVISION *and* NBC

**O**f all the post-war developments promised by progress in the art and science of radio, TELEVISION presents the greatest challenge and the greatest opportunity.

It is a challenge which can be met only by the co-operation of Government, broadcasters, and the radio manufacturing industry.

War interrupted development of television as a commercial service. Of necessity, men and materials were diverted to the war effort and must continue to be so diverted until victory has been achieved.

## Better Service to Public

The policy of the National Broadcasting Company always has been, and will continue to be, to foster and encourage any developments in the broadcasting field which promise *better service to the public*.

In respect to television, it is the policy of NBC to contribute to the utmost towards the *earliest possible development* of television as a national service and industry.

A deep and firm foundation for the ultimate television achievement already has been laid. For the past 15 years the National Broadcasting Company has actively pioneered in the development of television service.

## Television Since 1931

NBC was granted the first commercial television license issued by the FCC, and began commercial operations on the day the license was granted, using the New York Empire State Building transmitter which NBC had been operating experimentally since 1931.

Currently we are maintaining a

limited schedule of weekly television broadcasting, including films, outside pick-ups of sports events, and telecasts from our recently reconditioned live talent television studio in Radio City, New York. Our program schedule will be expanded as rapidly as war conditions permit.

## NBC Sound Broadcasting to be Continued

Because of its extensive coverage and accepted type of highly developed program service there is no foreseeable period when sound broadcasting will become unnecessary. Therefore, NBC will continue to maintain its sound broadcasting services at the highest peak of technical entertainment and educational excellence.

Radio now is virtually an around-the-clock service. Even when television becomes universally available, there will be times when the radio audience will be predominantly *listeners* rather than viewers.

## New Dimension for Radio

Television is the capstone of the radio structure. It adds a new dimension to radio. So you can logically expect NBC, as America's Number One Network, to bring you the finest television programs just as you look to NBC today for the finest in sound radio.

NBC is committed to a policy of close co-operation with the Government and other members of the industry in the efforts to secure the best practical standards of operation for a commercial television broadcasting system.

In developing a basis for an eventual television network, the National Broadcasting Company will co-operate in every way with the owners and operators of the stations affiliated with NBC.

## NBC Prepares for Expansion

In preparation for the expected expansion of television services in the post-war period, NBC will continue to tap new sources of program material and talent, develop new program techniques, transmit outside pick-ups of sports and other spot news events, telecast more live talent programs and continue research and development in all phases of television.

When materials become available, NBC will construct a television station in Washington, D.C. To establish the anchor points of a television system, NBC has also filed application with the FCC for construction permits for television stations in Chicago, Cleveland and Los Angeles, where NBC already maintains a programming organization and studio facilities.

A nationwide network will not spring up overnight, but must proceed as an orderly, logical development. Such a development, as we see it, will develop first by the establishment of regional networks which will gradually stretch out over wider areas, and finally become linked together.

## Moderate-priced Television Sets

Despite the problems and risks which confront the radio industry, NBC believes that television service should be brought *as soon as possible* into every home, and that this is and should remain the task of private enterprise.

While NBC is leading the way in development of network television, the radio manufacturing industry will be busy building the finest television broadcast equipment and television receivers at moderate prices.

Through this unity of effort, you can count on NBC to meet the challenge and opportunity television presents.

# National Broadcasting Company

America's No. 1 Network



A Service of Radio  
Corporation of America



# Here's why your help is needed



The demand for Pullman accommodations is the heaviest in history. And half the Pullman sleeping cars are assigned to moving troops. So

capacity use must be made of every car remaining in regular passenger service, in order to accommodate those whom war keeps on the move.

## Here's how you can help

**JUST OBSERVE** these simple wartime travel rules when you plan a trip:

1. **Don't reserve** Pullman space until you are *sure* that you will need it.
2. **Cancel promptly** when plans change—so someone else can use the Pullman bed reserved for you.
3. **Take a berth** or small room when alone, leaving drawing rooms and compartments for two or more.

4. **Travel light**—leave extra luggage home or check it through to your destination.
5. **Don't go** unless your trip is *necessary*.

We believe you will agree that these are sensible, necessary suggestions . . . easy to observe.

Your cooperation in observing them will be of real benefit to *all* wartime travelers—yourself among them.

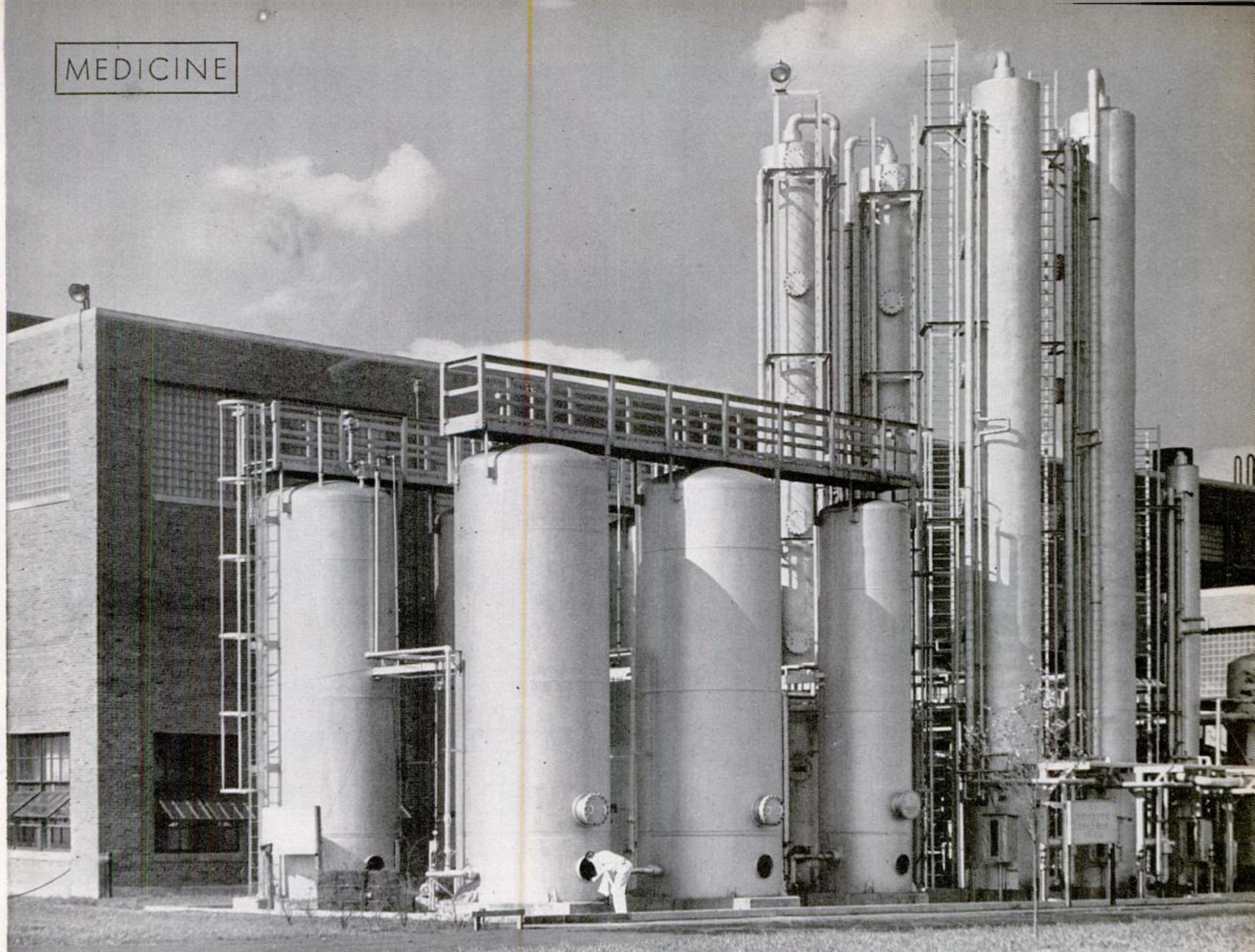
# PULLMAN

For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation

**Another Sensible Suggestion: BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND NOW!**

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HUGE TANKS AND STILLs ARE PART OF THE COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS' PENICILLIN PLANT IN TERRE HAUTE, IND. THIS IS ONE OF 19 U. S. PLANTS MASS-PRODUCING THE DRUG

# PENICILLIN

## MASS PRODUCTION OF DRUG REPLACES SLOW LABORATORY METHODS TO MEET MILITARY NEEDS AND PROVIDE A LIMITED CIVILIAN SUPPLY

The tanks and stills in the picture above look like those of a big synthetic-rubber or petroleum-cracking plant. Actually they are part of a new penicillin plant and show the mass scale on which the newest of the wonder drugs is now being produced. Last year penicillin was made by slow laboratory methods, brewing small batches in half-gallon bottles. This involved cumbersome use of thousands of bottles and, as doctors every day turned up new uses for the powerful germ killer, production fell far behind need.

Today new mass-production methods are brewing the drug in 15,000-gallon tanks. In the single month of May more than 100 billion units were produced

compared to 43 billion for all of 1943. Present production is not only meeting Army and Navy requirements but is also yielding enough for critical civilian needs.

Penicillin is produced by the fermentation of a common mold, *Penicillium notatum*, in a liquid food solution. In the old multiple-bottle process this fermentation took place only on the surface of the solution. In the new industrial method both growth and fermentation are promoted throughout the solution by pumping sterile air into big tanks filled with mold. With 19 new penicillin plants throughout the U. S. rapidly reaching their full capacity, the peak in production is expected to be nine pounds a day or enough to treat 250,000 serious cases a month.

**Liquid penicillin solution** is carefully measured into sterile vials by a plastic-masked worker under operating-room conditions.



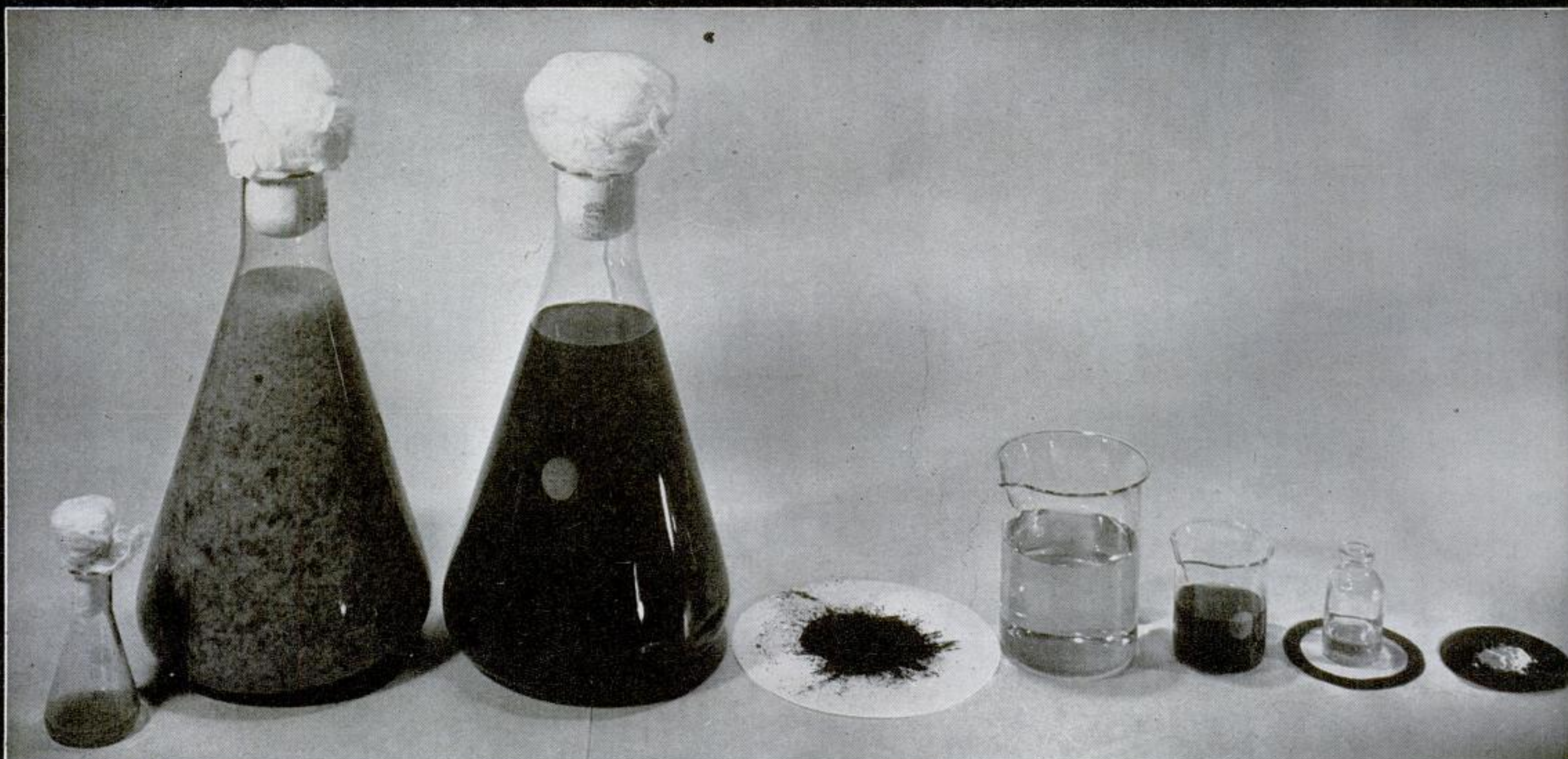
**High-vacuum driers** remove the moisture from penicillin at low temperature. Penicillin in a liquid state deteriorates quickly.



**Sealed vials** of the drug, ready for use, go from sterile process area through partition to packing room.

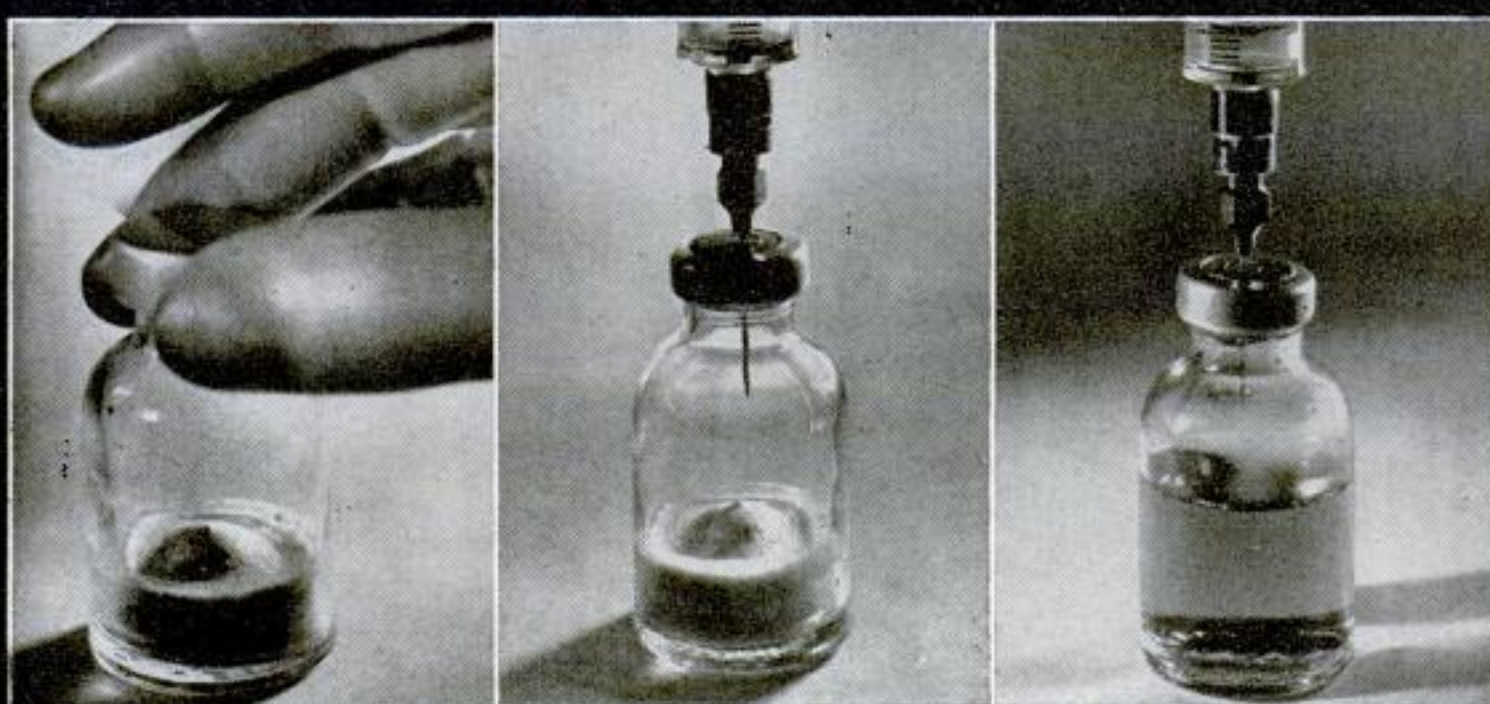






**Process of production** is shown in model steps. Seed mold (*left*) is inoculated into first large fermentation flask. Fermented mash containing impure penicillin is filtered into the sec-

ond large flask. Activated charcoal (*center*) soaks up the penicillin solution. Series of three small vessels represent purification of solution to extract pure penicillin powder (*right*).

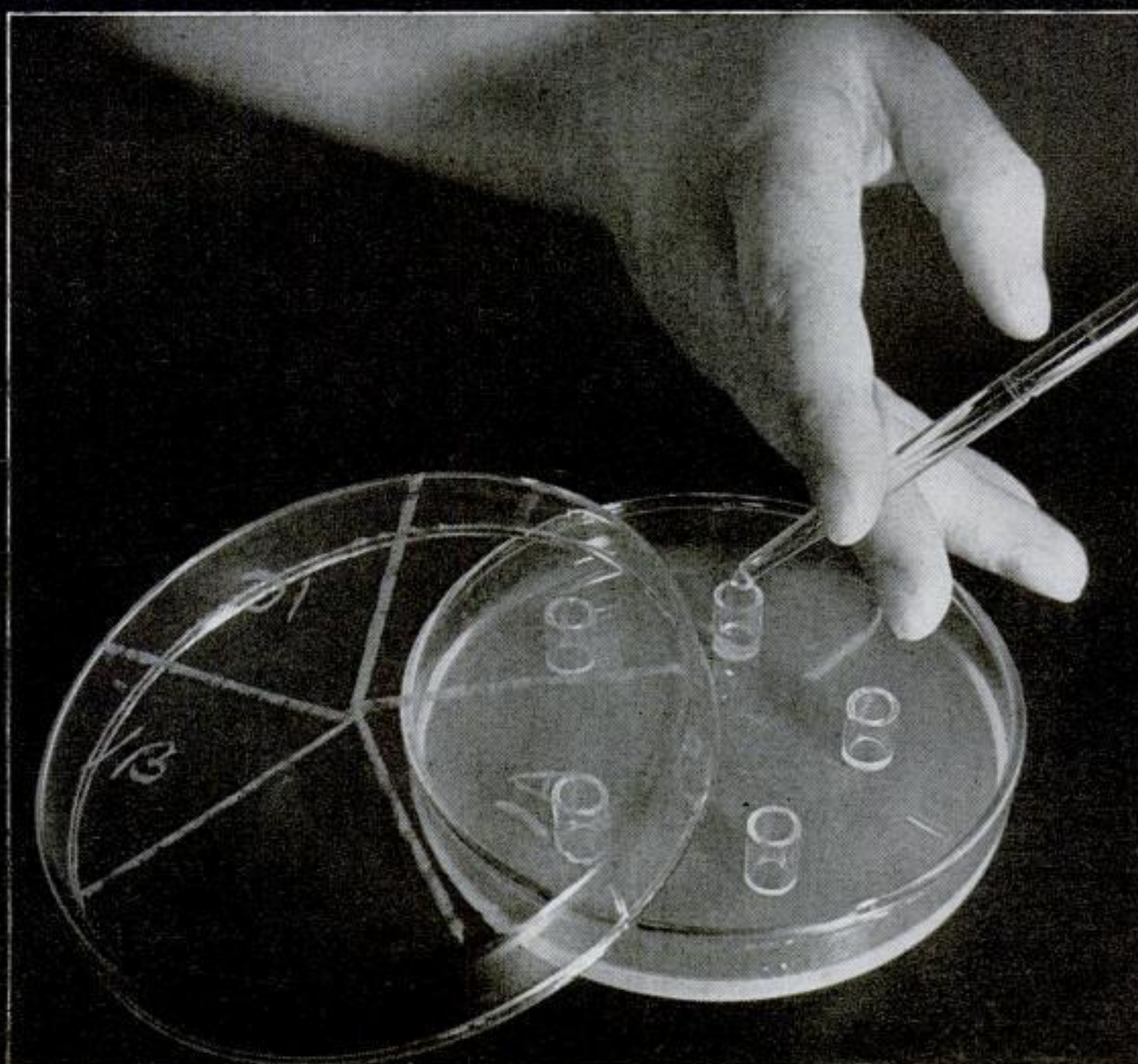


**Vial of penicillin powder** is prepared for medical usage. 20cc. of a salt solution are added by hypodermic needle. The needle then extracts solution for injection into the patient.

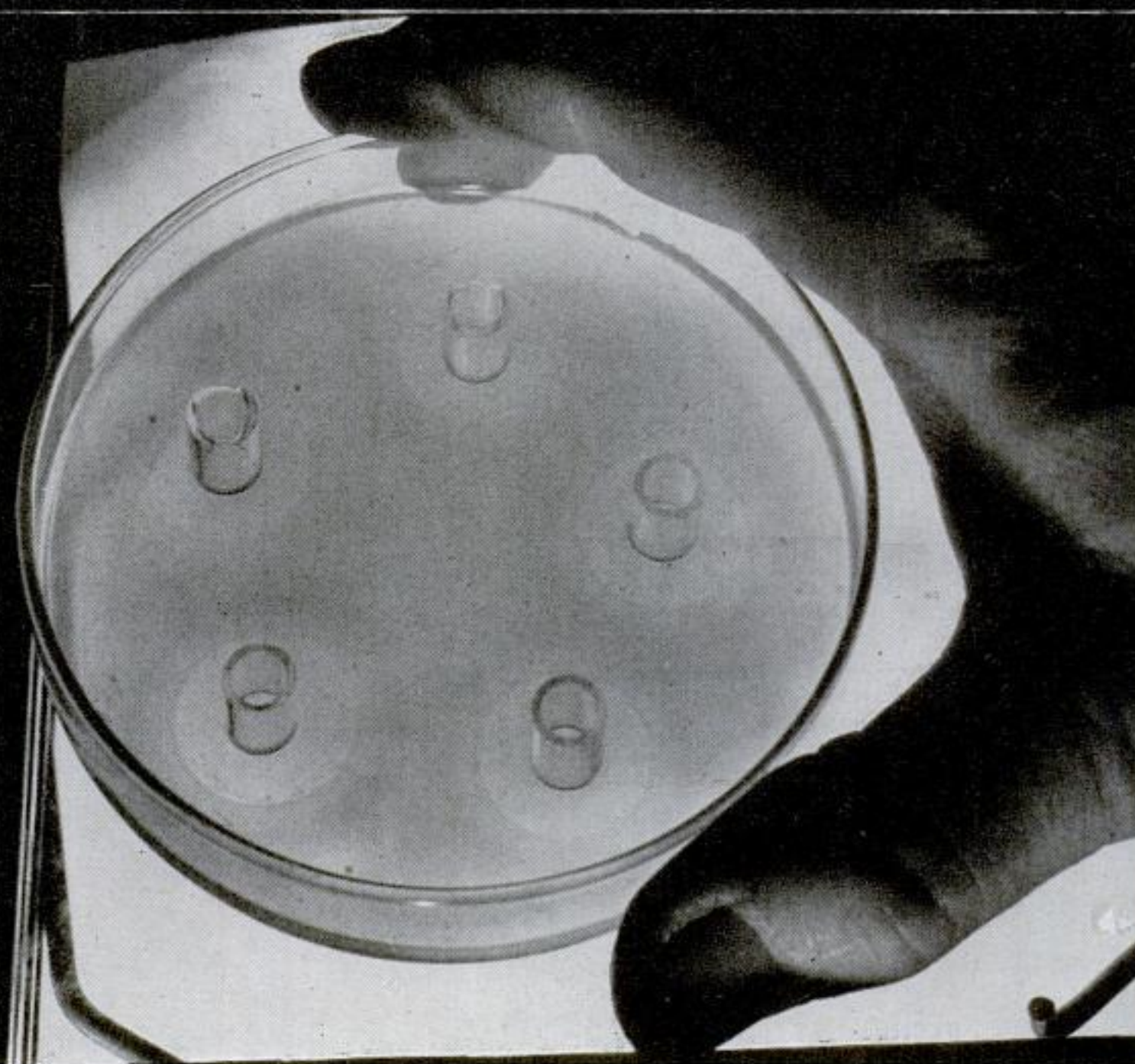
## DRUG IS MADE FROM MOLD EXCRETION

**P***enicillium notatum*, the greenish mold shown at bottom of the opposite page, grows almost anywhere. As it grows it ferments and excretes an amber liquid. This liquid is the raw material from which penicillin is made. To produce penicillin the mold solution must be kept absolutely sterile. If only a single bacteria gets in, all the excretion in a 15,000-gallon solution will be destroyed.

Besides the penicillin mold there are thousands of others which are being studied for possible disease-conquering powers. At top of opposite page are shown other mold cultures as they are grown for research. Color drawings were made by Arthur A. Jansson of the Lederle Laboratories Inc.

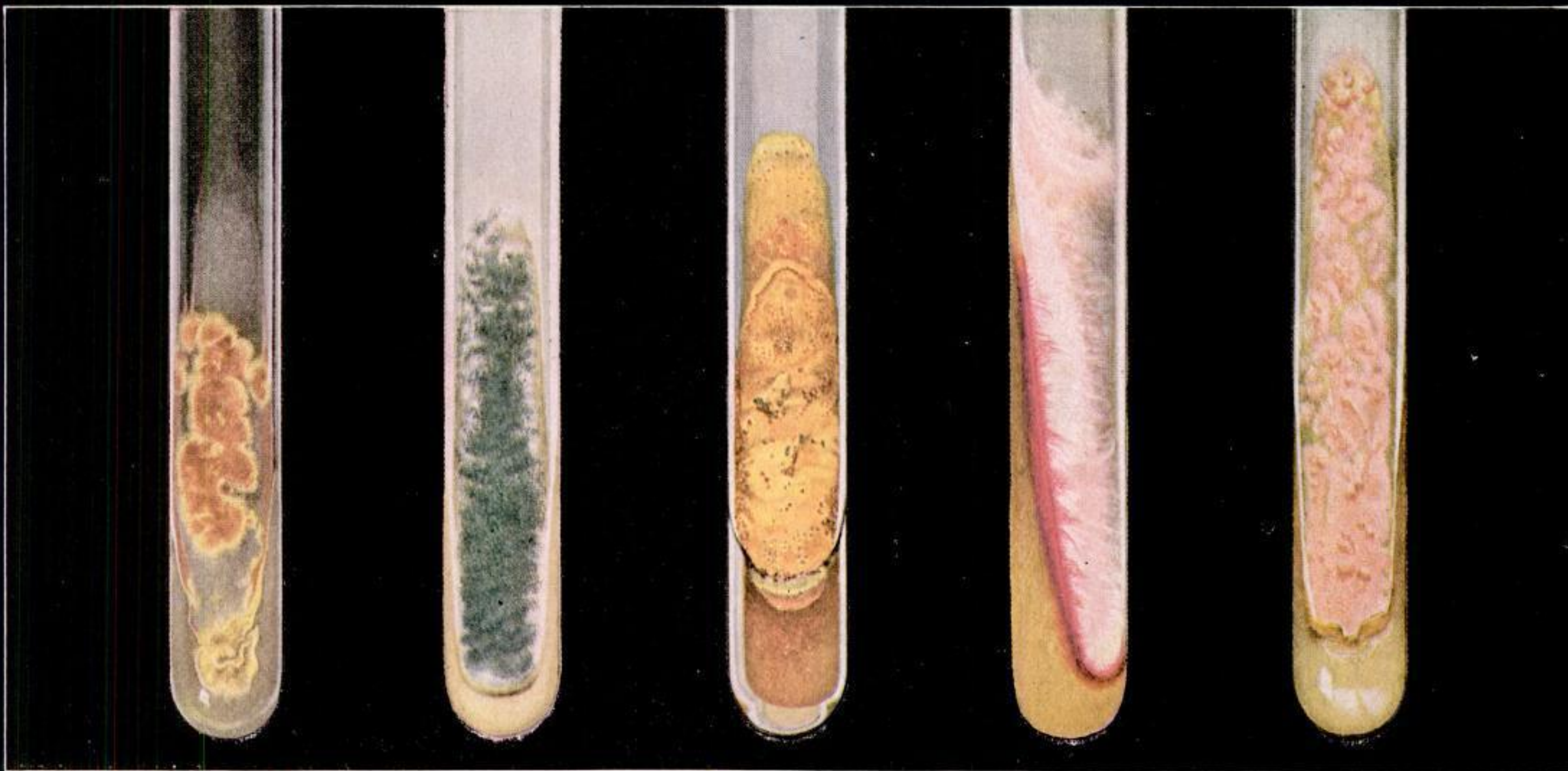


**To test penicillin**, solution is dropped in small glass cylinders resting on a flat glass dish. Surface of the dish is "seeded" with *Staphylococcus* bacteria which the penicillin destroys.



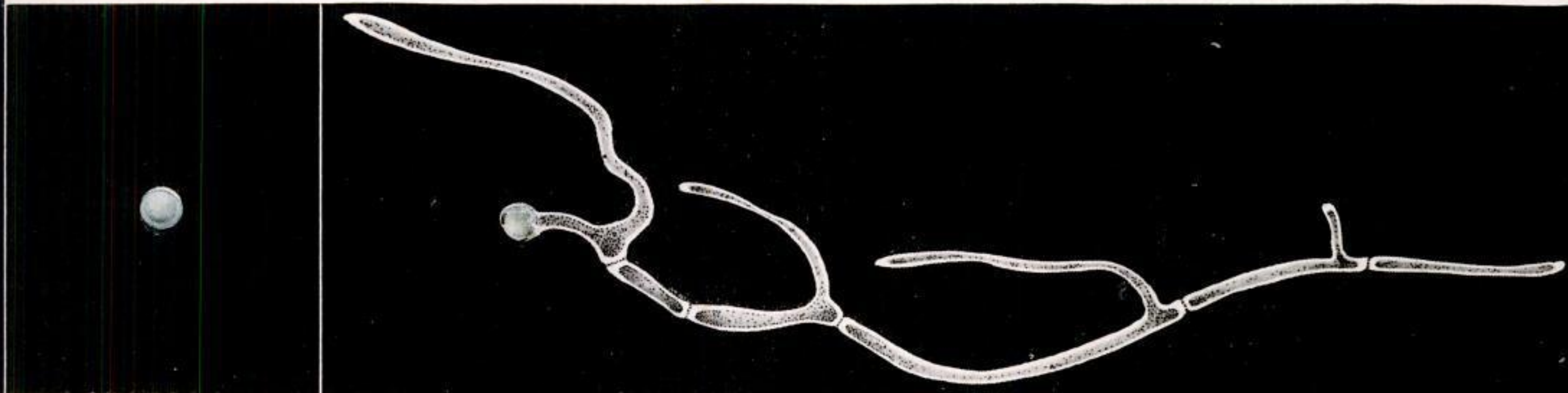
**Potency of drug**, is determined by light areas around cylinders. Penicillin seeping into dish has made circles bacteria-free. The size of the circles indicates strength of penicillin.





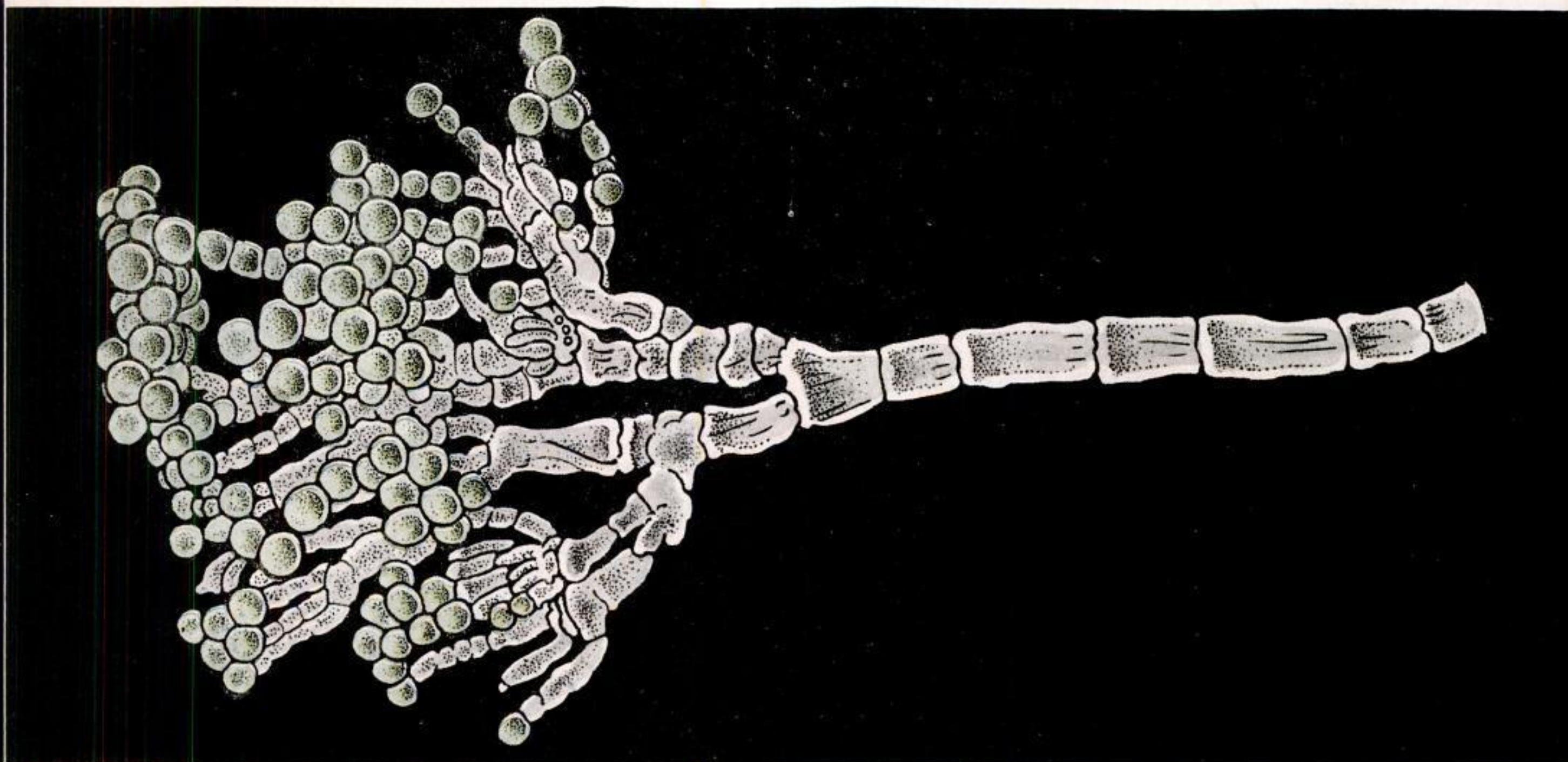
**Weirdly beautiful mold cultures** germinate in laboratory test tubes. These are five of more than 100,000 types which are providing a new field for antibacterial study. Molds

feed on organic material and are devoid of chlorophyll which helps provide food for green plants. In the second tube from left is *Aspergillus clavatus* which produces a promising drug.



**"Penicillium notatum,"** which produces penicillin drug, has germinating cycle typical of most molds. At the left above is one-celled spore, the simplest mold organism. Spore devel-

ops into a branch (*right*) when placed in a food solution, usually sugar or starch. Smaller branches growing from main stem are extensions which produce other spores at their tips.



**Clusters of spores** stem from the completed penicillium branch. Food is absorbed through walls of the branches. Mold structure shown above is known as a "brush" and was drawn

from a magnification of at least 5,000 times. Millions of these brushes make up penicillium colony. Name comes from penicillate which means fingerlike and describes shape of brush.

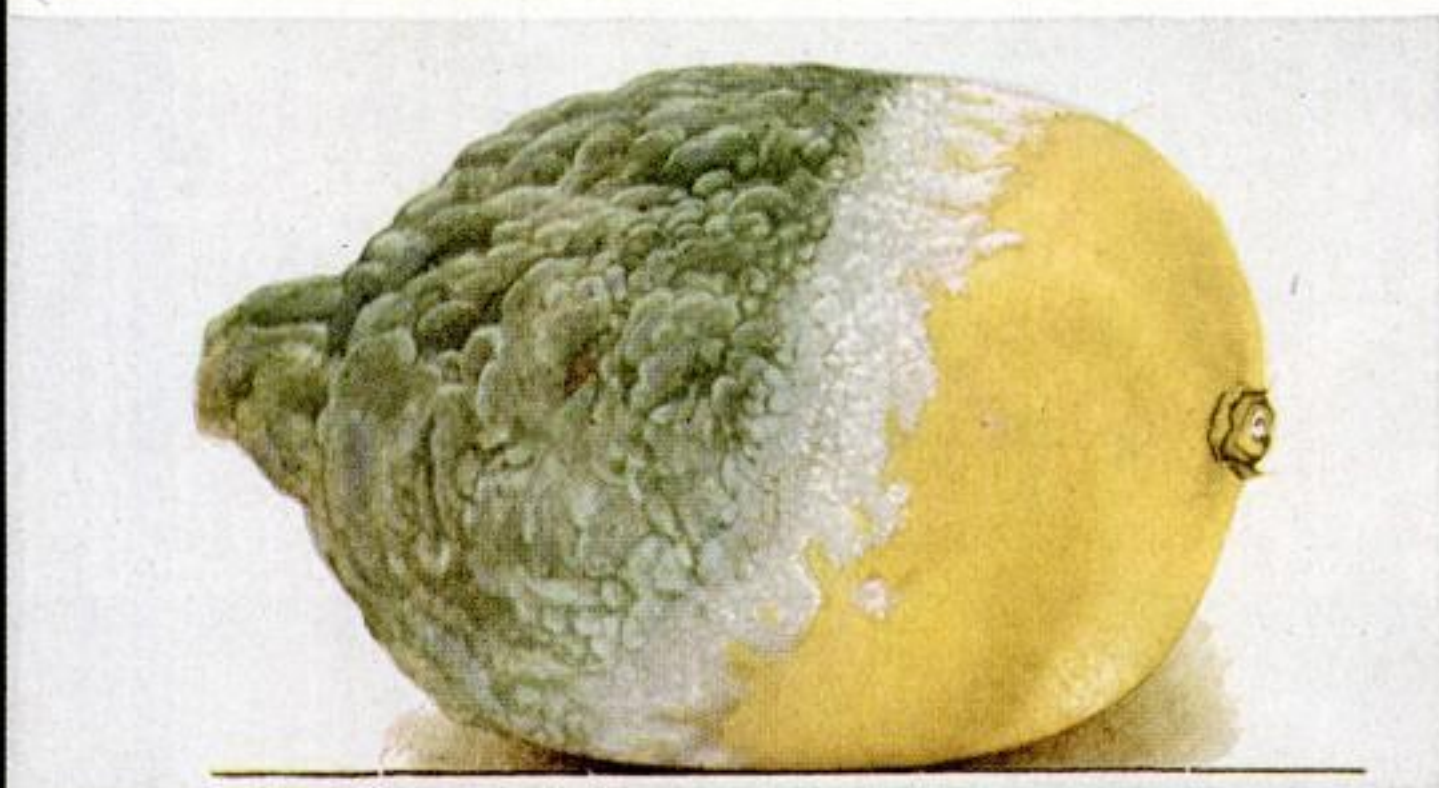
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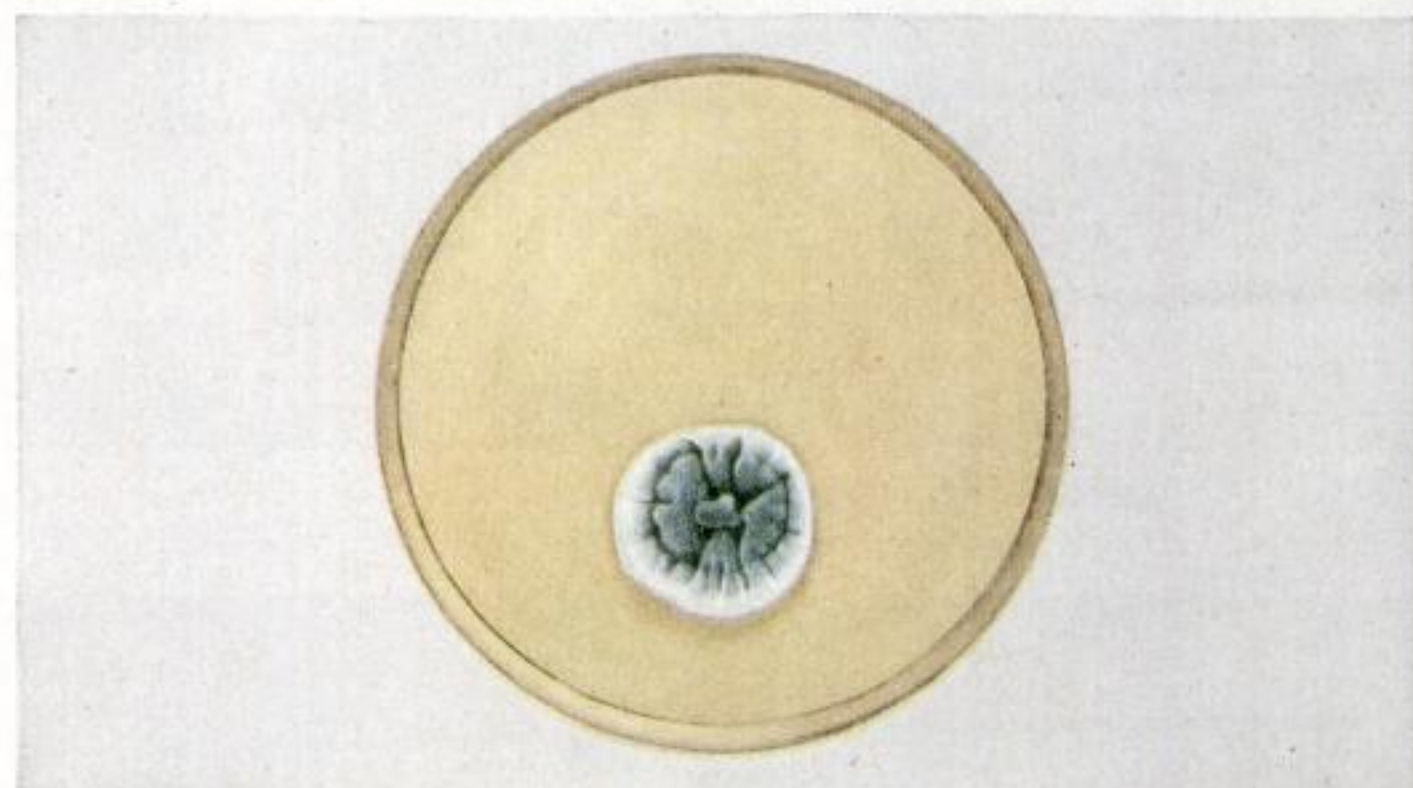


**Bread mold**, familiar to many housewives, is the cottony, quick-growing *Neurospora sitophila*. In this free-growing state the mold is of little use for mycological research because

it may be contaminated by foreign matter. Many molds are capable of fighting bacteria but are not usable for medical purposes because they also destroy human blood cells.



**Soft citrus rot** growing on lemon is well-known member of penicillium family. Called *Penicillium italicum*, it does not have medicinal effect of its wonder cousin, *Penicillium notatum*.



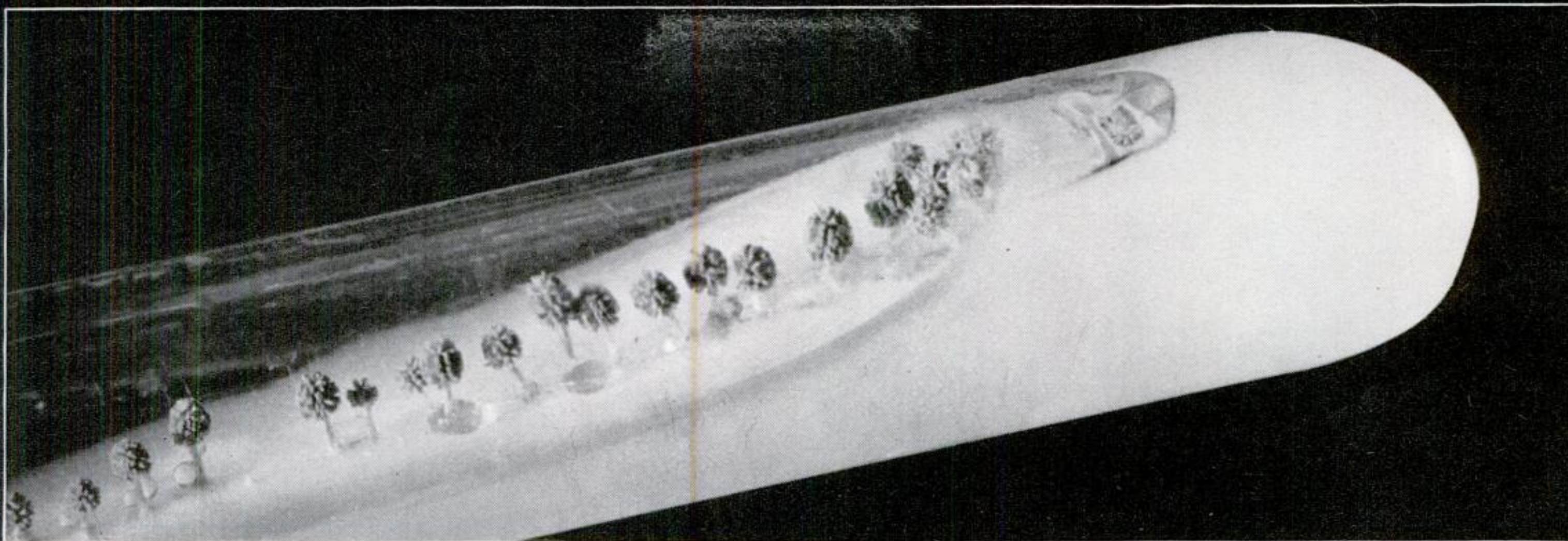
**Colony of "Penicillium notatum"** rests in glass-covered plate filled with bacteria-containing medium. Halo around blue-green mold shows where bacteria have been killed by penicillin.



**"Penicillium notatum" ferments** in a flat-bottle culture nurtured by sugar solution. Globules of amber liquid and secreted liquor underneath green mold contain unrefined penicillin solution which must go through chemical purification before recovery of pure extract.

Method of shallow culture is being replaced by deep-culture fermentation in large tanks.





**Clusters of mold growth** rear up like tiny pine trees from the surface of solidified medium. The mold is *Penicillium claviforme*, one of the numerous penicillium family now under

observation at the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Northern Regional Research Laboratory. It produces patulin, a drug which has been reported effective against common cold.

## BRITISH DOCTOR'S FIND HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY RESEARCH IN THE U. S.

Penicillin was discovered in 1929 by an English doctor, Alexander Fleming. But it was many years later before scientists could get enough of it for sufficient tests to find out what it could do. Though discovery was British, American scientists developed the methods for producing it in quantity. The American scientists work with common molds taken from cheese, bread and melons (*below*) to adapt high-yielding strains to needs of mass pro-

duction. These strains are used in U. S. plants, which now produce 95% of the world's output.

Penicillin is the greatest single drug known to medical science. It combats blood-stream infections, gas gangrene, pneumonia, meningitis, empyema, peritonitis, bone infections, gonorrhea and syphilis. Its effect on other diseases has not yet been sufficiently tested. Unlike sulfa drugs, penicillin is not toxic and can be taken in large doses.



**Ripe foods**, such as bread, cheese, melon, cherries, contain penicillin-producing molds. Small bits of mold are examined under microscope and placed in glass dishes for culture.



**Sample mold strains** are examined by Dr. Coghill (*right*) and Dr. Raper, two of many U. S. scientists responsible for penicillin research. Molds are a few of those being tested.





BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

## Sure cure for a fagged flier

Eddie doesn't wear his Purple Heart and his Air Medal on the beach. He's trying to forget them — trying to untie the tangled, jangled nerves that come from many combat missions.

Eddie's at an Air Forces Redistribution Station — where sun, sleep, fun and food are the medicines that make worn men well again — fit to fly or fight or teach. And milk is an important part of the program.

Most such men are eager for milk — remembering how rare it was in England — recalling Pacific outposts "where fresh milk, if there had been any, would have been more

precious than champagne." Many a flier's first act on reaching America is to order a jumbo chocolate milkshake!

Milk, of course, is fine for battle-weary men because it is nature's most nearly perfect food. It appears on regular Army menus for the very same reasons — with butter, cheese, ice cream and other milk products.

While you share some of your milk supply with men like Eddie, we at National Dairy are working ceaselessly in our laboratories — to improve the production and processing of milk — to develop nutritious new foods from milk — and so help the health of the nation.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*



**NATIONAL DAIRY**  
**PRODUCTS CORPORATION**  
 AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES





LOVELY GLORIA DeHAVEN IS HELPED INTO HER APRON BY HER MOTHER. MRS. DeHAVEN, MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR OF 20 YEARS AGO, GAVE UP THEATER TO RAISE HER FAMILY

## "TWO GIRLS"

Gloria DeHaven and June Allyson

add youthful zest to new musical

Gloria DeHaven and June Allyson are the two girls of M-G-M's extravagant musical *Two Girls and a Sailor*. Although surrounded by such entertaining people as Jimmy Durante, Gracie Allen, José Iturbi and Harry James, their fresh and exuberant performance as a sister act team is the most delightful part of the picture. For both girls, *Two Girls and a Sailor* marks the real beginning of their movie careers.

Gloria DeHaven has been immersed in show business since she was a child. Her parents, the Carter DeHavens, were a popular song-and-dance team in both vaudeville and musical comedy during the

early 1900s. Gloria herself almost became a star at 12, when David O. Selznick chose her to play Becky in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. However, she outgrew the part before the procrastinating Mr. Selznick began production. She finally broke into pictures in a musical role in M-G-M's *Best Foot Forward*. Now 19, she is making *The Thin Man Comes Home*.

June Allyson (page 64) got into movies through a series of New York shows and is the better actress for it. She was playing in the Broadway version of *Best Foot Forward* when the movies signed her. Her next pictures are *Music for Millions* and *Brighton Beach*.





# cool shaves

**SPEED COMFORT TO YOUR CHIN!**

**D**O SHAVING nicks and burns make your chin cry out for "help"? Then it's cool Ingram's to the rescue! For Ingram's billowy lather soothes your face—helps condition it for shav-

ing. And what a job Ingram's does on those wiry whiskers! Even after shaving, your face feels refreshed. Give your face a treat—try Ingram's. It comes in jar or tube. It's cool!

*Product of Bristol-Myers*



IN JAR  
OR TUBE

## Ingram's

SHAVING CREAM

# don Q RUM

For all Drinks!

86 PROOF

Don Q Rum means Quality in a Julep, Collins, Planter's Punch, Rickey or a Latin Manhattan. It adds delicious flavor.

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U.S.A.

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## "Two Girls" (continued)



Gloria and June have sodas frequently at Martha Smith's Confectionery Store in Beverly Hills. They have been close friends since working in *Two Girls and a Sailor*.



June Allyson, 20-year-old honey blonde, refused movie offer while in *Panama Hat-tie* on Broadway. She accepted later offer when M-G-M bought *Best Foot Forward*.





## “I want an appointment to see my Daddy!”

“I HARDLY EVER see him any more. Mommy says it’s because of the war. But Daddy’s not a soldier. So *why* can’t I see him?”

This little girl’s daddy is a doctor. He has precious little time for his family or anything other than doctoring these days.

For today nearly half our doctors are serving with the armed forces. So, the home-front doctor has twice as many folks to care for . . . an average of 1700 people dependent upon his being available day and night.

Just as it’s up to him to do more and more, it’s up to *you* to do all you can to help him. Won’t you,

whenever you think you need him, remember to do these four helpful things? . . .

**PHONE HIM FIRST.** Tell him briefly exactly what’s wrong. Let him decide whether he should come to see you, or you should go to him.

**GO TO HIM**—whenever you are able. House visits take time when someone else may need him urgently.

**KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT** promptly, don’t postpone it; make it at *his* convenience so that he can plan his crowded hours better.

**FOLLOW HIS ADVICE TO THE LETTER**—so that your trouble doesn’t drag on, get complicated, or need extra attention.

★ ★ ★

ONE OF A SERIES of messages published as a public service by Wyeth Incorporated, Philadelphia, illustrated by Douglass Crockwell. Wyeth Incorporated, pioneer pharmacists since 1860, are relied upon by your physician and druggist for quality, precision, and ethical standards in pharmaceuticals, biologicals (including penicillin and blood plasma), and nutritional products.

**SAVE YOUR DOCTOR’S TIME IN WARTIME!**





## ENEMY AGENT OUTWITTED

A LOYAL AMERICAN—a skilled craftsman in the Arms Plant—left those smudges on the gun bolt. The investigator's brush and powder reveal them for what they are—*fingerprints*.

Fingerprints are sweat marks. Sweat is salty, acidic...highly corrosive. It quickly goes to work on steel. In this war of machines—engines, guns, and instruments whose operating parts may be fitted to 1/10,000 of an inch—a loyal fingerprint is quite capable of upsetting clearances . . . doing a nasty job of sabotage!

\* \* \*

SCIENTISTS AT THE "UNIVERSITY OF PETROLEUM," Shell's research laboratories, have perfected a remarkable oil—a G-man among oils—to protect closely

machined parts of our guns and engines from exposure to the unwitting sabotage of rust.

Shell's oil, applied to a part immediately after the last manufacturing operation, welds itself to the steel surface—forming a protective layer that is virtually a part of the metal itself. This film creeps under water or fingerprints—rust is barred.

Practically every advance of the scientists

engaged in Shell Research now goes direct to the war factories or war fronts:

**100 OCTANE AVIATION GASOLINE**, first supplied in commercial quantities by Shell . . .

**BUTADIENE**, for synthetic rubber, first regularly supplied in quantity to our rubber manufacturers by Shell . . .

**TOLUENE** (nitration grade) for TNT—Shell was first to get it from petroleum.

Tomorrow, new products—growing from these and scores of other Shell research accomplishments—will be at your service in your everyday peacetime life.



First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—  
Shell's Wood River Refinery



**SHELL RESEARCH**

*Sword of Today*

*Plowshare of Tomorrow*





MAYOR KELLY READS EVENING PAPER IN HIS APARTMENT AT 209 LAKE SHORE DRIVE. THE PAINTING IS OF HIS FIRST SON, NOW DEAD

# MAYOR KELLY'S CHICAGO

## A STRONG DEMOCRATIC BOSS RUNS A LUSTY CITY

"I wish I could go to America if only to see Chicago," said Bismarck in 1870 to General Phil Sheridan who was visiting Germany.

Chicago before the great fire in 1871 was the "wickedest city on earth." It was a growing, brawling, magnificent frontier metropolis. "The population of Chicago is said to be principally composed of dogs and loafers," sneered a newspaper at Jackson, Mich. But the paper did the city an injustice. There were plenty of dogs and plenty of sin but there was no loafing in Chicago. The city was crowded with gamblers, thugs, engineers, railroad men, baseball players, real-estate speculators, Yankee promoters and storekeepers—all growing rich with "the golden crowned, glorious Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West." Along the Chicago River and the banks of Lake Michigan sprawled the sources of the city's wealth—grain elevators, slaughterhouses, flour mills, distilleries, factories. In and out of the depots ran the railroad trains, coming from all the country's bor-

ders to meet in Chicago. Down the South Side, on the teeming West Side, where deep mud in winter still froze the wheels of the carts, and along the North Side, where the wind blew all summer off the lake, the houses of the rich and the slums of the poor were already built back to back. Chicago was always a city of contrasts, a city of ostentatious wealth and of dismal poverty.

This summer both the Republican and Democratic parties chose to hold their national conventions in Chicago. Political conventions are nothing new to Chicagoans. They had their first one in a big tent between Washington and Randolph Streets back in 1847 when the city itself was only 10 years old. They had their most famous one in 1860, when the common people of the northwest swarmed into town and nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. Grover Cleveland was nominated in Chicago in 1884. So was Theodore Roosevelt in 1904, Harding in 1920, Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 and 1940.

But if Chicago this summer is not interested in the delegates, the delegates—like Bismarck—are certainly interested in Chicago. For in vitality and lustiness and sprawling disorder the city has not changed since 1870. It is just bigger and better looking. Its history since then has been splashed with labor riots, gang warfare, municipal graft, evanescent reforms. Today, with its population of close to 4,000,000 people, it is the second largest city in the U. S., the fourth largest in the world. Its 500,000 Poles make it the world's second largest Polish city. It has 277,731 Negroes, 83,424 Germans, 66,950 Russians.

Over this polyglot population, like a mother hen, roosts Chicago's mayor, Edward J. Kelly. By action and personality he keeps up with the bold tradition of Chicago. But he is more honest and efficient than his predecessors. His Democratic machine is the best vote producer in the country. He is the friend of labor and management, Jews and Gentiles, blacks and whites. "I don't stand for any phony stuff," he says.





**CITY COUNCIL MEETS** in lush council room of City Hall. Mayor Kelly is the presiding officer. The painting above him commemorates not the great fire of 1871 but a stockyards

fire of 1934. From 1880 to 1910 aldermen like "Hinky Dink" Kenna and "Bath House John" Coughlin of the first ward made millions by manipulating public-utility bills through councils.





BOSS KELLY AND HIS 50 WARD LEADERS POSE FOR THE FIRST GROUP PICTURE. EACH OF THE LEADERS HEADS A POTENT WARD MACHINE OF HIS OWN

## KELLY RUNS HIS CITY WITH HELP FROM HIS FIFTY WARD LEADERS

Kelly's Democratic machine is constructed on the needs, the weaknesses and the vanities of Chicago's millions. As in any large city, many are ignorant, a few even illiterate. They need help. The men who give it to them are Kelly's 50 ward bosses, shown above with the mayor. The people pay for this help with votes.

The help takes many forms: getting an immigrant his citizenship papers, finding a Negro from the South a place to live, providing hospital facilities for pregnant wives of precinct workers, settling disputes over the use of common clotheslines, getting poolroom licenses, donating money to churches, fixing parking tickets, creating new city jobs and filling them with the "right" people, getting home relief, filling out income-

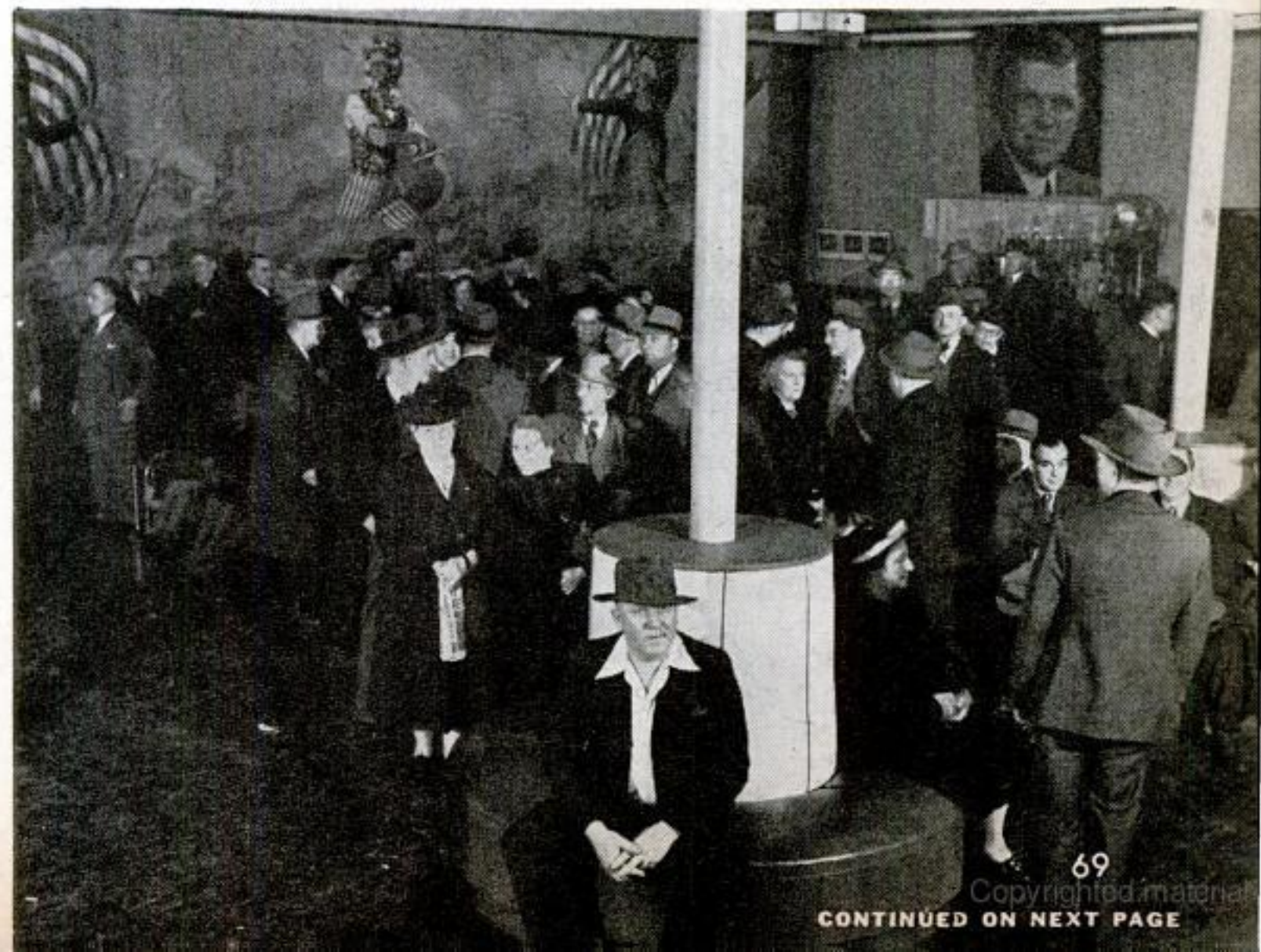
tax blanks, sending money, cakes, cigarets to sons in the service.

Kelly and his ward bosses compose the Cook County Democratic organization, which runs Chicago politically. The ward leader is king in his own bailiwick. Each ward elects an alderman to the City Council (*left*), which is governing body of the city. Actually, of course, the ward bosses choose the aldermen. Kelly himself runs both the Cook County Democratic organization and the City Council. "When I first came here," says Kelly, "this place looked like a junk shop. Some boys kept their heads glued to a racing form playing the horses right in the mayor's office. I cut that stuff out." Actually it was he who put the town on its feet.

**RIGHT ACROSS FROM THE STADIUM**, where the Democratic Convention will be held next week, is club of Committeeman Touhy. There many of convention's decisions will be made.



**INSIDE TOUHY'S CLUB** is held a meeting of precinct workers. For convention a diorama of Chicago has been built and steam tables and bars installed for delegates.







OUTER DRIVE AND LAKE SHORE DRIVE RUN PARALLEL ALONG THE HANDSOME WATERFRONT. HERE LIVE MOST OF CHICAGO'S VERY RICH

## IT HAS TWO WATERFRONTS

Boss Kelly's city lies along the southwestern shores of Lake Michigan (above) and on both sides of the mouth of the Chicago River (right). The river apparently was named the *Chickagou* by the Pottawattomie Indians from a sort of wild onion or garlic which grew in profusion along its banks. For many years after the white man came, the river was doomed to keep a

strong smell—not of garlic but of a city's waste. To the white men the river had two important uses. The first was to provide a link between the lake and the Mississippi watershed. In April 1848 the Illinois and Michigan Canal was opened, joining the Chicago with the Des Plaines River, and hence the Illinois and the Mississippi. The river's second use was as a sewer. At first

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**THIS IS WACKER DRIVE. ON THE RIGHT IS MERCHANDISE MART, NEXT TO WASHINGTON'S PENTAGON, THE BIGGEST BUILDING IN WORLD**

Chicagoans merely dumped their garbage into it. Later they made it run backward, away from the lake, carrying their filth upstream with it. They did this merely by digging the canal deeper and setting up a gravity flow westward in the Chicago River. Not until 1900, when the present sewerage system was completed, did Chicago abandon this method of disposal.

Today only the smell of gas and oil and the distant stench of the slaughterhouse swirls over the Chicago River. On its waters move busy traffic serving the city's hundreds of industries. Along its bank rolls the wide, double-decked boulevard called Wacker Drive in honor of the late chairman of the Chicago Planning Commission. The driveway rests on 598 caissons sunk

down through a hundred feet of ooze to bedrock. Along Lake Michigan, where the lake freighters come and where city people swim, runs the famous Outer Drive. In the picture on the opposite page, Outer Drive runs along Lake Shore Drive. It was the late critic Percy Hammond who is supposed to have said: "Lake Shore Drive is the lace fringe on a pair of dirty bloomers."





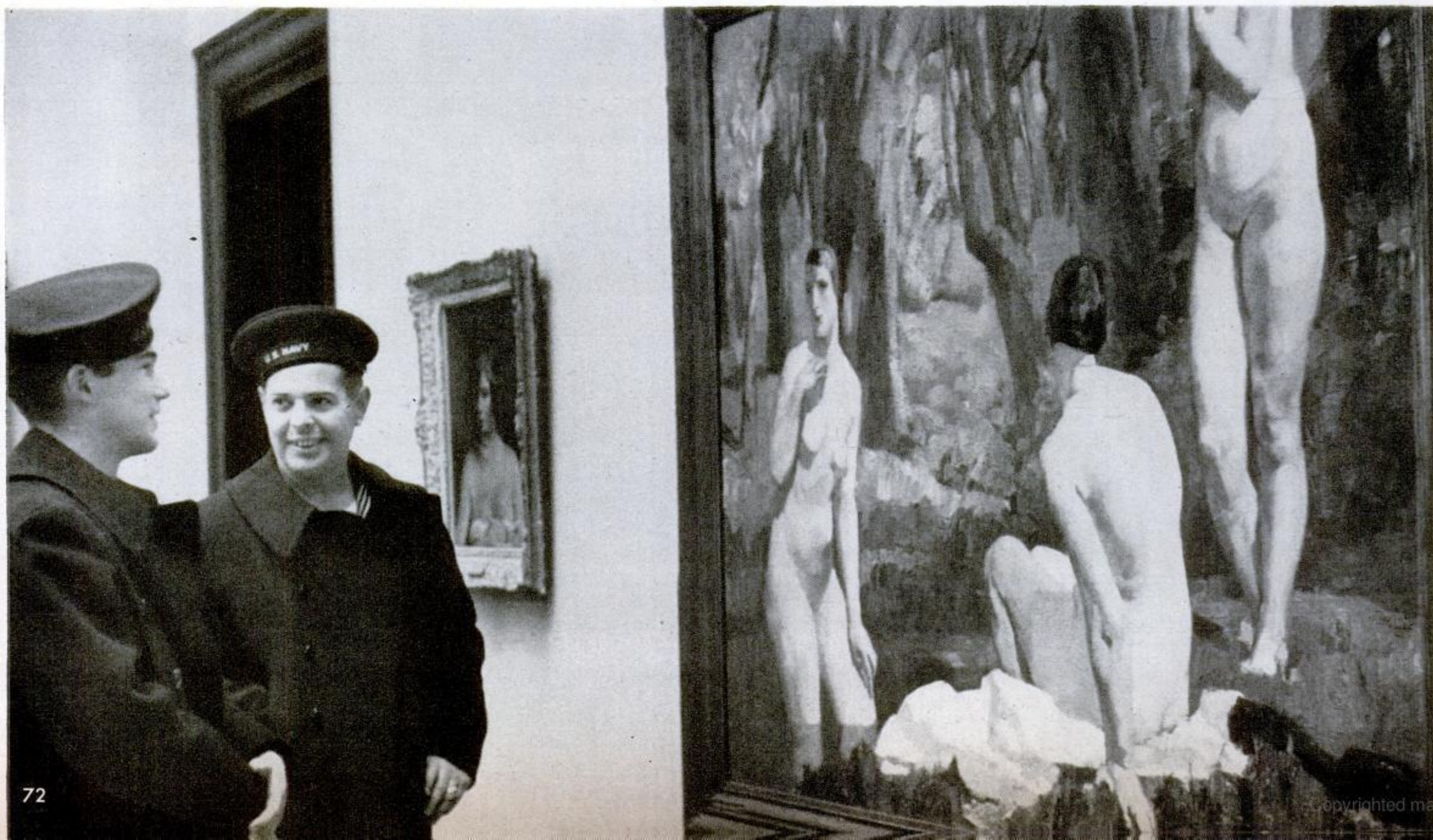
ON OPENING NIGHT CHICAGO SOCIETY FILLS THE BOXES AT THE OPERA HOUSE, WHICH SAMUEL INSULL HELPED BUILD. IT SEATS 3,800

## ITS PLEASURES ARE VARIED

Chicago is the delight of every soldier, sailor and visitor. Whatever their tastes, the city provides entertainment for them all. It has a total of 26 of the best servicemen's centers in the country, four of them under the guidance of the mayor and his wife. For serious thinkers, it has three universities (including the

great University of Chicago), five public libraries, a Symphony Orchestra, 1,650 churches, a Civic Opera Company (*above*), the Chicago Museum of Natural History, the Adler Planetarium, the John G. Shedd Aquarium, the Art Institute of Chicago and a zoo. It also has 136 parks, 12 large beaches, 400 movie houses,

AMONG THE TREASURES OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, FOUNDED 1879, IS THIS PAINTING OF "THE BATHERS" BY ANDRÉ TONDU







THE "CHEZ PAREE ADORABLES," ALWAYS EXPENSIVELY COSTUMED, ARE AMONG THE ATTRACTIONS AT THIS EXPENSIVE, HIGH-CLASS NIGHT CLUB

700 liquor stores, 5,800 saloons. Its night life is internationally famous, ranging from swank show places like Chez Paree (*above*) through the popular strip-tease night clubs like the L & L Cafe, Liberty Inn and the Backstage (*below*), to vicious, run-down joints out State Street, Clark Street and West Madison.

At the opera or in a saloon Mayor Ed Kelly is equally at home. He was born in the smelly back-of-the-yards (stockyards) district, never finished grammar school, went to work at the age of 10 for \$1.75 a week and soon afterward got a job in a saloon at \$3.75 a week. He has worked for the railroads, for construc-

tion companies, for the Chicago Sanitary District and once went into business as an undertaker. In 1930 he was indicted on a \$5,000,000 construction job steal but the indictment was dismissed. His election as mayor was engineered in 1933 by Pat Nash, then boss of Cook County, after Mayor Cermak was murdered in Miami.

"SNOOKY" DOES HER STRIP-TEASE ACT AT THE BACKSTAGE. DURING REPUBLICAN CONVENTION POLICE CAREFULLY PATROLLED CHICAGO'S JOINTS





## KELLY'S CHICAGO (continued)

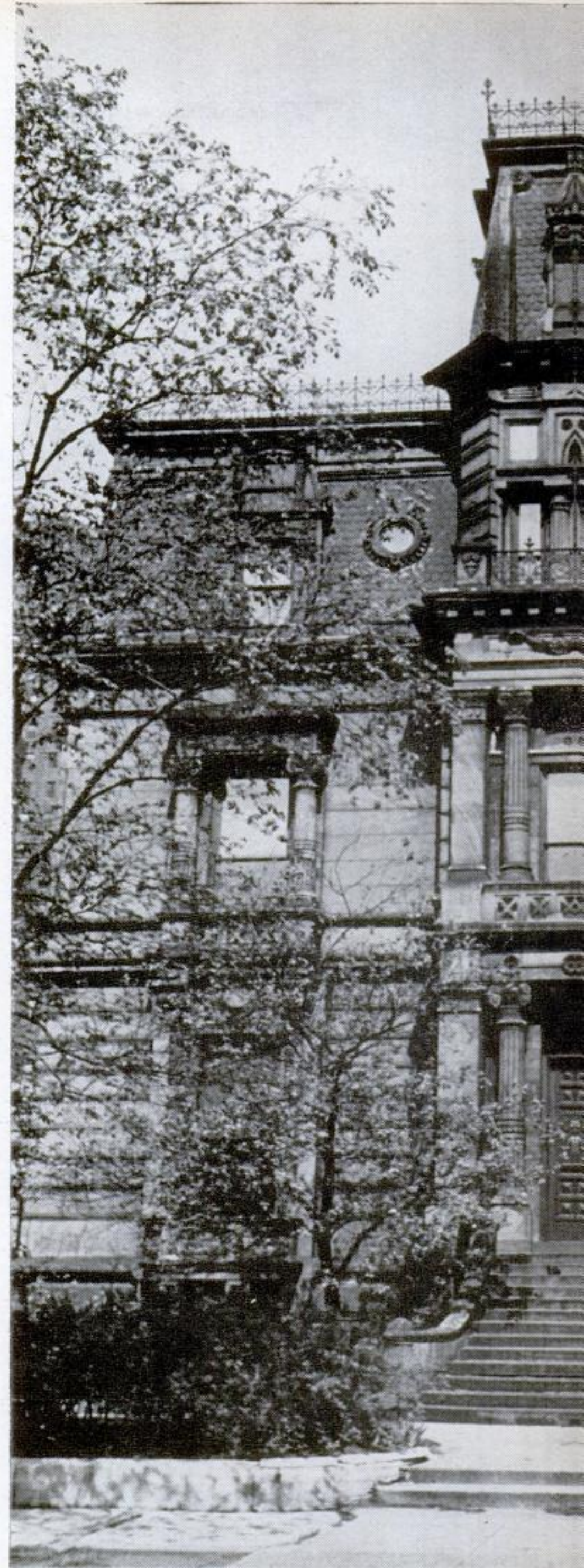
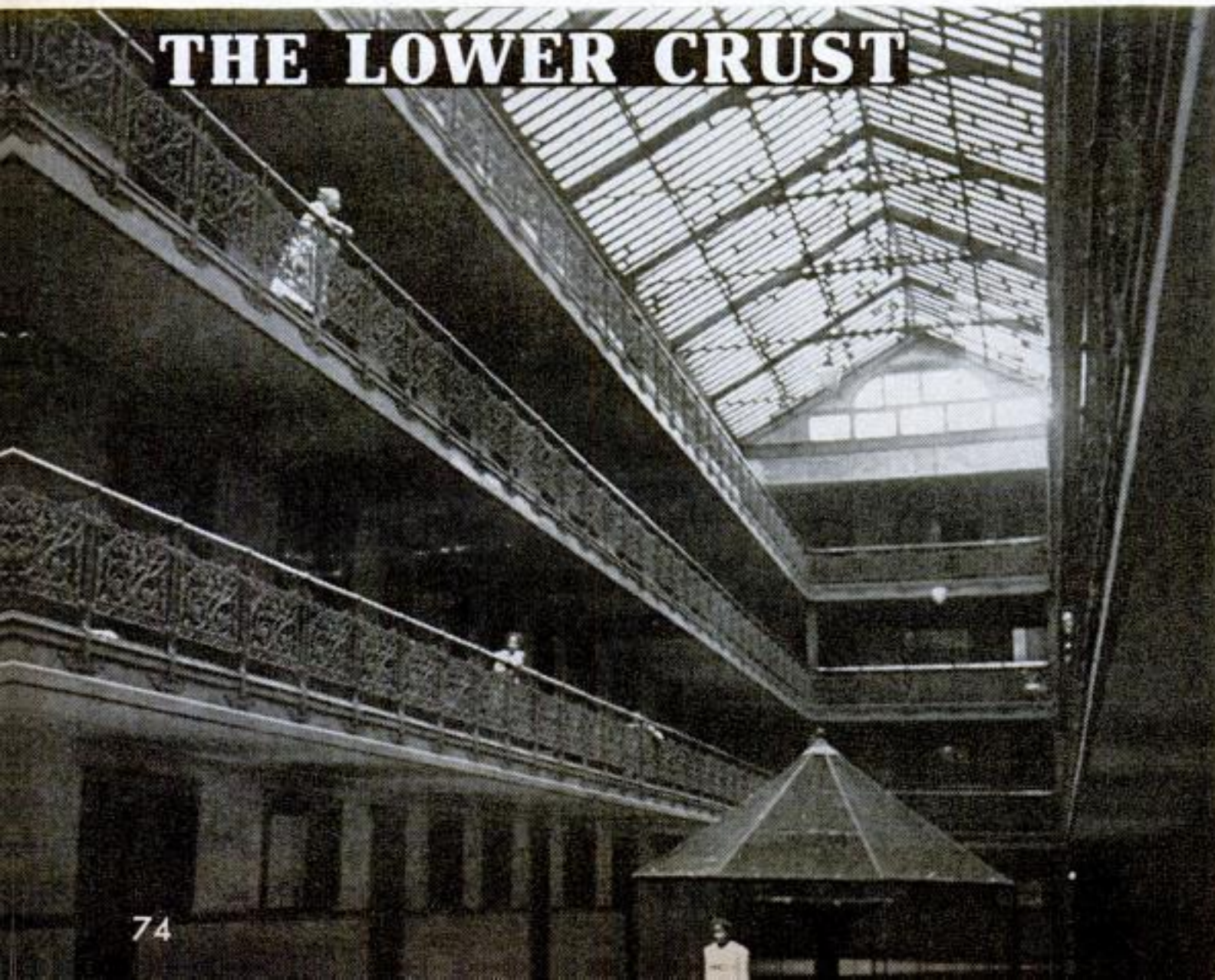
### THE UPPER CRUST



**THE INTELLECTUALS** are represented by President Robert Hutchins (*back row, bow tie*) of the University of Chicago and nine of his most distinguished faculty members. Recently there has been a rift between Hutchins and the faculty over his belief that a university's job is to train students to think, and not necessarily to give them specific knowledge.

**THE NEGROES LIVE** on overcrowded South Side, from which they pushed the whites during and after World War I. This building, called the "mecca," was constructed over 50 years ago to house 600 people, now houses 1,200. It is rickety, unsanitary.

### THE LOWER CRUST



**THE RICH OLD FAMILIES** lived in homes like this one on Rush Street, built by reaper king Cyrus Hall McCormick. It was completed in 1879. A coachhouse now houses McCormick.

**THE POLES LIVE** on West Side near Milwaukee Ave. A Polish landmark is St. Stephens Catholic Church, whose courtyard is shown here arranged in a reproduction of Mt. Carmel cemetery in France. It is among the people shown in bottom row of pictures that Kelly finds his chief support.







Cormick Historical Association. Most old families in Chicago are Republican but get along with Kelly. Colonel McCormick of the *Tribune* was friendly to him until 1943 election.



**THE BUSINESSMEN** are represented by the officers of the old and arch-conservative Pullman Company. David Crawford, president, is second from the left, rear row. Behind

them is a portrait of George M. Pullman, founder, who built first Pullman car in 1864. Before that Pullman lifted the Tremont Hotel up to the level of Chicago's first paved sidewalks.

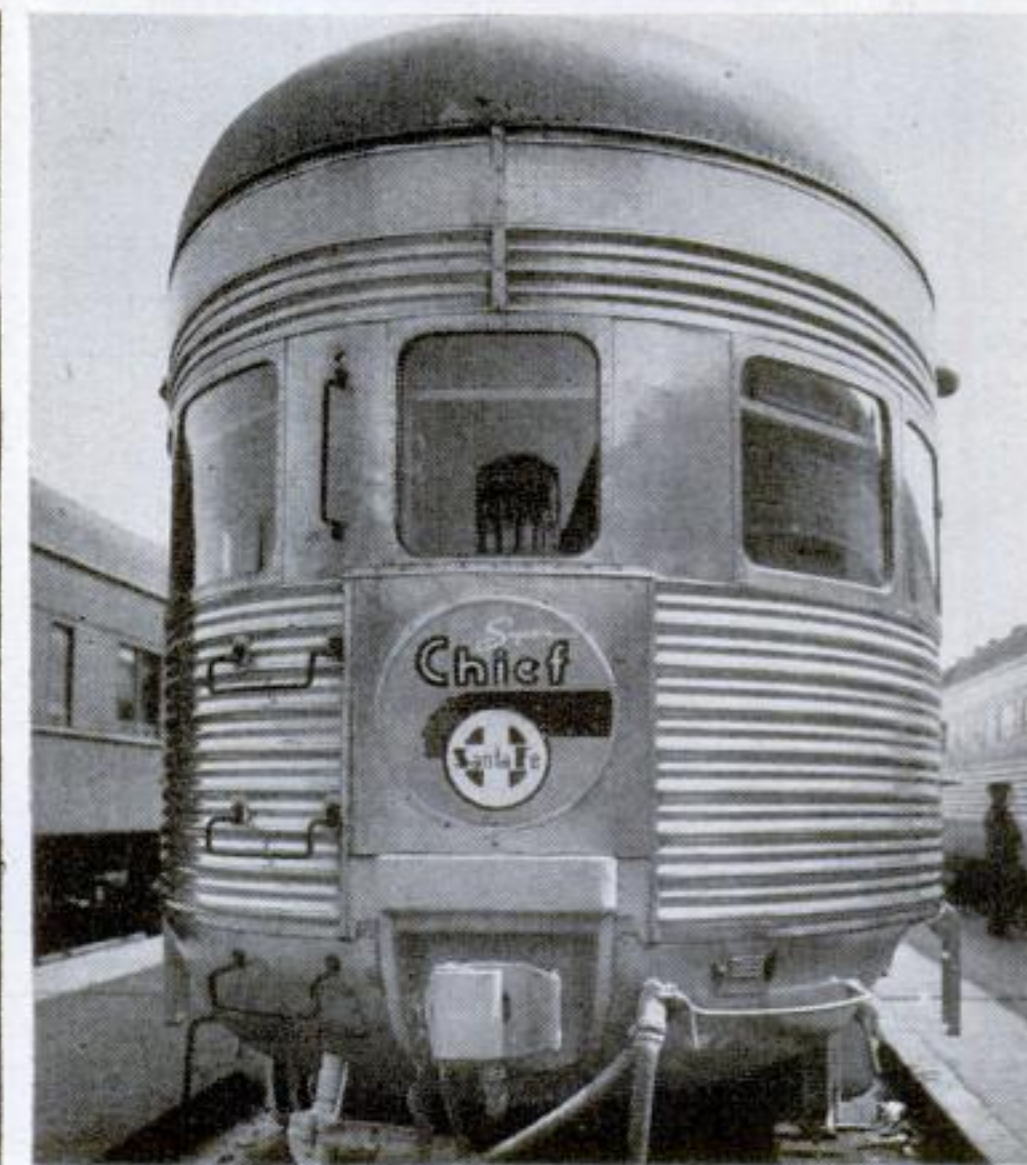
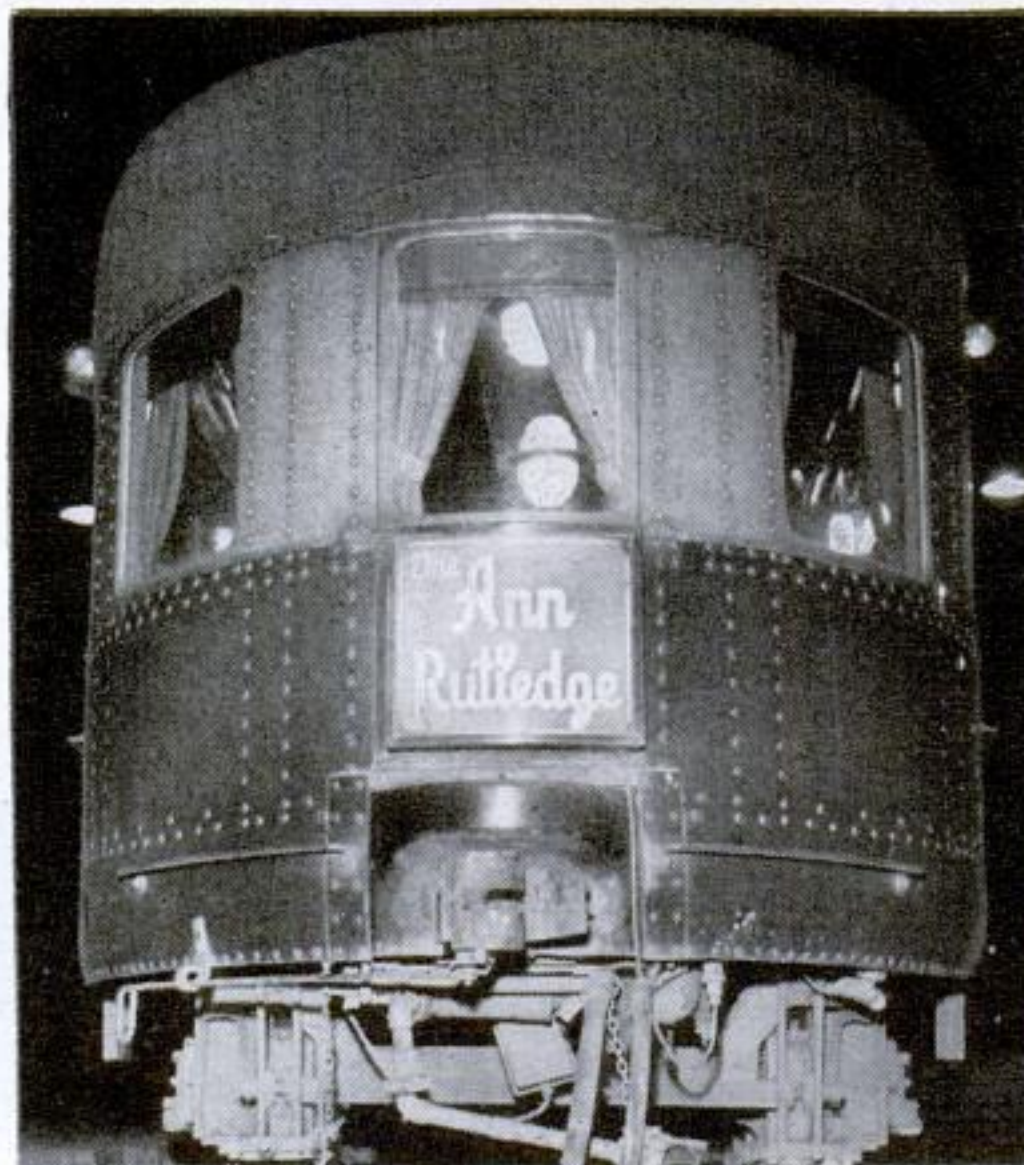
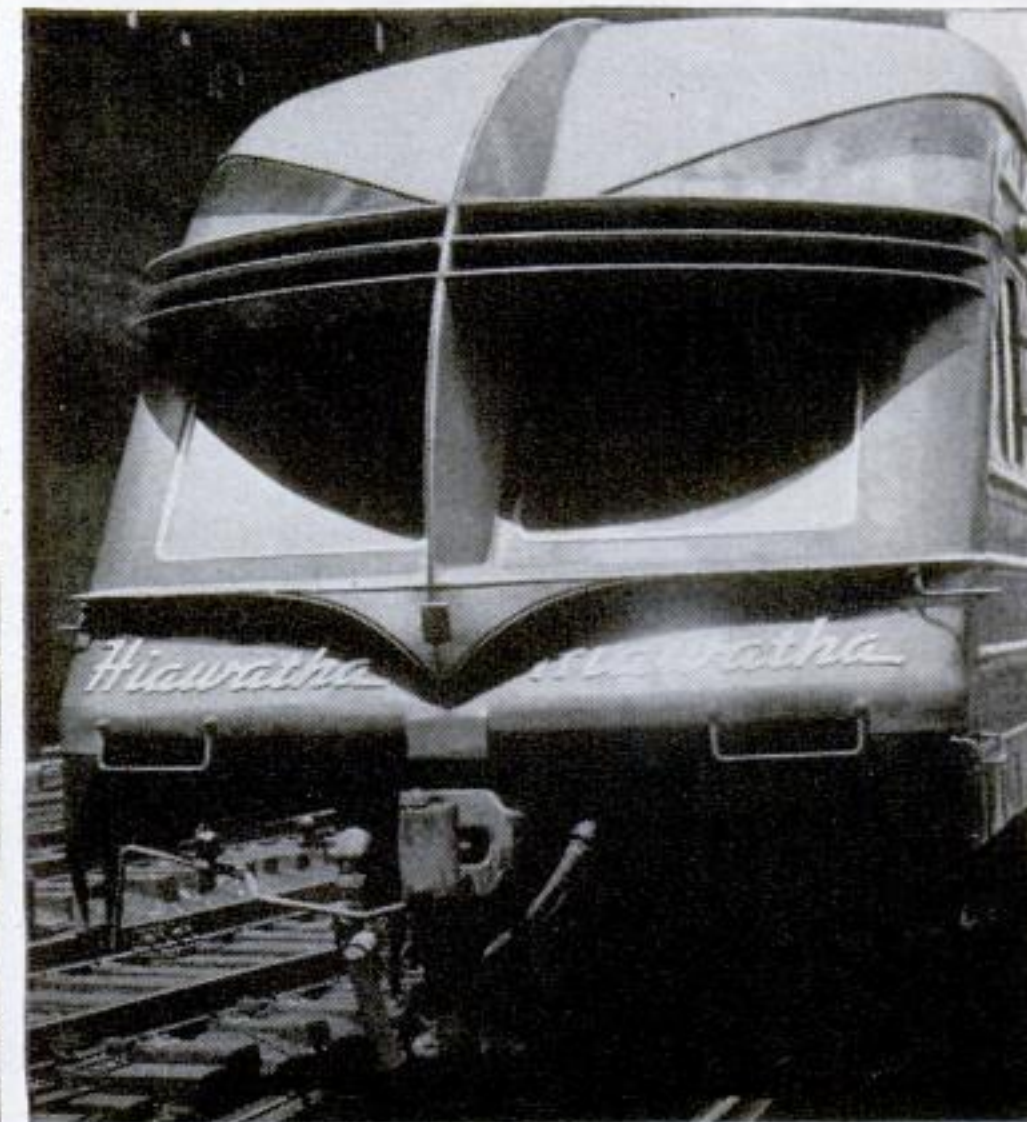
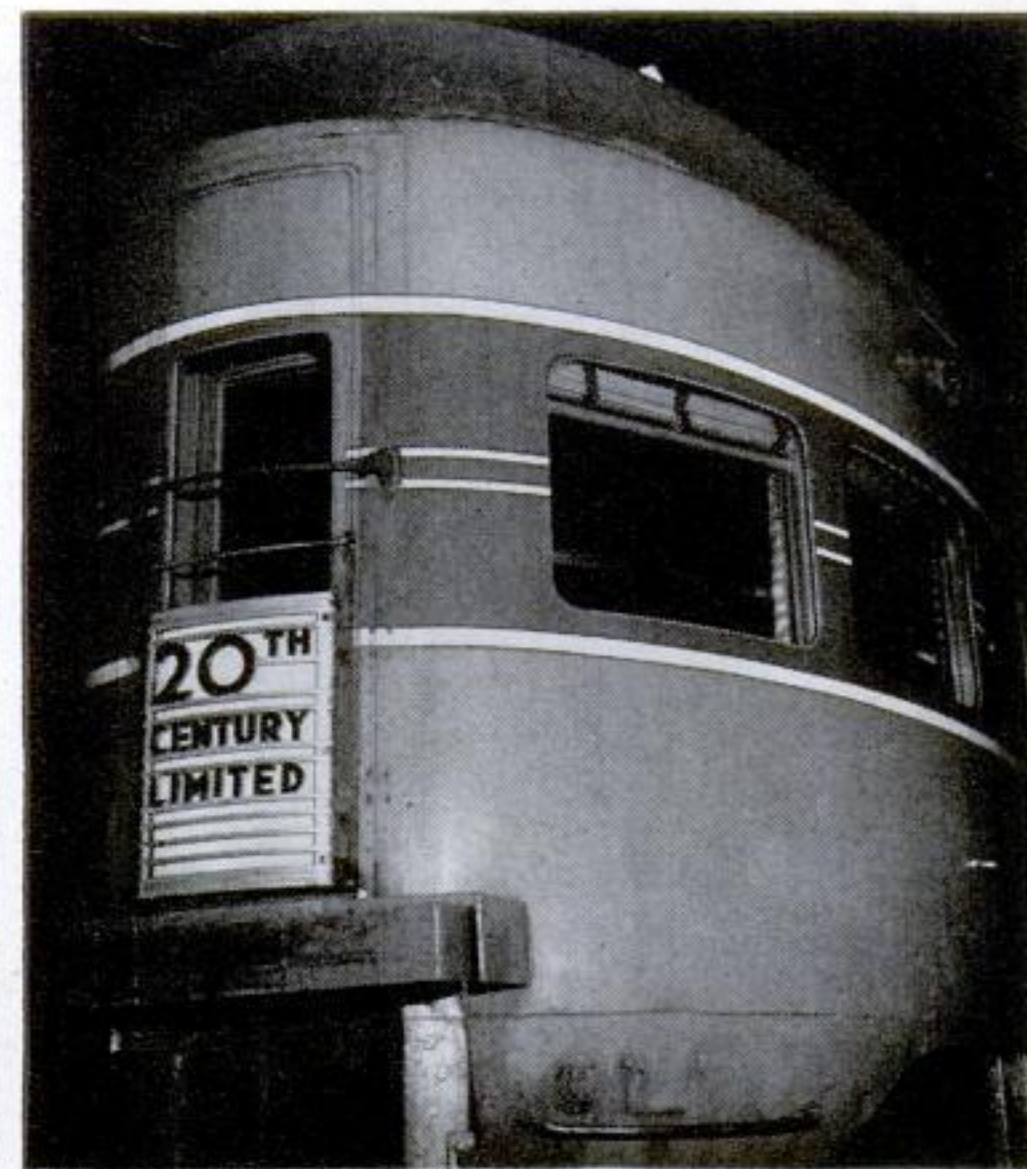
**THE UNIONS** are politically conscious. Here Packinghouse Union meets outside Union Stockyards during lunch hour to draw up complaints against Armour. Stockyards were first built in 1865, many people complaining that Chicago was providing better housing for cows than for human beings.



**ITALIANS LIVE** in a tenement district on the West Side. A plaque on building at left marks spot where great fire of 1871 started. Story says Mrs. O'Leary's cow upset a lantern. When the fire was over, 98,500 Chicagoans had been burned out of homes.







# THE CITY IS THE BIGGEST RAILROAD HUB IN THE WORLD

The railroads emptying into Chicago drain a continent. They come from New York, Washington, New Orleans and San Francisco. There are the Burlington, Santa Fé, New York Central, Pennsylvania, B & O, Rock Island and many more. Each day their crack trains (*above*) move in and out of six major terminals. Every 24 hours more than 1,500 passenger trains use the Chicago stations and 2,500 freight trains, with 45,000 freight cars, are handled daily in the Chicago area. Every one of the 22 major trunk lines entering Chicago terminates in it. There are no through lines. It is the greatest railroad center in the world.

But Kelly's Chicago is a seething metropolis for many more reasons than its railroads. It is the factory

and market place of the entire, fabulously rich Middle West. It has steel and rolling mills, meat-packing plants, printing presses, petroleum refineries, machine shops, candy producers, factories for making automobile parts, radios, phonographs, paints, electrical goods. In a normal week it kills 27,000 cattle, 7,200 calves, 145,000 hogs, 42,000 sheep and lambs. In one year it has slaughtered as many as 18,653,539 head of livestock. The Chicago yards are the world's largest in receipts of cattle and hogs.

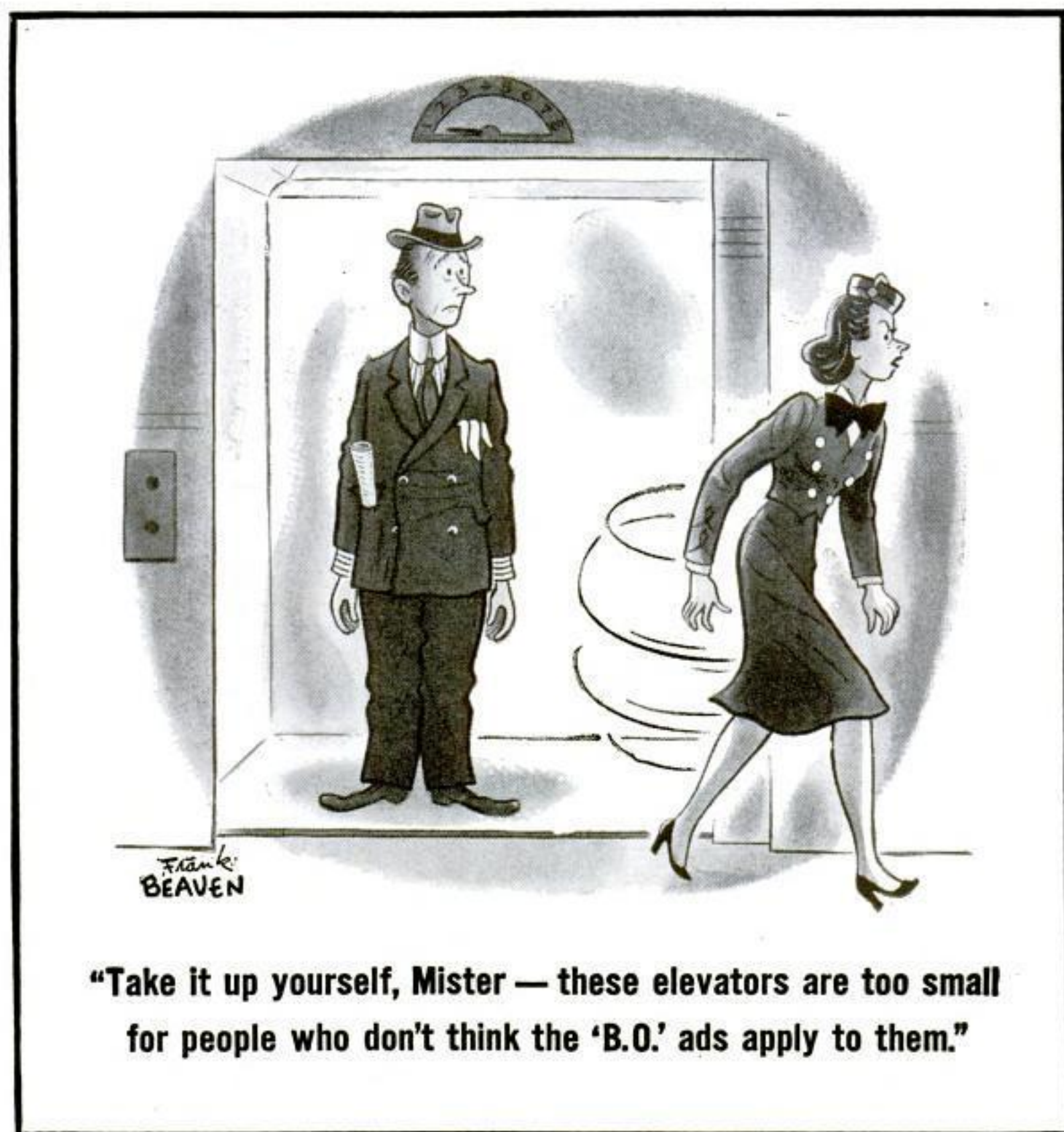
But there is other slaughter, too. In 1928 there were 399 murders. Last year there were 169. This year there have been 104. That is one of Chicago's many problems. Mayor Kelly is striving to solve that one, too.





**LOCOMOTIVES PUFF DAY AND NIGHT IN DEARBORN STATION**





"Take it up yourself, mister," she said. And who can blame her! Nobody likes "B.O." Yet *anyone* can be guilty because *everyone* perspires. And the hotter the weather, the *more* you perspire—the *more* you need Lifebuoy's special protection. Use Lifebuoy in your daily bath or shower. It's the *only* soap especially made to stop "B.O."



ROOF OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE HOVERS OVER LIGHT CARRIER UNDER ATTACK.

## TASK FORCE 58

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

lines of the tracer bullets in the dusk, a Japanese plane became apparent an instant later, about a thousand yards astern of us. For a space of perhaps two long seconds the outline of the plane grew larger as it came in directly toward us. Then there was a flash of fire, followed by a spout of water as it hit the sea.

A moment later there was a deafening roar which came apparently from a spot about two inches from my left ear. Now, from a reclining position on the narrow deck, I looked up just in time to see a twin-engined plane flash past overhead at a distance of perhaps 20 yards, followed by a streak of red fire from our own batteries. This Japanese plane, which had come in off our port bow while we looked the other way, banked and dipped as it skimmed over the water away from us. Getting back on our feet we saw it explode into a second lively bonfire on the smooth dark sea.

All of us, looking down over the rail at this point, observed a peculiar ripple in the water a few feet off the beam. What this ripple was I had no idea until it had passed, parallel to the ship, out of my sight, hidden by a projecting gun gallery. An intelligence officer standing at my right then said to me quietly, "Did you see that torpedo wake?" I answered that I had.

Then I discovered that, in fact, I had missed the show entirely. On our side of the bridge the most disturbing objects had been a Japanese torpedo bomber at 20 yards and a torpedo at 20 feet. On the port side, on the other hand, another Japanese torpedo plane had come in directly at the ship from almost dead ahead. Our own guns or those of another ship had hit this plane before it reached us. It had burst into flame just ahead of our bow and then flown down the entire length of our flight deck, about 30 feet above it, burning so furiously that the heat of the flames made a hot wind in the faces of onlookers who had had no time to duck as it passed the bridge. The Japanese pilot, who was probably dead by the time the plane passed over our flight deck, had obviously tried to make a suicide dive in his last conscious instant. The plane had begun to tip its right wing as it passed the bridge but, in crashing, it missed the deck by 20 feet or so and hit the water a few yards off our stern.

**June 16.** Widhelm tells me he has bet a thousand dollars that the Japanese fleet, whose movement was reported four days ago, will not only turn up but engage us in a carrier duel. This bet has been covered by several fighter pilots, who are hoping such a duel will materialize so that they can improve their scores of Japanese planes shot down.

**June 17.** The exact location and intention of the Japanese fleet were the chief topics of scuttlebutt today on the bridge and elsewhere. Indications seem to show that the fleet consists of two major units which joined together northeast of the Philippines. It comprises perhaps nine carriers populated by about 450 planes as its main striking instrument. With them of course is the usual complement of bat-

JAPANESE PLANE CRASHES IN SEA (SPLASH IN CENTER) IN FRONT OF CARRIER.







IN LEFT CENTER U. S. PLANE CIRCLES TO LAND ON CARRIER OFF TO LEFT

tleships, cruisers, destroyers and oilers, up to a total of perhaps 50. Our surface forces and the Japanese will certainly not meet at all until after the carrier planes have battled at a long range; and not even then if the side that loses the carrier battle can contrive to get away.

**June 18.** Church services were held today, which apparently is Sunday. The chaplain said he expected them to be well attended and they were. The hymns seemed to be a bit on the sombre side: *Lead, kindly Light amid the encircling gloom* and, of course, the one about the perils of the sea. After the services the loudspeaker issued an order: "Unrig church!"

Tonight we swung back on an eastward course, apparently paralleling or slightly converging with the course of the Japanese. General quarters at dusk were attended with considerable tension but nothing happened. A battle tomorrow, however, looks like a reasonable certainty.

**June 19.** It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to convey what happens on board a carrier during a major battle. The battle fought by our task force today resulted in the destruction of 402 Japanese planes and 27 of ours. This represented not only the all-time record for a carrier action, but the world's all-time one-day record for plane destruction and was more than twice as big as the one established on the September day in 1940 when the Germans lost 185 planes in the London blitz. Our own contribution to the day's total, 45 planes, also approached a record for a single carrier's air group. Yet any civilian's idea of the way in which this activity was reflected on board ship would almost surely be at variance with the facts. The day was different from other days, but the difference expressed itself in not more but less commotion than usual, as though the ship had been the theoretically static point at the hub of a wheel or the calm at the center of a storm.

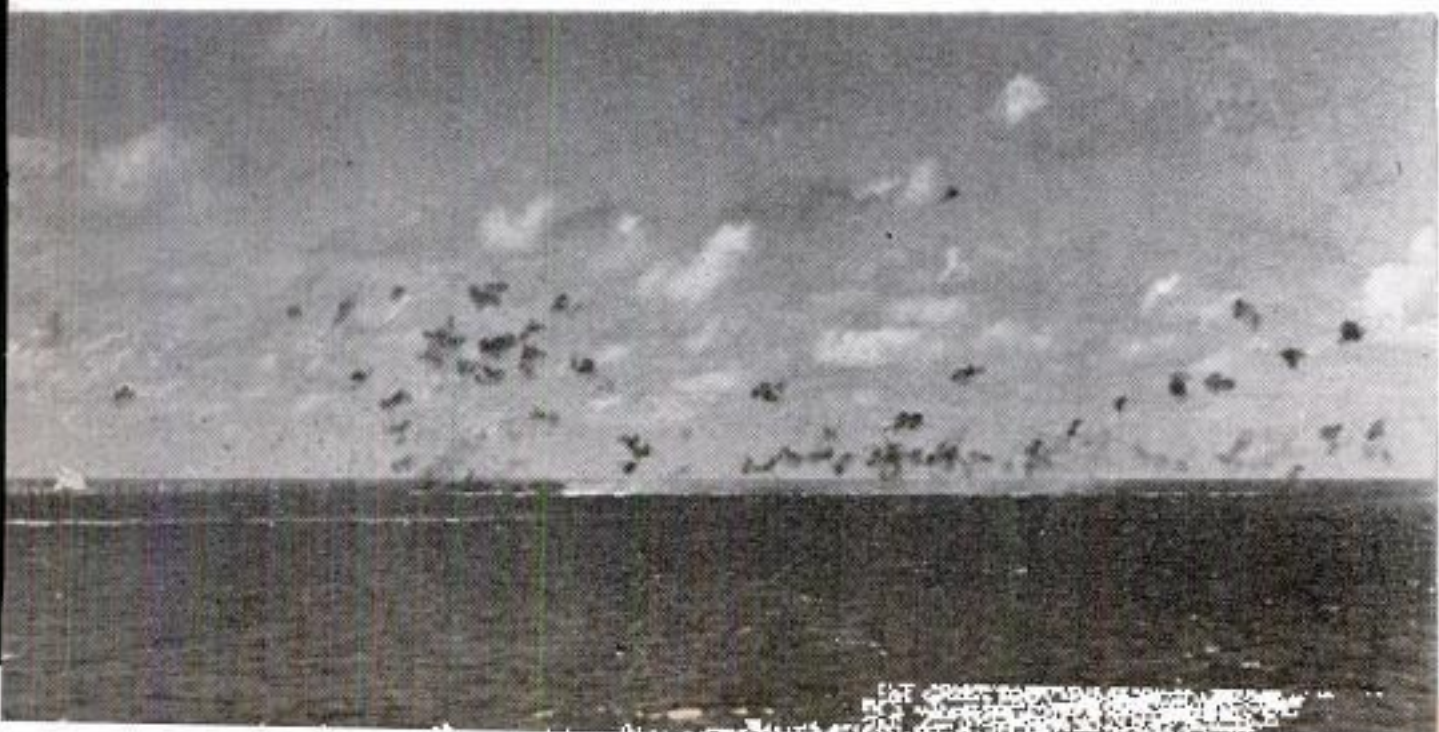
General quarters sounded shortly after reveille. At their battle stations, guncrews and deckhands, machinists and messboys discussed the situation and learned by the ship's grapevine that the Japanese fleet had not yet been located but that it probably would be in the course of the day.

The flag bridge to which I had been assigned as a battle station, was, of course, the origin of the best scuttlebutt on the ship. When I got there Admiral Marc Mitscher, his baseball cap pulled down well over his eyes, was already perched in his usual position, facing aft, hunched up in a little chair. In flag plot, the room for which the bridge made a veranda on three sides, Captains Burke and Hedding, chief and deputy chief of staff respectively, were seated together on a leather sofa, talking. The room was full of the harsh buzz of the intership radio. A yeoman sat quietly at a desk in the corner taking down a stenographic record of this talk between ships. Other officers sat at the plotting desk or tinkered with various gadgets, gauges or radios with which flag plot is furnished.

In the hour between darkness and complete daylight, which I spent either in flag plot or on the bridge itself, I got a fairly clear picture of the situation in the course of chats with several officers. While we did not yet know the exact position of the Japanese fleet, we were reasonably sure that it was approximately due west of us, about 350 miles away. All of the task groups in our task force—each

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TRAIL OF SMALL SPLASHES IS FROM ANTIAIRCRAFT FIRE OF CARRIER AT LEFT



"Darling, I'll go on acting with you forever now that you're rid of your scratchy '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

Ah yes, the lovely ladies are particular. They expect your grooming to match theirs. They find it hard to get emotional over the man with "5 o'clock Shadow"!

Hey—wait! There's no reason for you to despair. Just switch to genuine Gem Blades. Gem's the sturdy, thicker blade with the super-keen edge that puts your face at its best and keeps it that way far longer. Try Gem.



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**GEM**  
RAZORS and BLADES

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# You were such a pretty baby!

YOU HAD THE BLUEST EYES, the softest cheeks, the most enchanting smile. I loved you the minute I saw you.

And like all fathers, I wanted to give you everything in the world . . . the stars to play with, the moon on a silver platter, a beautiful dream every night.

Something interfered with a lot of my plans, baby; there were too many birthdays made up of makeshifts before things started breaking my way. But maybe *this* birthday, the fur coat I saw you admire will make up for all the other times you pressed your little nose against shop windows . . . looking wide-eyed at treasures beyond our reach.

Maybe that very becoming Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is saying it all for me, my darling — saying that I always wanted to give you beautiful things.

You were such a very pretty baby!

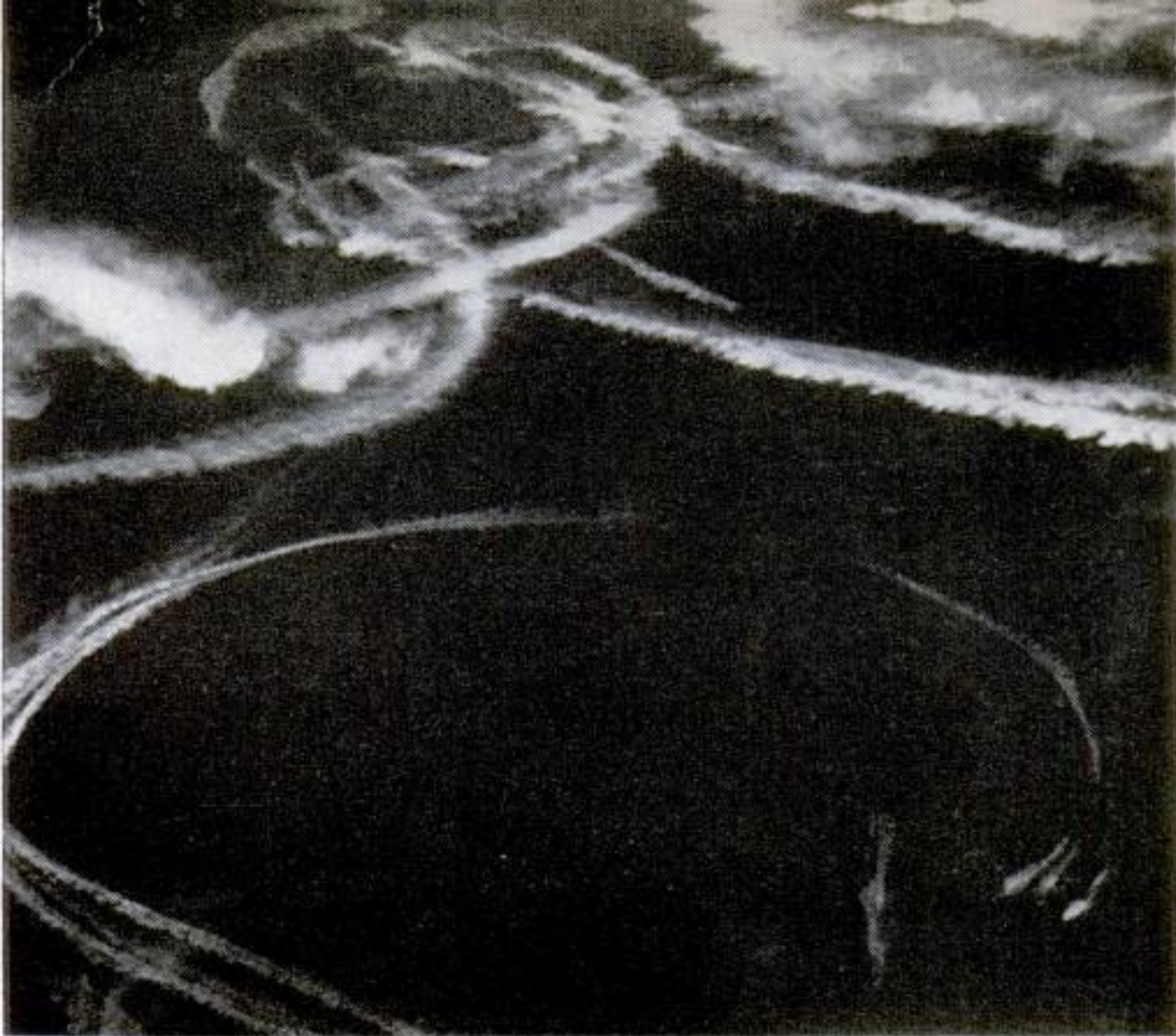
## HOLLANDER

*Furs*



KEEP THEIR BEAUTY . . . LONGER

YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM



Vapor trails in sky over carrier on day of big air battle are made by fighters patrolling in slow turns at high altitude. Other fighters went out to intercept Japanese planes.

### TASK FORCE 58 (continued)

group composed of several carriers and a complement of escort vessels—were massed between the enemy and the string of islands to our east and northeast, of which the closest was Guam. To stay between our Marine invasion on Saipan and the Japanese fleet, we had been on an easterly course all the night before. This had the positive advantage of protecting our forces on the island but the probable disadvantage of preventing us from getting in close enough to the Japanese fleet to deliver the first blow—as important in a carrier duel as it is in a barroom brawl—by means of a dawn attack. Our position also gave the Japanese an opportunity, of somewhat doubtful value as it developed, to fly their planes over us, land at Guam, reload and refuel and then shuttle back to their carriers, striking at us a second time en route.

After breakfast tension about the battle began to drop. It began to seem quite credible that the Japanese fleet had really never been on hand at all, or that it had withdrawn on getting wind of the size of our force or that, for one reason or another, no battle would materialize. Officers left the wardroom tables to shave, take showers or to nap for a few minutes. I was back in my room dozing comfortably half an hour later when around 9 o'clock two blasts on the boat-swain's pipe and then the loud repeated bell of the general-quarters signal sounded for the second time. This, everyone knew at once, meant that enemy planes had been spotted; and that the battle, after all, was to happen.

In flag plot, by the time I got there, the situation was clear enough. "Bogeys" were approaching us in two large groups of undetermined size. Admiral Mitscher, sitting now in the corner of the leather sofa in flag plot, wore a slightly grim smile. "Are you excited?" he asked me. I said that I was. The admiral made a small sound that was half a growl and half a laugh. "So am I," he said.

About 10 minutes after the fighters took off we learned that they had sighted a group of Japanese planes closing on the task force from the west. At about the same time, from the starboard side of the bridge where I was standing, tiny puffs of smoke began to be discernible along the horizon where ships in another task group were already firing their antiaircraft guns. The puffs mounted into the sky; other puffs, larger now, rose from ships at the edge of our own group. Suddenly the firing became audible, as the cruiser off our starboard quarter began shooting. I followed the horizontal flicker of tracer bullets, barely perceptible in the bright sunlight and saw the first Japanese plane, a torpedo bomber, coming in low over the water. When still well astern of the cruiser and a good half mile astern of us, the plane hit the water and vanished in a little puff of smoke and spray.

After the narrow escapes from torpedo bombers we had had a few nights before, I found this spectacle not only interesting but reassuring. However, before there was time to appreciate it properly, a new line of antiaircraft fire, this time closer and higher in the sky, indicated the presence of another Japanese plane. En route between two cloud patches the Japanese plane began to smoke. When it emerged from the second cloud the smoke stream was thicker. Suddenly a line of fire flashed along the fuselage, went out and then flashed again, brightly now, along the length of the plane, which banked sharply and began to dive toward the water. The pilot tried to dive on the cruiser whose fire had apparently brought him down. Plunging in a vertical blaze, he missed her bow by only a hundred yards or so and the geyser of water that extinguished his plane must almost have splashed her deck.





**Torpedo plane lands** on carrier at dusk. After main attack on Japanese fleet, Mitscher's planes had to land in darkness with gas supply perilously low. Some crash-landed in sea.

The destruction of the first two planes was spectacular enough but the end of the third, which followed about a minute later, might have been designed in Hollywood. This time the Japanese, another dive bomber, came in toward us on our starboard beam. Both ships on that side of us began firing simultaneously in two long needles of tracer bullets. For a moment the plane seemed to be held up by a delicate pair of tongs. Then suddenly, without warning of smoke or flame, it exploded in a bright flash and fell in three pieces.

Shortly after this event the combat information center gave the ship a summary of reports from farther afield. It appeared now, after the battle had been going on for an hour or less, that two separate groups of about 40 Japanese planes had been completely obliterated by our intercepting fighters, in addition to the three which had penetrated far enough to be put out of action by the ships. We also heard that a group of fighters from another carrier had flushed a covey of 16 Zeros, once the most dreaded Japanese weapon, and splashed 15 of them in less than 10 minutes. For the next hour or two we sat either on the bridge or in the flag plot, listening to more encouraging reports of the same kind. Meanwhile, over the ship's loudspeaker the executive officer announced in a matter-of-fact tone that the water-distilling system, which had been temporarily out of order, had now been repaired; two swarms of fighters landed and took off again; and about one o'clock a mess boy appeared in flag plot with a large platter of ham, beef and jam sandwiches and a pitcher of first-rate lemonade which he served from a tray on the plotting table.

From talk during lunch in the flag plot, I got what turned out to be a well-founded impression of what was going on in the air around us. The Japanese had apparently indeed planned to run a shuttle-bombing service between their carriers and Guam, at our expense. Unfortunately for them, however, they had set out to do this by sending in their planes in groups of 12 to 50 or so; and whereas out of a huge group of 300 a few would have been almost certain to have reached us, these comparatively little clumps were without exception entirely at the mercy of our more numerous interceptors.

According to the movies, fighter pilots in ready rooms spend a good part of their time gritting their teeth, giving each other keepsakes to take back to their families and nerving themselves for the supreme sacrifice. In fact nothing of this sort occurs. Between briefings the pilots sit sprawled out playing cribbage or a Navy variation of backgammon called acey-deucey, solving crossword puzzles or languidly discussing business or amatory matters. Far from regarding their profession as sacrificial, they view its hazards in rather the same way that steeplejacks, coal miners or riveters presumably do, as occupational risks surmountable by skill and alertness. Nor is this admirably functional point of view wholly unjustified, as indicated by the fact that, in the battle of June 19, our carrier's total loss was one plane, whose pilot was rescued from the water.

During the biggest aerial battle in history, our ready rooms were emptier than usual but otherwise no different from other days. Coming back from strikes, the pilots usually stopped to have a drink of pineapple juice or a sandwich at the canteen just outside the door. Then they came in, took a look at the score chalked upon a blackboard and gave a brief version of their activities to one of the intelligence officers who were trying to keep track of what was going on outside. The fighter pilots, especially eager to run up their individual and the squadron scores, were in a hurry to get back into the air. Indeed, from their attitude it would have been reasonable to guess that they were engaged not in a battle at all but in some especially fast and exciting game, like polo or hockey.

Toward 5 o'clock, reports from other ships indicated that the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

-the girl he can't forget



-the girl with a  
**Solitair-lovely complexion**

"Goodbye, my dearest," need not be the end of romance. Because memory-pictures of you, unforgettably lovely with a Solitair complexion, go with him in his heart, *always*. Let him remember:

**SAND SUNNING**—your complexion as golden-hued as the sun itself. Thanks to Solitair, your make-up looks fresh and NATURAL in the sun, even on warm, humid days



**TWO HEARTS in HARMONY**—your complexion as sweet as the song. Thanks to Solitair, your make-up stays smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.



**STAR COUNTING**  
with the **TOP DOWN**—  
your complexion as radiant as the star-spangled night. Thanks to Solitair's LANOLIN richness, your make-up is perfectly blended, your skin guarded against dryness

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It Needs No Brush  
Not Greasy or Sticky

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You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

### ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

### SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

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## TASK FORCE 58 (continued)

almost incredible figures of the Japanese disaster had reached a total well above 300 planes and it was clear that the attack had fairly well spent itself. About 5:30, "secure from general quarters" sounded. Men who were not on watch swarmed below to wash and clean up for the late supper. For several previous days, ever since it had been known that the Japanese fleet was on the move, wardroom conversation had been rather scanty and subdued by tension. Now the tension was removed and the hum of talk at the four long, white-clothed tables was noticeably louder. Except for this and the fact that the entree was steak, the supper was much like every other. The pilot who had sat beside me at breakfast was absent, apparently on a flight; another pilot sat down at the other end of the table and someone asked how he had done. "Not bad—got two," said the pilot to the officer who had asked him. Then in exactly the same tone he said to the mess boy who asked him how he wanted his steak, "Not too rare."

After supper I went to the bridge in order to listen to the learned postmortems of the day's activities which were being conducted there. Satisfaction in the magnificent performance by the fighters and the destruction of the Japanese carrier force—estimated to have been about 75% obliterated in the course of the day—was tempered by the fact that circumstances had robbed this victory of some of its rewards. Exposing the landings on Saipan to attack by the Japanese fleet would, of course, have been an unjustifiable risk. Still, had it been taken, the Japanese fleet would now have been to the east instead of to the west of us. With its carriers defenseless and its battleships and cruisers far outnumbered by ours, it would also have been completely at our mercy; and then instead of having won the biggest air battle in history, Mitscher's task force would have won, in fact, a war.

While the day's fighting was being thrashed out in conversation not only on the bridge of the carrier but also through the whole ship and perhaps through the whole world, Admiral Mitscher, who was after all chiefly responsible for it, remained perched on his little chair, facing aft on the port side of the flag bridge. At about 9 o'clock, when it was completely dark, he slid off it, stepped deliberately into flag plot, lit a cigaret and sat down on the corner of the leather sofa. With Hedding and Burke he discussed briefly the outline of the next day's action—night searches by long-range planes based at Saipan and an attack search to be launched at dawn. At 9:30 Mitscher got up from the transom to start down to his sea cabin but at that moment a report of a last bogey came in and he sat down again, still wearing his slightly grim, interested smile, to await the news of its destruction. "You know," the admiral said, "tomorrow I'm going to get a haircut. Personally I hate barbers. I hate them like hell. But all the same, tomorrow I'm going to get a haircut."

**June 20.** Through the whole of yesterday's fight, no one ever actually sighted the Japanese ships; indeed there was still some question, after the biggest air fight on record, as to whether Widhelm could even collect his thousand-dollar bet since, technically, there was no proof that it had been a carrier duel at all.

Our searches went out early in the morning but up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon, none of them had any success. Having stayed up most of last night, I went below for a nap. At about 4 I was awakened by the loudspeaker directing Lieut. Commander Myers to dial 006. Such messages, I had learned, usually meant activity of an interesting sort so I was on the alert for what would be coming next. The loudspeaker presently said: "All fighter pilots report to the ready room immediately." Then it said: "All torpedo-bomber pilots report to the ready room immediately." Then it said: "All dive-bomber pilots report to the ready room immediately."

In flag plot, I learned that search planes from another carrier had at last found the Japanese fleet 250 miles to the northwest of us. Our previous searches, sent farther out, had missed them entirely. Apparently the Japanese had stopped to fuel heading into the wind from the east and, being much closer to us than we had any right to expect, had escaped detection on this account. Mitscher had had his haircut and also made a plan. He called for an immediate combined attack of 100 or so dive and torpedo bombers, escorted by fighter planes in case there were any fighters left on the Japanese carriers. The attack was timed to leave at about 4:30, reach the Japanese about 6:30 and get back to our carriers a couple of hours later. The last part of the plan was even riskier than the attack itself. At night, carriers are hard to find and landings on them difficult in any case. On this occasion, our planes would be nearly out of gas, since the attack was to be made with heavy loads at close to maximum range. The objective, however, seemed to justify the risk.

The interval of four hours or so between the time the planes took

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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**Try Hot Dan's quick, easy salad dressing**

Beat together until light and fluffy . . .

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- 2 tbsp. light cream or evaporated milk
- 2 tbsp. sugar
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**94% of Sun's Infra-red Filtered Out with Solarex Scientific Sun Glasses**

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"First Show"—2 words that mean high hope



2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"



Like a kindly nature, the smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"—for this whiskey is smoothed at every step by a special refinement in its distilling. Then it is cask-smoothed four full years. Walker's DeLuxe is scarce now, for the distillery is making war alcohol and pre-war stocks must be made to last. But, come times of plenty, all America will find Walker's DeLuxe the two word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

*Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.*





Lieut. (j.g.) Warren Mc Lellan parachuted from burning torpedo plane in middle of enemy task force, saw entire battle, was rescued after 14 hours in the water.



Lieut. (j.g.) Alexander Vraciu destroyed six Japanese planes with 300 shots in air battle west of Guam on June 19, brought his score to 18, highest for carrier pilots.

## TASK FORCE 58 (continued)

off and the time they began to return was, on our carrier, a period of suspense even more intense and unrelieved than the periods of waiting in yesterday's battle. No word came back until around 7 o'clock when a message was relayed from Lieut. Commander Ralph Weymouth, commanding our dive bombers, to the effect that hits had been made and fires seen on four Japanese carriers. General quarters had been sounded. Admiral Mitscher sat on his windy bridge rubbing his chin from time to time. Between 7 and 7:30 he smoked three cigarettes, taking them carefully from his leather case and lighting each with a wooden match, cupped under the box, on the first attempt. Shortly after dusk, a flight of four combat patrol planes came in to our deck and others landed on other carriers. At about this time also the lights of the first planes returning from the strike at the Japanese fleet began to sparkle in the west like little green and red jewels against the last dim light of sunset.

Before landing on a carrier, planes circle the ship and come in low over the stern where an extremely responsible officer directs them with two small, brightly painted paddles, which he holds in outstretched hands. At a certain point, the landing signal officer makes a gesture which tells the pilot to cut off his motor. It is a cardinal rule of carriers that the pilot obey instantly. His plane then drops to the deck where a hook affixed under its tail catches one of several cables stretched across the deck, bringing it to an abrupt stop. Deck hands disengage the cable, the plane taxis toward the bow and, as it does so, the signal officer on the stern flags in another one.

Tonight as the ring of planes circling our deck grew larger and larger, everyone on the ship knew that all of the planes in the circle were down to their last few drops of gasoline. The great hazard of night landings is a deck crash which interrupts the rhythm of the landing intervals. Our first half-dozen planes landed safely. The seventh was a visitor from another ship—on such occasions pilots are ordered to land on the first carrier they spy and our deck, being bigger than most, attracted more such guests than any other. This pilot came in high. The signalman on the stern gave him a wave-off, *i.e.*, a signal instructing him not to land. Because he was wounded, out of gas and dead tired, the pilot ignored it and cut his motor a moment later than he should have. The plane consequently missed the cables. It was stopped instead by parked planes at the bow. Riding into one of these, its propeller killed a rear-seat gunner, who a few seconds before had felt himself safe at last from the most dangerous flight he had ever undertaken. Searchlights were turned on the wreck from the bridge. Within 10 minutes another corpse, that of a deck hand, had been pulled out of the wreckage, and the rhythm of the landings was resumed.

The deck crash on our carrier was the most spectacular single incident observable on our ship. It was a microscopic detail in an hour of such eerie and eccentric horror which, for the pilots who went through it successfully, outweighed the appalling risks of the mission which had preceded it.

Shortly after the deck crash, I felt my way down a darkened ladder and along a dim and winding passageway to the dive-bomber ready room. On the way I passed the ship's surgeon and several stretcher-bearers, lowering the wounded men to the hangar deck to be taken to sick bay. A few feet farther along, behind a door, still on stretchers but completely wrapped in sheets, were the bodies of the two men who had been killed. When I reached the ready room, Weymouth was telling an intelligence officer about the bombing of the fleet. All of our pilots, he said, had started back with him

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

# FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How **YOU** can Avoid  
The Danger of  
**DENTURE BREATH**

AT 5:30, do you get an ear to kiss instead of lips? Maybe it's... Denture Breath. It's possible *you* may not know when your breath offends, but others do. Avoid this danger—don't brush and scrub your dental

plates with ordinary cleansers that may scratch your plate material. For such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

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Do This Every Day!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer... rinse... and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

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What's more... your plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate

in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the safe Polident way is so easy and sure.



Later—Friend Husband is now one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sweet and clean. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe and use Polident every day. Used this way, Polident helps maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate for less than 1¢ a day. Get Polident at any drug counter, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

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Use **POLIDENT** Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES  
CLEAN...AND ODOR-FREE!



# WATCH OUT FOR HER BITE IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT!



**Spray with FLIT** before going to bed. Train your Flit-gun on closets and dark corners. Kill *all* mosquitoes with FLIT!

**Remember** almost every state harbors Anopheles... the mosquito that carries the miseries of malaria. The mosquito you'll recognize, because it always lands head down... because it usually attacks while you sleep!

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kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests.



Be sure it's FLIT. Ask for the yellow container with the black band.

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## TASK FORCE 58 (continued)

except one and most of those who had not landed on our deck were presumably safe on other carriers or in the nearby water, where destroyers were sure to find them. The pilot who had been lost—shot dead in his cockpit by a pursuing Japanese fighter—was the same one who, three days ago, had taken me with him in his dive bomber over Saipan.

**June 21.** This morning a destroyer picked up a pilot named Warren E. McLellan whose experience was certainly one of the strangest as well as one of the most valuable of the whole war. Piloting one of our torpedo bombers, McLellan found his plane, hit by Japanese antiaircraft fire, on fire about 5,000 feet above the target. He and his crewmen bailed out and floated down safely through the hail of fire, presumably because the Japanese gunners were too busy with our planes to bother with them. McLellan hit the water in the midst of the enemy fleet. From this point of vantage he was in a position to ascertain exactly what damage our bombers had done. McLellan and his crewmen watched Japanese rescue boats scour the sea by searchlight for survivors. When the fleet moved on he was attacked by sharks which he clubbed with his shoes. Today a search plane dropped him a raft, and finally, 14 hours after his jump, a destroyer picked him up. McLellan's story, as told to Admiral Mitscher, would certainly in terms of journalism justify several dozen Pulitzer prizes. Its military significance was that he had seen one Japanese carrier blow up and two others burning brightly, listing badly and apparently about to sink. After delivering it, in quiet monosyllables prompted by sympathetic questions from Mitscher, McLellan seemed a little weary and the ship's surgeon sent him down to sick bay.

**June 22.** As a naval victory, the Marianas fight seems to belong somewhat in a class with Jutland. Yesterday, at dawn, we launched one more strike at the Japanese fleet but—because we had to head east into the wind for two hours to land planes the night before—they were out of reach. When last seen, the Japanese fleet was headed back, not southwest where it had come from, but northwest toward Japan itself. The chances are that it will never emerge again as a fighting force in this war; its absence from the South Pacific will give General MacArthur a clear field there. Furthermore, although a major surface battle failed to materialize, what action did materialize was entirely one-sided, the final score being 428 Japanese planes lost against 122 of ours, and two Japanese carriers, a destroyer and three tankers sunk against none of ours. Meanwhile, the original objective of a landing at Saipan was attained.

This afternoon, burial services were held for the two men killed in the night-landing crash. On the empty flight deck, target of so many Japanese bombers, scene of so many daring departures and hairbreadth returns in the last few days, the entire ship's company lined up. The small, quiet bodies of the two men, wrapped in flags, were brought up to its level on the huge, high-speed elevator. The bugler who sounds reveille through an amplifying system stood out in the open to blow taps. The bodies slid into the sea.



**Funeral services** are held on Admiral Mitscher's carrier after battle with Jap fleet. Two men were killed by plane which missed the arresting cables and ran them down.

### RELIEVE THOSE TIRED, BURNING FEET

For day-long relief, shake Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into shoes and stockings. So easy, convenient, economical. Makes a world of difference how new or tight shoes feel on your feet. Ever so soothing to tender, tired, burning, perspiring or odorous feet. Helps protect you from Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Make a daily habit of using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder and see how much foot-happier you'll be! Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, Toilet Goods Counters everywhere.

## Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER



*"I'm going home to father  
—he has a new pack of  
Marlin Blades"*

### A CANARY entrances JOAN BENNETT

Starring in William Goetz's production "ONCE OFF GUARD". And you, too, will thrill to the joy a Canary brings in these trying days. Buy a Canary and keep a song in *your* home! Be sure to feed your Canary FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit...the 4 to 1 favorite in Hollywood, and the largest-selling brand in the U.S.

**OWN A CANARY...THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!**





## Who travels the last hundred yards to victory?

**T**HIS "Tyrants' War" is a modern war, all right, but—

The Infantry is still "Queen of Battles"—still the decisive factor in combat.

For it is the foot soldier who travels the last hundred yards to a decision.

Of course, the magnificent contribution of the Navy and of the Air Forces is absolutely essential to victory. No less vital is the assistance of the Armored and Tank Destroyer units and the Engineers. And the Infantry could not continue to fight but for the Technical and Supply Services which are ever on hand to provide supplies and

communications, and to care for the wounded.

But the great goal of the other arms and services is to bring the Infantryman to a position from which he may advance to hand-to-hand combat with the enemy.

Advancing across that last hundred yards of shell-torn field is the supreme test of battle. Generally it follows a nerve-wracking inching forward under enemy fire, under cover of the supporting fire of artillery, of the Air Forces, and of the heavy weapons of the regiment.

But as the Infantryman approaches the enemy lines all this supporting fire must be lifted. He is

"on his own." There is nothing in front of the front line of the Infantry except the enemy. Then the outcome rests entirely on the effectiveness of his own individual weapons—the rifle, the bayonet, the carbine, the hand grenade. And, most important of all, on the doughboy's courage and skill.

When you read the newspapers or listen to radio news broadcasts which tell of the capture of an enemy position, salute the foot soldier—the Infantryman who bears the responsibility for the final decision—the decision of Victory.

★ Back the attack! BUY MORE THAN BEFORE! ★

### The Principal Infantry Weapons



# SPERRY

CORPORATION

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

Through the following Divisions, Sperry precision instruments and controls serve the Armed Forces on land, at sea, and in the air . . .

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.  
SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC. • VICKERS, INC.  
Waterbury Tool Division, VICKERS, INC.





**Peasant blouse** is considered a perfect complement to a peasant skirt. The blouse in picture above is made of white cotton in Mexican fashion. Although WPB has ruled that no blouse

can have more than one ruffle per sleeve, this one offers no violation. Technically, this and other blouses like it are sleeveless, and ruffles are considered as part of the shoulder decoration.





STRIPED SKIRT AND LOW-NECK BLOUSE ARE VERY APPROPRIATE FOR COUNTRY

# PEASANT CLOTHES

Young people like to dress up in them in summer

In the summer girls and younger women like to look like peasants. About 10 years ago they took to wearing dirndls—full peasant skirts—and they have subsequently returned to them each year. Dirndls no longer can be made, due to a WPB fabric-conservation order, but girls still manage to look like peasants. Their skirts are only about two yards wide at the bottom, as against the three to five yards of a dirndl, but they look full because they have ruffles (see opposite page), or bands of contrasting color (see cover and below) near the hemline which create the illusion of fullness.

BLACK SKIRT WITH BROAD WHITE BAND IS DRESSY ENOUGH FOR CITY WEAR



*Made to Order for*  
**14,567,000 Smokers**



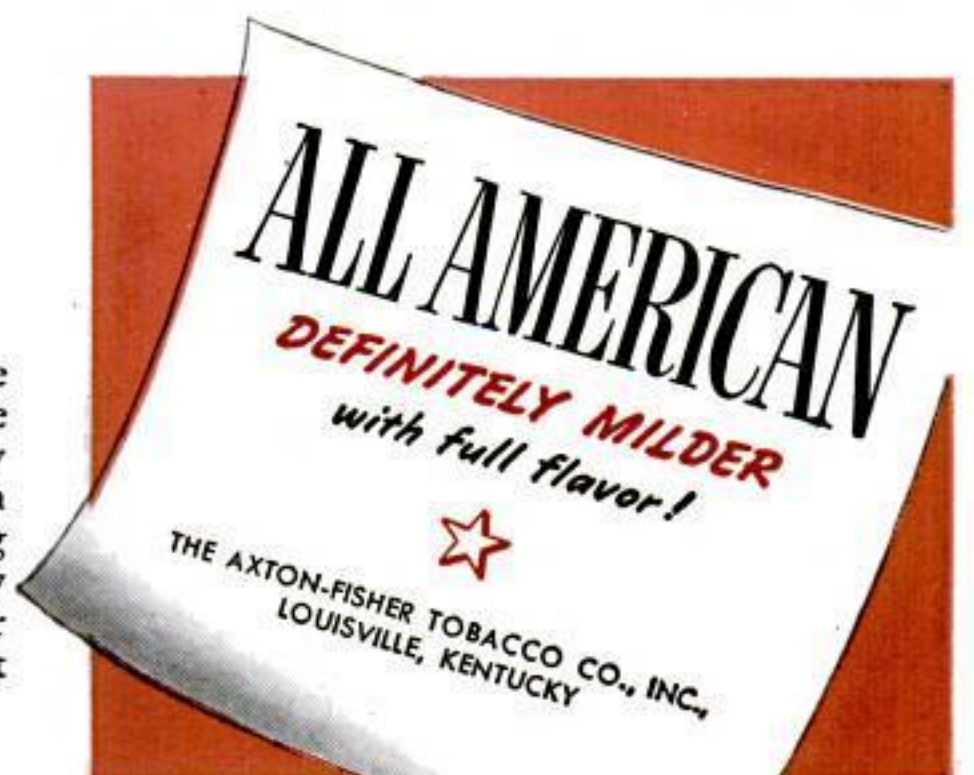
**This New Cigarette that's DEFINITELY Milder!** We questioned men and women smokers all over the country! 1 out of every 3 asked for a milder cigarette—milder than the brand they smoke now. So we made All Americans of *definitely milder* tobaccos—to bring you the greater mildness millions of smokers want!

## NOT JUST A "CLAIM"!

You probably know—some of the top-quality tobaccos are definitely milder—they're graded, bought and sold as milder. Any cigarette could be made milder by using these tobaccos—but there's a risk in changing an established blend. So only a *new cigarette* dares offer these definitely milder tobaccos—blended with plenty of rich, mild Turkish for mildness *with flavor!*



**You be the Judge!** It doesn't take a scientific laboratory to prove that All Americans are definitely milder—you can prove it with your first pack. You'll be buying cigarettes anyway—why not try All Americans and see if their mildness and full flavor aren't just what you've wanted!





CHARLES BENJAMIN, A HAULER AND RIGGER, LEAVES  
THE WIDENER MANSION WITH A MILLIONAIRE'S LAMP



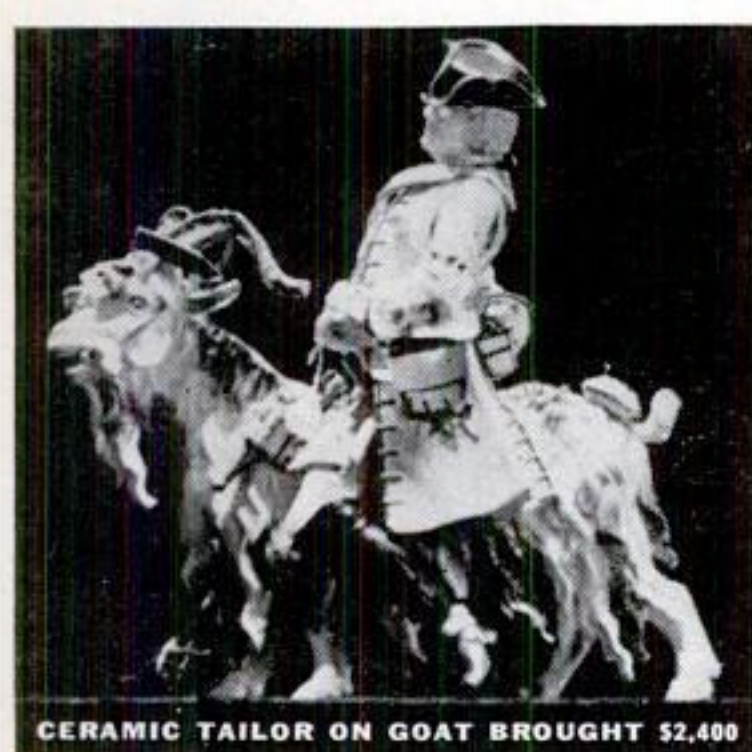




AUCTION WAS HELD IN 110-ROOM LYNNWOOD HALL, WHICH HAD HOUSED THE WIDENERS AND THEIR FABULOUS COLLECTION. NOW IT WILL PROBABLY BE TURNED INTO A SCHOOL

# Life Goes to the Widener Auction

Philadelphia family sells off remains of big collection



CERAMIC TAILOR ON GOAT BROUGHT \$2,400

**P**eter A. B. Widener, who made his millions out of trolley-car lines, built Lynnewood Hall in Elkins Park near Philadelphia in 1890. He had it designed to look like a museum and in it he put one of the world's great private collections of old masters and *objets d'art*. After P. A. B. Widener died, his fastidious son Joseph E. culled out the paintings and made them into one of the world's most nearly perfect private collections.

When Joseph Widener died last year, the era of fabulous private art collections was already passing. He left the best of his \$18,500,000 worth of paintings to the National Gallery in Washington. Last week, following the example of other art-rich estates like the J. P. Morgan and the Potter Palmer, the Widener estate auctioned off the remainders of the Widener collection. Although it was, in a way, a sale of leftovers, the auction grossed \$337,000—second among recent sales only to the J. P. Morgan disposal last winter.

The selling took five days. Lynnewood Hall was packed with high-bidding amateurs who were fascinated by prospect of owning something that had belonged to a millionaire. A dozen demitasse spoons, which were only silver plated, were knocked down for \$17.50. Highest single price in sale was \$30,000, paid for one tapestry-covered sofa and eight matching chairs that had once belonged to Louis XV. Little ceramic pieces (*see inset*) brought big prices. The auction proceeded through Lynnewood Hall, ending up in the kitchen and servants' quarters where pots, pans and bird cages were sold and where even the humblest item went for no less than \$5.

MATRONS OUTNUMBERED DEALERS IN THE ORNATE BALLROOM WHERE SALE TOOK PLACE





# Ever Eavesdrop on a Highball?

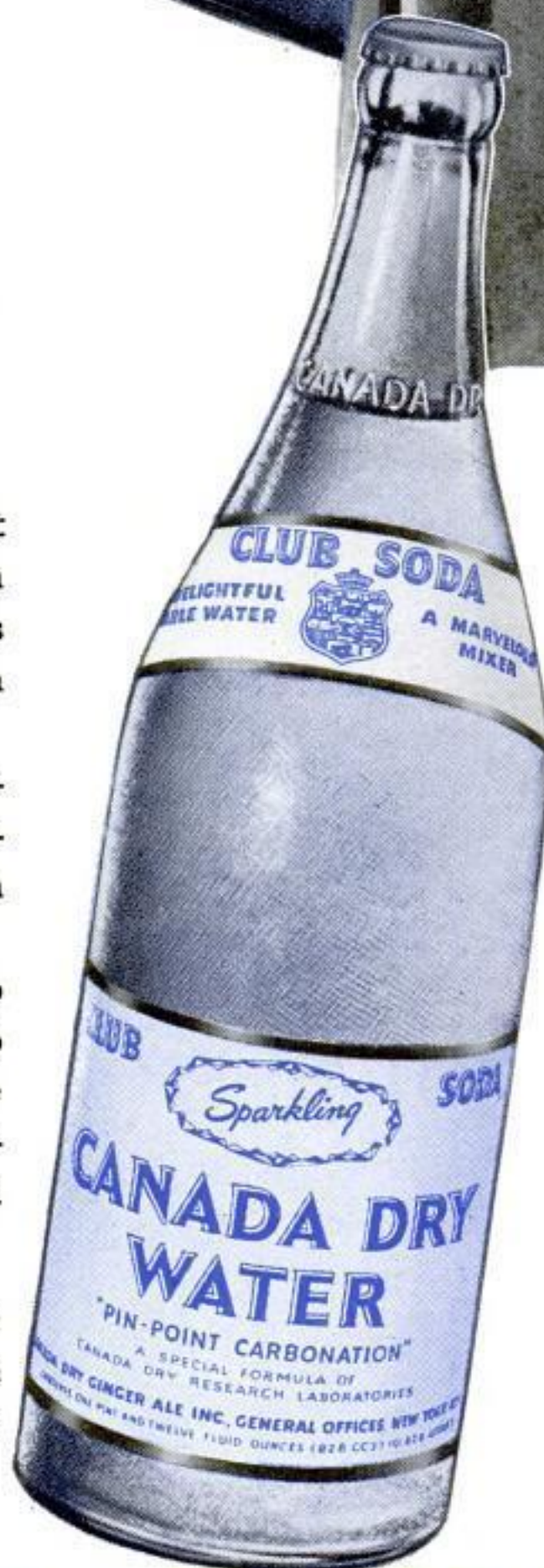


**YOU CAN'T HELP** overhearing what goes on in a drink mixed with Canada Dry Water ... it's so full of liveliness and zest ... sparkle lasts right down to the bottom sip.

Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" means millions of tinier bubbles ... keeps drinks sparkling with life, in spite of melting ice.

Today, liquor is precious ... too precious to mix with ordinary club sodas. For fullest enjoyment, use Canada Dry Water. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink.

**P.S.** If you prefer a mixer with fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry ... "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

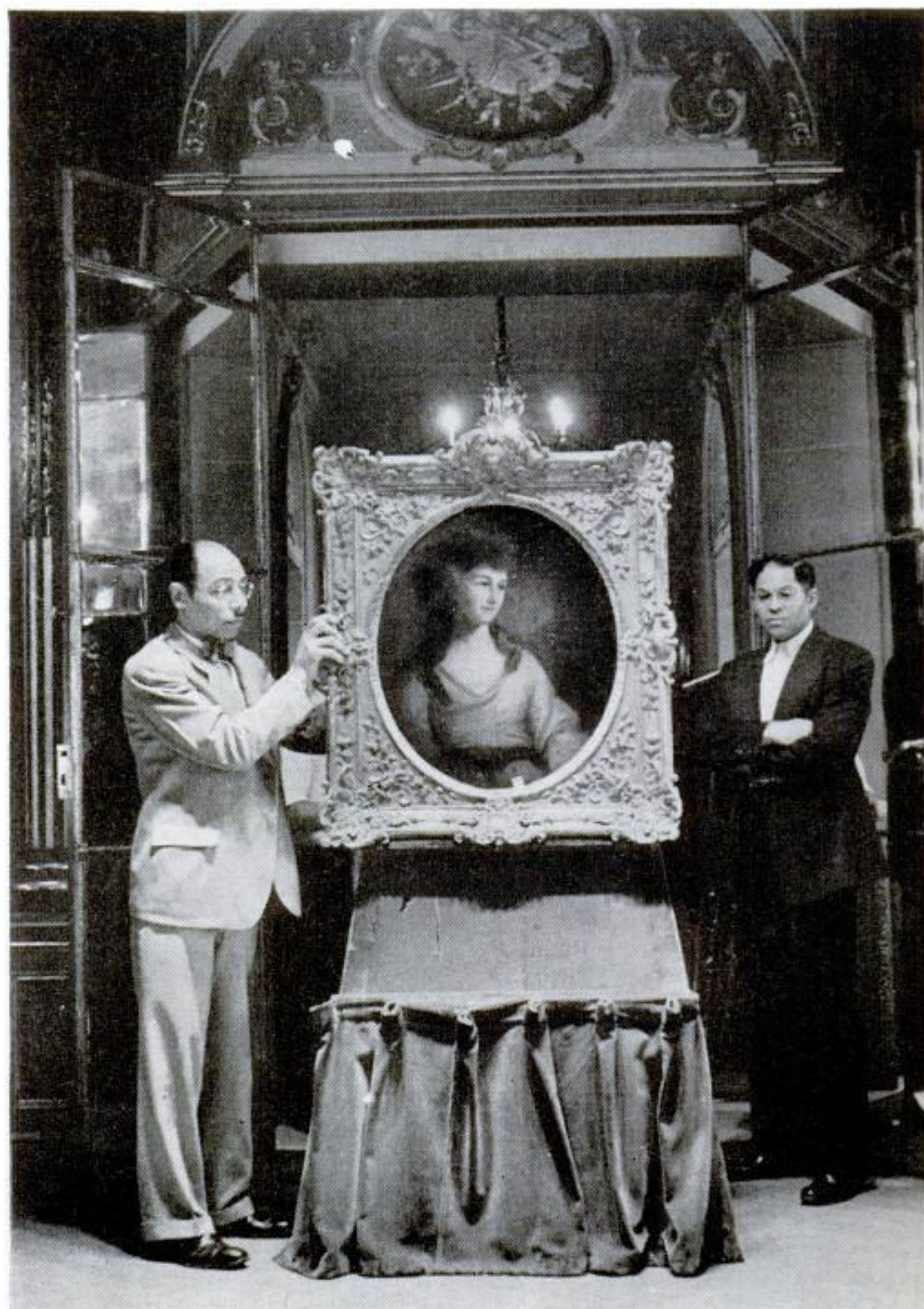


# CANADA DRY WATER

World's Most Popular Club Soda ... Keeps Drinks Livelier, Longer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

## The Widener Auction (continued)



"Portrait of Miss Jane Fyton," attributed to the great English artist Gainsborough, went for \$650. A genuine guaranteed Gainsborough sold for six times that figure.

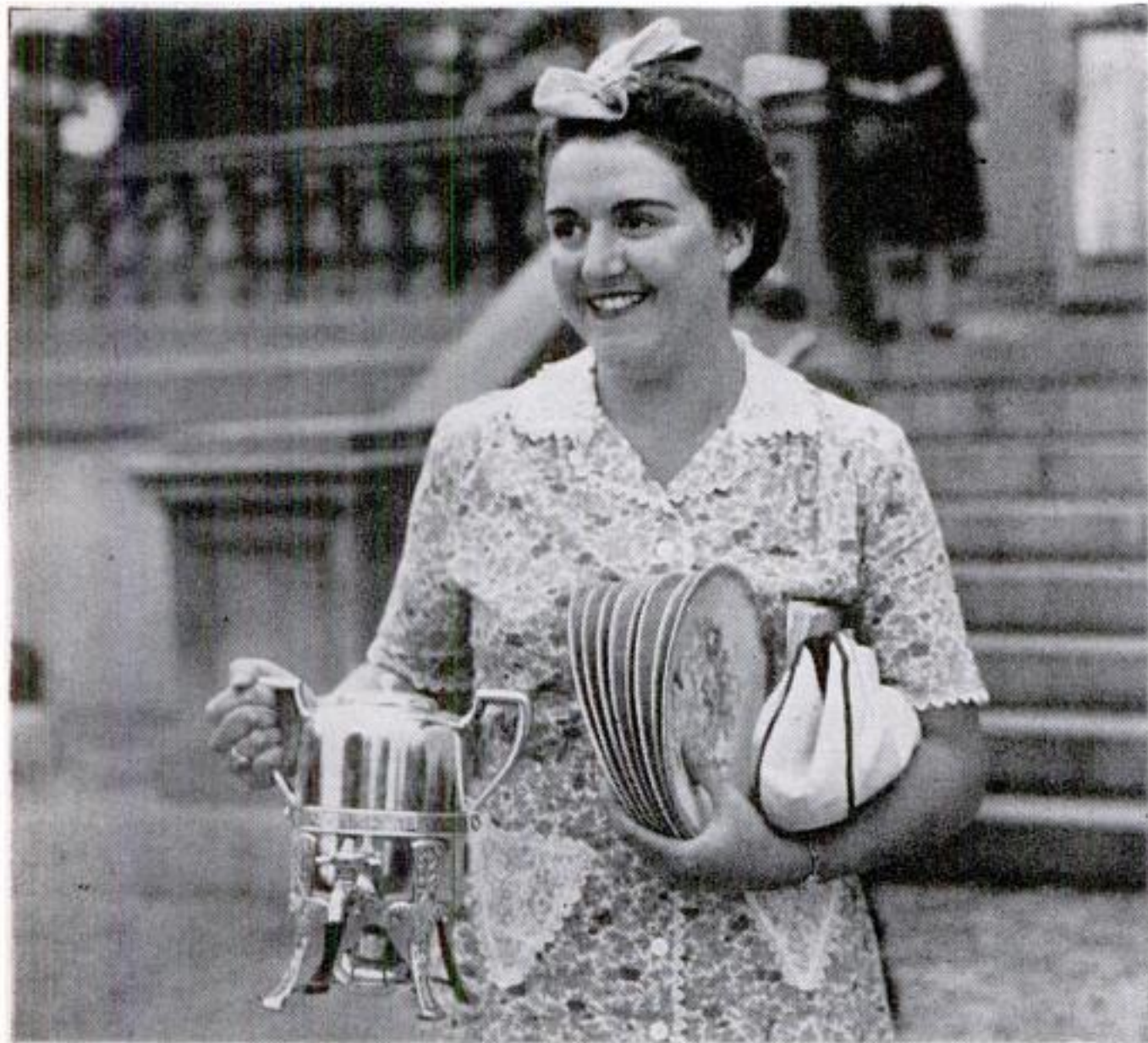


Persian carpet (31 by 12 feet), profusely decorated with peonies, palmettos, nasturtiums and creeping vines, went to the Philadelphia Museum of Art for \$7,800.

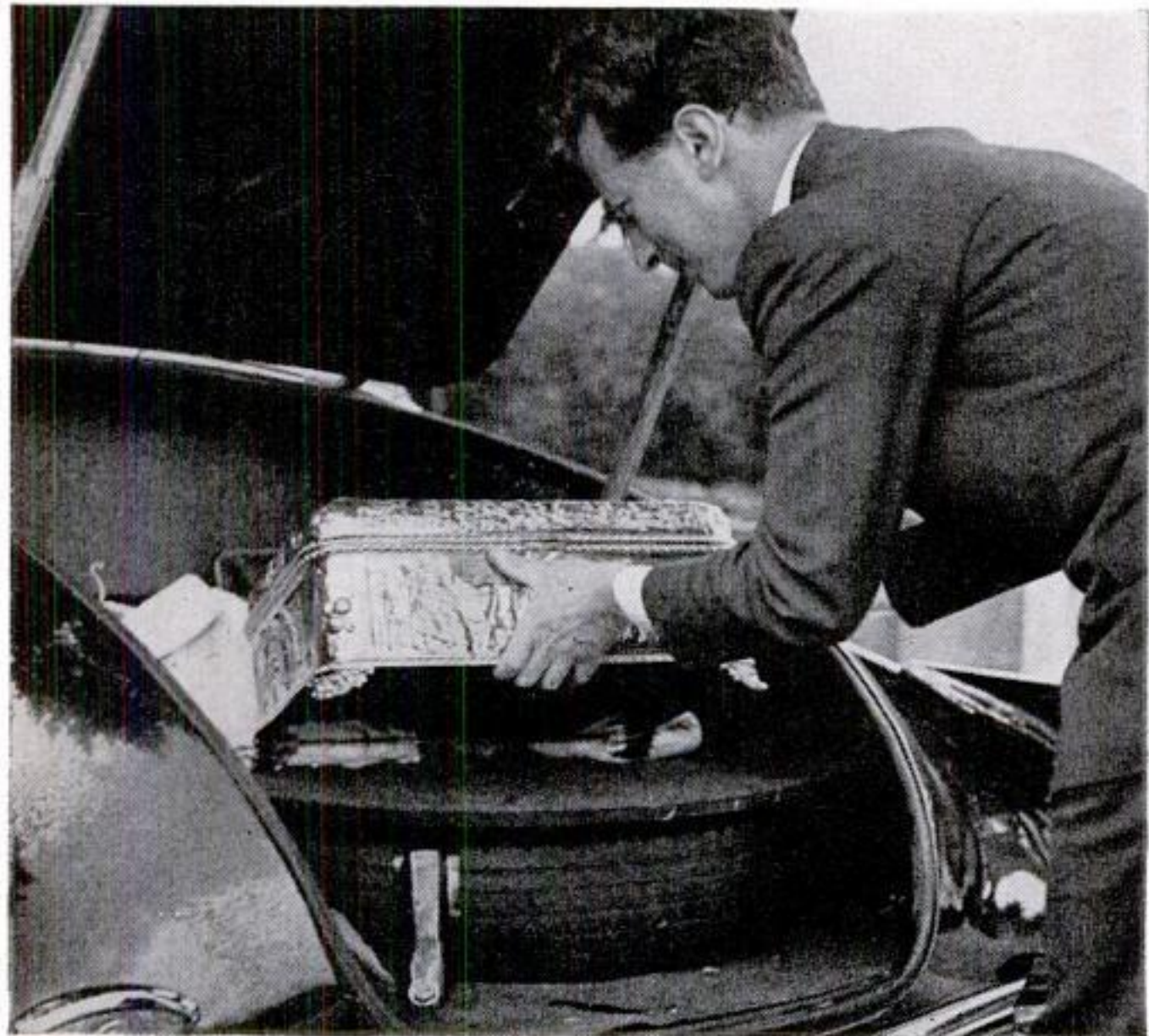




Large silver tray, engraved with morning glories, lilies, berries and four masked heads, went for \$2,000 to Dealer Israel Switt, who paid \$525 for a silver bowl.



Silver-plated hot-water stand with chased legs went for \$37 to Dorothy Ward, who also walked happily out with eight china plates, slightly nicked. They cost her \$25.



Silver jewel chest, with embossed cover showing blacksmith fashioning spears in a rustic landscape, went for \$250 to Pierre Bader, who took it home in auto trunk.

The island of Puerto Rico was discovered in 1493, but not until recently did we find this superb  
*"mountain rum"*



Perhaps nowhere else in the world are climatic conditions more perfect for rum distilling than in the little town of Adjuntas, high in the Puerto Rican hills where we discovered Ron Merito. From that little mountain valley's pure air, clear water, rich soil and tropic sunshine, this rum derives a "mountain flavor" all its own. Try Ron Merito today. Discover for yourself this simple way to make better-tasting rum drinks.



*Ron* **MERITO**  
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Available Gold Label & White Label. 86 Proof. Write for recipe booklet. National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. L13, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.





**"THEY BET THEIR LIVES  
ON AMERICA..."**

**...We'll Give Them a  
Break in Building Their  
Futures in FREEDOM"**

SAYS *Bob Bowes*  
President and Founder Bowes "Seal Fast" Corp.  
Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs



● When Johnny comes marching home this time we here at Bowes "Seal Fast" are going to be ready for him. Not with just a glad hand and a smile, but with a real, going *business of his own* to offer him. We have a proved and successful plan which will enable a fighting man to stand on his own feet, look the world in the eye and build a bright future for himself. Any ex-service man who does not want to be dependent upon pensions and handouts—who wants more than "just a job"—is eligible.

#### HOW THE BOWES PLAN WORKS

At our expense we will train a selected group of men in the business of selling and distributing our products. When the training is completed, we then will furnish working capital and suitable sales equipment to each man selected—everything necessary to start his own business as our exclusive wholesale distributor.

This plan is for the man who dreams of getting on his own, being his own boss. It calls for plenty of hard work and guts . . . but the reward is really worthwhile. Big Money, yes—but we want Big Men . . . men who will fight as hard to do a big job for themselves, in Free Enterprise, as they are fighting now to win the war.

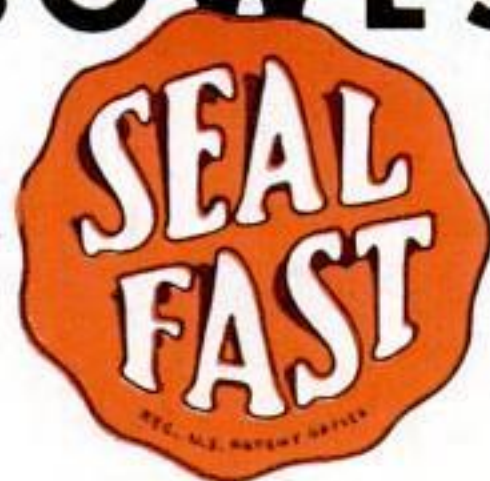
**THIS WE ARE PROUD TO DO...  
BUT...WHAT WILL YOU DO?**

No matter what business you're in, you owe a bigger debt to every service man than you can ever pay. It's up to you to figure out some plan, some way to give the ex-service man the chance to live the life he is fighting to preserve.

You may be the owner of a peanut stand or a captain of big business, but . . . Brother, you *can* help . . . and we can show you how. Don't sit on your "fanny" and wait for the Government to start another WPA. Let's start a drive—NOW—for Free Enterprise—let's help these returned soldiers to "get on their own." Write us and we'll tell you how you can help. Let's go, Free Enterprise!

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS 2, INDIANA

**BOWES**



*Dependable*  
**TIRE REPAIR  
SYSTEM**

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

### CAT ARISTOCRAT

Sirs:

Suki, 6-year-old Siamese cat belonging to Miss Ruth Smarling of New York, sleeps in this buggy bought especially for her. When awake she loves to be wheeled around the house in it. Like most Siamese

cats, Suki has strange tastes. She loves vegetables and Italian cheese, drinks no milk.

NINA LEEN  
New York, N.Y.



### WAR IN THE ZOO

Sirs:

The London Zoo has taken on a war-like atmosphere along with the rest of the city. On the Mappin terraces a Persian wild goat (a bearded, combative animal which is related to the domestic goat)

executes a fancy maneuver under the watchful eye of a barrage balloon.

DR. EDWARD HINDLE, F.R.S.  
London, England



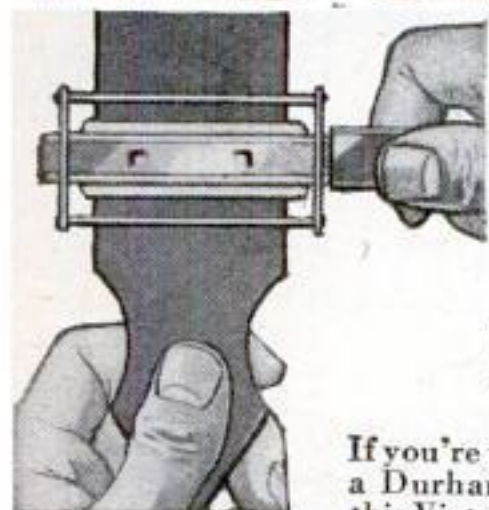


## Make Your Job Easier with Ice-Mint Feet



It's a trick well worth knowing — as many a defense plant worker might tell you — just use Ice-Mint on your feet to help keep them cool and comfortable — on the job. See, too, how Ice-Mint helps soften up stinging corns and tough old callouses. For people who stand all day on tired, burning feet—Ice-Mint can't be beat. Get a jar from your druggist today!

## THIS STROP



gives  
**DURHAM**  
blades  
**NINE LIVES**

If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor\*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous hollow-ground blades are twice thicker—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

\*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send \$1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. L, MYSTIC, CONN.

## SAVE PAPER

There is an acute shortage of paper and the government has asked everyone to cut the use of it to a minimum

TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and The ARCHITECTURAL FORUM have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since January 1, 1943, and during 1944 these four publications are budgeted to use 73 million pounds (1450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. Will you help too and share your copy of LIFE with your friends?

## SUN-PARCHED LIPS

cooled, soothed, smoothed this easy, quick way

HERE'S an amazingly effective way our Armed Forces have found to relieve parched, peeling, blistered lips caused by sun, wind and weather. Just apply Chap Stick promptly. Chap Stick is made especially for the lips. It's gently medicated. Promotes healing—lubricates. Only 25¢ at drug counters.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

### AMPHIBIAN DOG

Sirs:

Our pointer Jimmie, who is by nature a hunter, has learned to fish. With great enjoyment he catches mullet unaided in Sarasota Bay. In the first picture he is tense, because he has just sighted a fish. In the second he executes a surface dive, and the third shows him emerging triumphant with the mullet in his mouth.

S. V. HARRIS JR.

Manatee, Fla.



## I GUESS I ATE TOO MUCH Lobster!



She knows... she's got inside information... too much of a good thing is just too bad! When it happens to you, be gentle with your upset stomach... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

**Never upset an upset stomach** with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics! *Calm it—with soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!* This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to soothe and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL... to relieve queasy, uneasy, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn... And to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Norwich

Makers of \*Unguentine



# PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





## Good and Faithful Servant

**R**EADY to share with you the joys of a day in the country or just tag along on a Saturday afternoon shopping jaunt...

Waiting for you at the station when you come home, tired from work, on the 5:15...

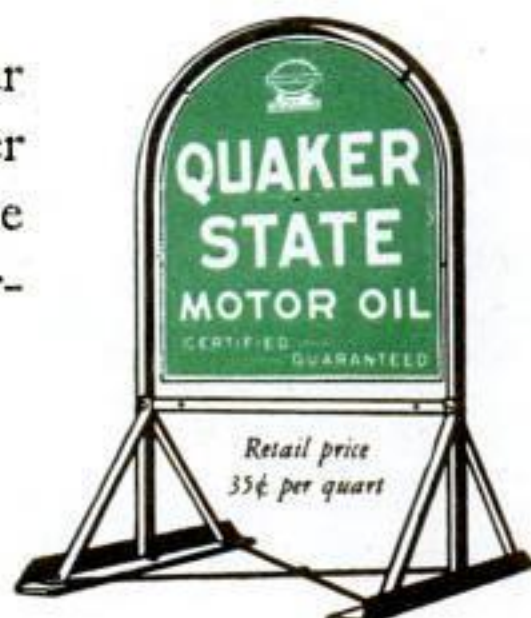
With you when you go calling on a friend. At your beck and call for a holiday outing with the family.

Your dog? No—your car. If that faithful servant had a voice, it would undoubtedly bark with joy every time it saw you. But because it hasn't—you sometimes forget about it and neglect it. For the service it gives you, doesn't it *deserve* your best attention?

Quaker State Motor Oil is made for people who appreciate their car—who repay its fidelity with care and consideration. Made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil in four great modern refineries, Quaker State is a superb motor oil refined to keep your car going better, longer.

In these times—care for your car for your country in the best way possible—with Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY



## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

### ALEUTIAN BREEZE

Sirs:

This U.S. soldier in the Aleutians is actually leaning into a williwaw. Supported at a 45° angle by nothing but the wind,

his parka is puffed out by its force.  
RUSSELL B. JOHNSON  
Seattle, Wash.



### GIRL FRIEND

Sirs:

When I asked my soldier-husband to write me about the Italians he had met, he answered with this photograph, captioned:

"A goddess with a heart of stone."  
DONNA SMITH  
Arlington, Va.



### TOM THUMB'S COACH

Sirs:

Tom Thumb's miniature brougham coach was photographed by my sister Frances in Exeter, N.H. In the 70s the

coach, drawn by midget ponies and driven by tiny coachman, toured Europe.  
HARRY V. LAWRENCE  
Boston, Mass.



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# ACROSS THE EQUATOR WITH ROMA WINES

*Made in California for enjoyment throughout the world*



*Hotel* **METROPOLITANO**  
GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR, S. A.

*Here, too, ROMA  
California Sherry adds to  
a happy occasion*

*Their "special occasion" import — but your  
inexpensive everyday delight!*

For their *uncommon* fine quality, other lands import these wines of California . . . ROMA California Wines . . . prizing them for the *extra* enjoyment they bring to *special* occasions.

But—for these same fine Roma Wines, made in Roma's own wineries in the heart of the famed California wine-grape districts, *you* pay no high import duty, no long-voyage shipping cost. Thus, Roma's cost to *you* is only pennies a glass!

Today, make your own taste-test of these inter-

nationally-esteemed Roma Wines. You'll discover an inexpensive, but great, addition to daily living delights—a delicious, satisfying beverage for enjoyment *any time* . . . an easy way to brighten *any meal*.

You'll discover then, the taste-delighting reason why other lands import Roma Wines . . . why they are the largest selling wines here in America!

ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, Cal.

**BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**



Serve  
Chilled

ROMA California Wines include:  
Port, Sherry, Muscatel . . . Sauterne  
. . . Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel,  
Champagne, Sparkling Burgundy.

**ROMA** *Wines*

*America's Largest Selling Wines*

*Invitation . . . TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE" C.B.S. Thursday nights (Mondays, in Pacific Time Zone). See your newspaper for time and station.*



DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



YES!  
Lucky Strike  
Means Fine Tobacco



L.S./M.F.T.